

PHOTOS OF 'THE THING,' GHOSTLY BRITAIN, & 'THE LAST HORROR FILM'

Rod Serling's

JULY 1982/\$2

S•M 14369

# THE TWILIGHT ZONE

NEW JOURNEYS OF THE IMAGINATION  
AND ALWAYS THE UNEXPECTED

Magazine

## ROBERT SILVERBERG

Unmasks a demon in 'Not our Brother'

## 'THE THING'

is back!  
Full-Color Preview of John Carpenter's New Film

## STEPHEN KING

on 'The Boogens'  
Special Guest Review

## Eight Unforgettable Stories

including  
Three Journeys into Nightmare  
and Joan Aiken's new chiller

Interview:

## ROBERTSON DAVIES'

World of Wonders

Photo Tour:

## Britain's Ancient Mysteries

Making

## 'The Last Horror Film'

Exclusive Photos

## THOMAS DISCH

on books

## ROD SERLING'S

'100 Yards Over the Rim'





# THE TWILIGHT ZONE Magazine

Rod Serling's

## FEATURES

July 1982

In the Twilight Zone	6
Other Dimensions: Screen	Stephen King 8
Other Dimensions: Books	Thomas M. Disch 11
Other Dimensions: Music	Jack Sullivan 14
Other Dimensions: Etc.	16
TZ Interview: Robertson Davies	Terence M. Green 19
A Glimpse of Ghostly Britain	Don Hamerman and Stephen DiLauro 32
On Location with 'The Last Horror Film'	Steve Swires 46
Screen Preview: 'The Thing'	Robert Martin 51
Show-by-Show Guide to TV's 'Twilight Zone': Part Sixteen	Marc Scott Zicree 86
TZ Classic Teleplay: 'A Hundred Yards Over the Rim'	Rod Serling 89

## FICTION

Offer of Immortality	Robertson Davies 26
Tommy and the Talking Dog	Lewis Shiner 38
Chompers	Joe R. Lansdale 44
Not Our Brother	Robert Silverberg 56
Why the Traveling Salesman from Aldebaran Doesn't Stop in Omaha Anymore	Hal Goodman 68
Picnic Area	Joan Aiken 72
A Trip to New York	Nina Downey 78
Food, Gas, Lodging	Craig W. Anderson 82

Cover art by David White

26



38



44



56



82



68



72



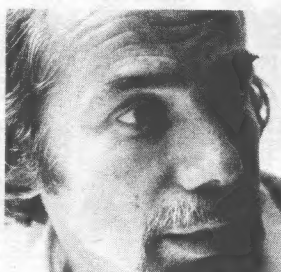
78



# Market report...

In last month's book column, Thomas Disch gave a pretty thorough going-over to Barry Malzberg's *The Engines of the Night: Science Fiction in the Eighties* (Doubleday, \$10.95). While I have no intention of gainsaying Tom's review, I've read the book myself and found much to admire. One of the most interesting sections, for me, is "Memoir from Grub Street," in which Malzberg describes his experiences as the editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic* during six months of 1968. Several years earlier, these venerable magazines (which kept me sane through junior high and high school) had been dropped by Ziff-Davis and had fallen on hard times. Their circulations, Malzberg estimates, were down to 24,000; they were coming out bimonthly, largely with reprint material, and paying most writers, on publication, just a penny a word. Malzberg edited them from his bedroom, at a starting salary of \$100 a month. For writers and would-be writers, these magazines were, as he says, "on the absolute bottom of the list," paying less than *Playboy*, *Analog*, *Galaxy*, *Worlds of If*, *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, *Venture*, and *New Worlds*, and publishing only 12,000 words of new fiction each issue. Yet during his tenure as editor, Malzberg says he received an average of a hundred manuscripts a week, many from established names in the field and often, he says, of the highest quality: "It is no exaggeration to recall that I received throughout my editorship sixty stories a month which by any standard I could ascertain were as good or better than anything published in the competing magazines."

Today, of course, the market is even more limited. *Omni's* good for two or three stories a month, and there are odd new magazines like *Pulpsmith* and smaller magazines like *Fantasy Book*, *Weirdbook*, *Whispers*, *Eldritch Tales*, *Space & Time*, and the like, but they're published infrequently—quarterly, at best—and their presence is more than offset by the loss of *Galaxy*, *If*, *Galileo*, *Quest/Star*, *Destinies*, and all the other nationally distributed sf and fantasy magazines that have struggled and gone under. (For real blues,



Silverberg



Aiken



Downey



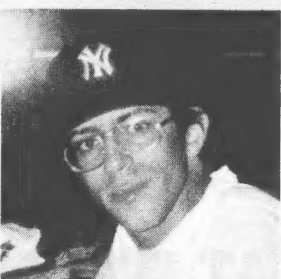
Anderson



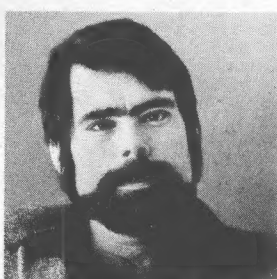
Lansdale



Shiner



Goodman



King



Green

compare this to the situation in 1939 as described by Frederik Pohl on page 18 of this issue.) As Malzberg asks at the conclusion of his memoir, "How many stories in oblivion, how many careers unable to begin? What can there be for all of these writers?" One finds an echo here of Tillie Olsen, who, in *Silences* (Dell, \$4.95), laments "the silencing—or being driven to the novel form—of story or novella writers because 'there is no market for stories.' . . . Public libraries, starved for funds, buy less and less books. Published writers of good books, if their books haven't been respectable money-makers, more and more find themselves without a publisher for their latest one. Younger writers (that is, new ones of any age) find that fewer and fewer first books are being published. The magazine market for fiction has shrunk—what? 75 percent?—in the last two decades."

I wish I could pretend that *Twilight Zone* makes a real difference—that our seven or eight

or ten stories a month offer even the beginnings of a solution—but of course that would be nonsense. We receive, just as Malzberg did, hundreds of submissions each month and can find room for only a few; we're forced to send back others that are just as publishable. It's as I said back in November: "We could easily fill a magazine twice this size without a notable decline in quality." (Cf. the standard disclaimer of Ivy League admissions departments, who note that half the applicants they reject could have handled the college work perfectly well.)

The best hope, as I see it, is that we'll be successful enough to generate a little competition. My heart sinks every time I read a covering letter that says (as so many do), "Thank God, at last there's a market for the kind of stories I like to write." Would that there were other markets around, other *Twilight Zones*, be they imitators, rip-offs, or clones. We'd like some company.



Whatever the state of the market, one writer who's always thrived is **ROBERT SILVERBERG**. Back in the 1950s he'd sometimes be represented by two or three stories in the same magazine (all under different bylines), and after several years' exile from the field he's once again become one of sf's most polished and prolific authors. He appeared in our May '81 issue with a story set in Chile, and a year ago this month with a tale of Jerusalem; now, in *Not Our Brother*, he sets a quest deep in rural Mexico. "The horror/fantasy writing that most interests me," he says, "is the story set in alien territory."

If indeed the past is, as L.P. Hartley said, a different country, then **JOAN AIKEN's** *Picnic Area* also borders on alien territory. The author of "Old Fillikin" in April's TZ, she brings to all her fiction, whether for children or adults, a hint of dread . . . and sometimes downright horror. Both stories will be appearing later this year in a British collection of her work; her most recent novel, *The Girl from Paris*, is due this month from Doubleday.

Though *Picnic Area* is set amid the wild beauty of Wales (a land described at greater length this September when we profile Arthur Machen), it forms the first of this issue's Journeys into Nightmare. The second and in some ways stranger Journey bears the deceptively innocuous title *A Trip to New York*, and author **NINA DOWNEY** leads, herself, a deceptively innocuous life: a native of Mississippi now living in Oklahoma, she's a mother of five and works for Sears Roebuck. Yet her imagination's far from ordinary: in the final round of last year's TZ story contest, she was the only writer with two tales under consideration. One was *A Trip to New York*; it's her first published story.

**CRAIG ANDERSON** contributes our third, and ghastliest, Journey—though his life, too, seems, on the outside, awfully tame: he runs a camera shop, writes film and book reviews for his local California paper, and shares a ménage with his wife, young son, two cats, a mouse, tropical fish, two praying mantises, and a rare short-haired

Afghan hound who sleeps next to him while he writes. He says the inspiration for *Food, Gas, Lodging* came from his days in the National Guard, when he ate at many a greasy spoon similar to Jake's Eats.

*Chompers* is still another irresistible story from **JOE R. LANSDALE**, fresh from "The Dump" and "The Pasture." Joe wanted **RANDY JONES** to illustrate this one, and we're glad to oblige. And welcome back to his fellow Texan, **LEWIS SHINER**, a computer freelancer who, till recently, played with a '60s rock band called the Dinosaurs. In last April's "Blood Relations," he managed to twist an E.C. horror-comic situation into something rather moving, and he's equally effective here with a wise and memorable fable called *Tommy and the Talking Dog*.

**HAL GOODMAN** contributes a whimsically Bradburian little cautionary tale whose title's too long to list. Once an editor on *Next* (another mag, alas, that is no more), he now works for *Psychology Today*. He's also a trained composer and, like Shiner, a musician, with the sax, clarinet, and guitar as his instruments of choice—along with, presumably, the typewriter.

When we heard that **STEPHEN KING** had liked *The Boogens*, we knew that he was just the person to fill in for film reviewer **GAHAN WILSON**, who's bowing out—only temporarily, we hope—for a publicity tour and other projects of his own. And when we needed someone to interview **ROBERTSON DAVIES**, we called on Toronto's **TERENCE M. GREEN**, whose fiction has been published in *F & SF* and various anthologies (including Doubleday's *Aurora: New Canadian Writing 1979*) and whose critical work has appeared in the *SF Review* and *SF Commentary*. He's married, teaches English in a local school, and has two angelic-looking young sons. In addition to the interview, we're pleased to present *Offer of Immortality*, the final ghost story Davies read at Massey College's Christmas feast. It's one of the eighteen tales that will be published by Penguin this fall in a collection entitled, appropriately, *High Spirits*.

# THE TWILIGHT ZONE MAGAZINE

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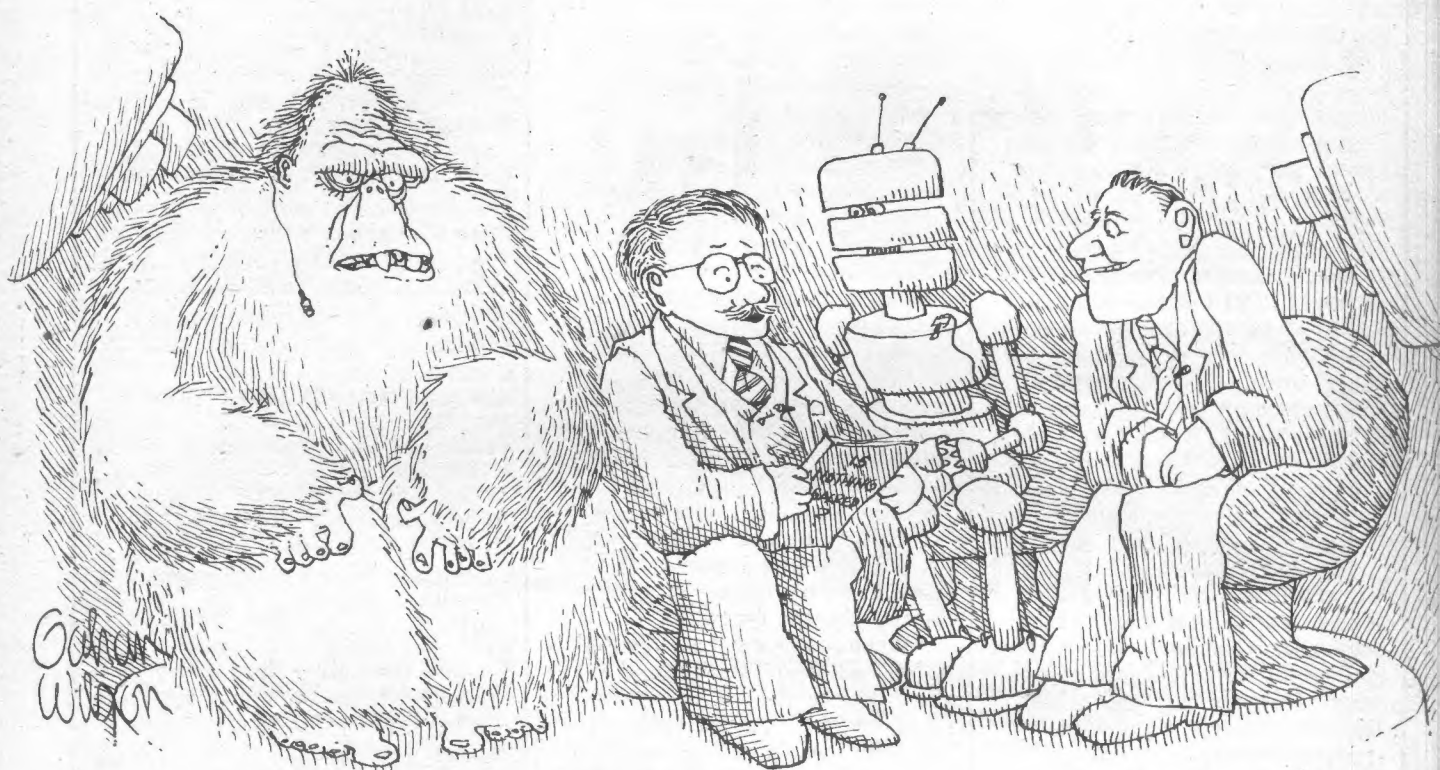
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# Screen

With Gahan Wilson off on a publicity tour,



"SOMETIMES, DOING THESE TALK SHOWS, IT'S LIKE I NEVER LEFT  
THE TWILIGHT ZONE AT ALL!"

we are pleased to present,  
this month,  
a guest column on . . .

## Digging

# ~~the~~ Boogens

by Stephen King

### The Boogens

(Taft International)  
Directed by James L. Conway  
Screenplay by David O'Malley  
and Bob Hunt

It isn't just "kind" of a relief; it is a *distinct* relief. It isn't a message movie disguised as a horror movie (*Wolfen*), not some intellectual director's attempt to "rise above the genre" (*The Shining*, *Ghost Story*), not a snuff film disguised as a horror movie (*Maniac*).

It's—gasp!—an "old-fashioned pretty good low-budget" horror movie.

It's *The Boogens*, a meller from Taft International. A lot of my horror-moviegoing friends have had very little good to say about this one. But most of those guys—I'm sorry to say it—have gotten uptown tastes since we were all kids together and getting the creeps over Boris Karloff in *The Terror* or Jack Nicholson in *The Little Shop of Horrors*. They've gotten weird, speaking well for scenes which don't horrify and defending scenes which only turn the stomach, and in the meantime, much of what made the genre our toy to start with has gotten lost . . . or maybe it only went underground, like the Boogens themselves.

I first saw the film (appropriately enough) in Pittsburgh, where I was doing a horror film with George Romero. Taft International, which makes sunny (if often stupid) nature films such as

*Mountain Family Robinson* when it is wearing its Sunn Classics Dr. Jekyll face, had picked Pittsburgh as one of three or four cities where *Boogens* should take an advance bow.

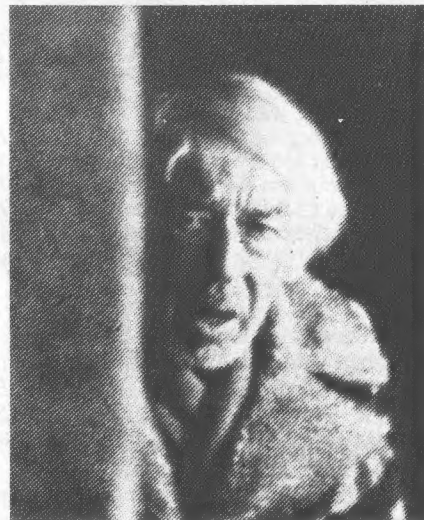
I saw it on a Sunday afternoon, and while the theater was only about a quarter full, the audience had obviously never heard any of my uptown friends hold forth on The Horror Movie as Existential Art Form at cocktail parties—they were having a *great* time. I saw it again, in New York City, this time with my wife, about two months later. This time the theater was filled almost to capacity (the film had just opened), but the audience was still having a great time.

*The Boogens*, directed by James L. Conway, has a Roger Corman simplicity. A Colorado silver mine is closed by a series of explosions and cave-ins in 1912; miners are trapped, and most of them die (all of this background is elegantly presented over the credits in a series of frontier-style newspaper headlines and gorgeous sepia photographs). Seventy years later, a mining company reopens the mine. The Boogens are in the mine. What else do you need?

Well, my uptown friends might say, how about some plot? How about some acting? How about some special effects? How about some direction? Has this film got any of those little nonessentials?

Welllllll . . . . . *ahem*.

The actors are either in the

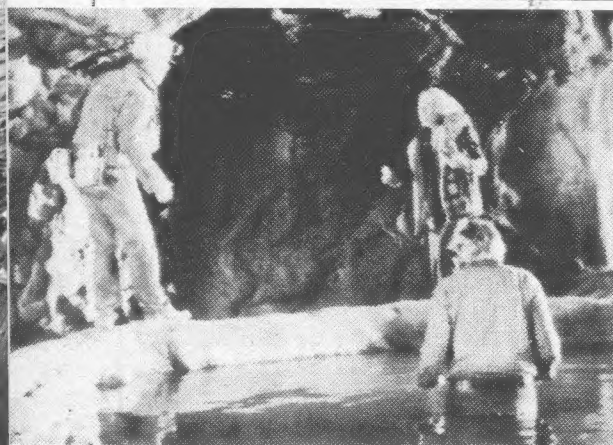


"The actors are either in the Young and Fresh or Old and Grizzled category." Peg Stewart (top), clearly in the first category, plays victim number one in *The Boogens*. Jon Lormer (bottom) plays "Old Blanchard," the only one to know the tentacled creatures' secret.

Young and Fresh or Old and Grizzled category. You'll recognize all of the Old and Grizzled players and probably be able to name none of them (I knew Jon Lormer, *The Old Man Who Cries Doom*, but only because he had done a piece of work in *Creepshow* a month or so before), but they do their usual creditable job; in fact, I've thought for some time that there ought to be some sort of special award—the Strother Martin Award, maybe, or the Elisha Cook Jr. Award—for these dependable players who show up in film after film, playing seriously and competently in each, even if many of them are the most outrageous trash imaginable.

Among the younger players I saw no nascent Steve McQueens or Jack Nicholsons, but Fred McCarren is pleasant enough (he bears a weird resemblance to the late John Belushi), and his colleagues—Anne-Marie Martin and Med Lorye among them—are rather more believable than the hacks who have droned their way through hundreds of low-budget drive-in epics; and the female





"... complete with secret passages and an underground lake." These subterranean waters may look uninviting, but the Boogens call them home. Parts of the movie were filmed in the former Silver King mine in Colorado.

"Rather more believable than the hacks..." An astonished Fred McCarren comes face to face with the Boogens in the passageways beneath an old house. The monsters have been released during excavations of a long-abandoned mine.

lead, Rebecca Balding (yeah, I know, she ought to do something about that name), is considerably better than that.

There are even a couple of genuine comic turns, which is something of a rarity—as any true horror movie fan will tell you, most humor in low-budget fright-flicks is strictly unintentional. Following a near cave-in when the mine is being reopened, one of the mining students says to his buddy: "You smell something?" "No," the other replies, "why?" "Because," the first says confidentially, "I just shit my pants."

All of them are nearly upstaged by a little dog which is so cute that you immediately want to kill it ("Lassie! Lassie!" McCarren cries urgently at one point when this idiotic animal begins to bark a warning, "is something wrong with Timmy?"). One of the movie's small rewards is the fact that the Boogens actually *do* kill it; they come up through a living room heating grate and strangle the miserable, yappy little beast with their tentacles. It's moments like this that lend *The Boogens* its eccentric but undeniable charm.

Special effects? One would like to be able to say something like, "Considering the shoestring budget of *The Boogens*, they're fantastic." That wouldn't be precisely the truth, however. The best we can say is that, considering the shoestring budget of *The Boogens*, the effects, done by William Munns, are passable. (And I'd like to point out that "bad" can be so much worse: the crenellated canvas bag that was supposed to be *Caltiki, The Immortal Monster*; the scale-model

bowling alley overwhelmed by raspberry Jell-O in the sequel to *The Blob*; the castle keep in *Time Bandits*, which was built from what could only be Lego blocks.\*)

What raises the effects from the passable to the gruesomely serviceable is the way that director Conway deftly keeps the Boogens offscreen; in a throwback to the low-budget horror pictures of the forties and fifties, we don't even get a look at the little devils until the picture is better than three-quarters over. And when we do, they are used in a way which makes us nervous enough to overlook their most obvious flaws. (While it wouldn't be fair to tell you exactly what the Boogens look like, it seems fair enough to tell you that they snare their prey with the aid of nasty, whiplike tentacles... except that, when we actually get a close look at them, they don't appear to have any tentacles.)

For myself, I found one of the charms of *The Boogens* to be its extravagant, all-out embrace of what may be fantasy's most liberating statement: "I don't have to explain this; *you* explain this." One feels, after fifteen minutes or so, that the picture will degenerate into something fairly unpleasant and completely predictable: a cult of miners who have been living underground, latter-day Sawney Beaney who have decided to come out of the tunnels instead of out of the closet (the movie's poster art, with skeletal hands coming out of the ground, contributes to this impression). Instead we are treated to this wildly energetic, often comic monster movie, complete with secret passages, an underground lake, piles

of bones... and the Boogens themselves. It is a little like watching a daffy transposition of Robert Townley Watson's classic novella of subway infestation, "Far Below," to a rural setting.

Now, don't get me wrong; this is not a work of genius on a low budget. It doesn't have the elusive class of a film like *Martin*, the bleak vision of a film like *Eraserhead*, or even the manic, somehow ominous energy of Don Coscarelli's *Phantasm*. But for all of that, I think you ought to catch *The Boogens* if it comes around to your local indoor during the midsummer doldrums (possible), or if it shows up at your local passion pit as half of a double bill or one-fifth of a holiday dusk-to-dawn (probable). It's an endangered species, this one: genus *low-budget melodrama*.

Is that damning with faint praise? If we were discussing some "heavier" film genre, perhaps it would be—but horror movies were always supposed to be *fun*, damn it, *fun*, and when I left the theater after *The Boogens*, that's how I felt... as if I'd had fun. Of course, low-budget pix always have their disappointments. When good old Jon Lormer croaks, "These tunnels go under the whole town," I waited eagerly, clutching my dollar-fifty tub of Butterpop, to see if the Boogens were going to pop up in the local general store, the millinery, the (heh-heh) movie theater; perhaps, I thought, they'll even come charging up through the concrete at the local Sunoco station, reprising that moment in another great low-budget epic, *Alligator*, when the beast comes right up through the sidewalk and chases after the little kid in the I'M A PEPPER T-shirt.

Well, nothing of the kind happened, but I still had a pretty good time. I think you will, too, and so I recommend *The Boogens* to you cheerfully and heartily.

And maybe they come up all over town in the sequel.

We open on the local Sunoco station, three months later. It's early morning, and nothing is stirring yet. Then, from under the Sunoco station's tarmac, we hear the sound of burrowing... **ED**

\*Steve is right; they were Lego blocks!—Ed.

# Books

by Thomas M. Disch

Humor is a funny thing—or not, as the case may be. While beauty may, as reputed, dwell in the eye of the beholder, beyond objective measurement, humor is visceral and provokes a muscular response called laughter, which can be measured in decibels. Except when people are the butt of the joke or when it passes over their heads, there usually isn't much disagreement about what is uproarious or what's a dud. John Belushi, for instance, was uproarious, and **Upside Downside** (DAW, \$2.25) is unarguably a dud—the least comic comic novel, on the basis of chuckles per chapter, that I've ever read. Not a laugh, not a snicker, not a smile, not a flicker of amusement from beginning to end.

How then did I come to suppose it was *intended* to be a comic novel, instead of just the hybrid detective/sf story visible in an X-ray synopsis? Well, the cover art signals comic intentions, and the author, Ron Goulart, is credited by the *Science Fiction Encyclopedia* with having written thirty-five works of fiction, whose titles generally signal a resolve to be amusing. There are also internal evidences in the text. The characters have "funny" names like Timpany Quarls and E. Zorro Ortega. The decor abounds with flip neologisms: "He swung off the floating bed and onto the soft cream-color plaz floor of his sleepod." The dialogue is knee-deep in 1940s slang (darn, dang, snooze, goofy, pansy, palooka) which must be meant to sound droll, though the effect as I read along was more on the order of embarrassment—as though I'd eavesdropped on a businessman talking babytalk to his houseplants. The plot consists mainly in the author having his characters ask each other what's happening, and the answer is invariably, "Nothing much." A sample of how this is done:

Zack asked, "Where's Timpany Quarls?"

"Get in, we'll tell you," said the one with the stungun.

"Actually, since it's such a pleasant, balmy night," said Zack, "I think I'll walk instead."

The barrel of the kilgun swung as Zack withdrew a few



more paces. "She had to go somewheres else," the gunman said.

"A fancy dress ball," added the other man.

"Yeah, a fancy dress ball. A, you know, really ritz affair."

"Hop on in here, Tourney."

"So's we can take you to her."

"At the fancy dress ball? I'm not dressed for that."

"Afterward, pal."

"Right, she's gonna meet you afterward."

"I appreciate your offer, fellas, yet I—"

"C'mon, quit futzing around," ordered the one with the stungun. "If I put you to sleep out there, it means we gotta bust our goonies hauling you inside here."

"Go ahead, stun the bastard," urged his partner. "I'm getting tired of all this badinage."

I'm sure he speaks for every reader, but alas, the bastard isn't stunned and the badinage goes on.

Is it really fair, I wonder, to review such a book as *Upside Downside*? Surely, it wasn't published with that possibility in mind. Rather, it passed into print routinely, a product of its industry, just as illiterate teenagers are finally graduated from high school in the interest solely of sparing the school and the student the embarrassment

of overt failure. The author makes a bit of money, the publisher makes a bit of money, and a few copies might even be sold to guileless and unwary readers before this title is displaced on the racks by next month's title. One might as well complain that jujubes aren't nourishing, or that the subways are dirty. A bad review won't deter either Goulart or DAW from continuing to fulfill their roles in the industry, and I suspect the potential audience of *Upside Downside* doesn't read reviews, ever. So why bother?

Partly, of course, for the sake of my teeth—chewing an old bone will keep them strong. Partly, as well, as an object-lesson to writers like Rudy Rucker, who seem to stand at the crossroads all new genre writers soon come to, where they must choose between hackwork and hard work. Last month I creamed Rucker for his *Spacetime Donuts* (Ace, \$2.50), his second novel to be published, though the first he wrote. It was hackwork to an almost unmitigated degree and a betrayal of the promise of his first (published) novel, *White Light* (Ace, \$2.25). But stop the press—Rucker has now published a third novel, *Software* (Ace, \$2.25), and it seems that the crisis is past. Clearly he means to be a writer, not just an employee in the Industry. *Software*, with its more conventional central premise, lacks the acrobatic derring-do of *White Light*. It is a novel very much in the manner of the late Philip K. Dick—but is there, in science fiction, a manner more worth emulating? Like Dick, Rucker writes about a future America that is scruffy with use. Like Dick, his characters are simultaneously ludicrous and likable. Like Dick, he is fascinated by the problem of whether machine intelligence can develop what humans think of as soul. (Or, as Dick put it, do androids dream of electric sheep?) Like Dick, he knows how to boggle the mind and, next chapter, to boggle it again. The plot lacks all probability, and the characters sometimes seem to think in thought balloons, which is to say that only readers who enjoy gonzo-style comedy should invest their quarters in *Software*.





VANCE LIVED IN CONSTANT FEAR  
OF LOSING HIS WRISTWATCH....

Which is also to say, I guess, that humor may not be as quantifiable and nonrelativistic as I was insisting in the first paragraph above. For here is **The Tsaddik of the Seven Wonders** by Isidore Haiblum (Doubleday, \$10.95), which comes with a whole bouquet of admiring blurbs from Bob Thurston, Jack Dann, and the editor of *Twilight Zone* himself, T.E.D. Klein—all men of a certifiable sense of humor. What's more, someone at Doubleday is so smitten with the book that they've decided to reprint it as a hardcover only eleven years after its first edition, a rare honor for any book and almost without precedent in science fiction.

My own reaction was less wholeheartedly gleeful. The story, like Michael Moorcock's *Dancers at the End of Time* series, is a phantasmagoria in which reality is subjective and history a grab bag of comic schticks. The hero is a galactic civil servant with miraculous powers (when his equipment is working properly) and a tendency, in weaker moments, of teasing out too many pages of Goulartean "badinage" from the thinnest of comic premises. At his best moments, however, Haiblum engineers laughter as efficiently as Douglas Adams in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Universe*. For me, the

whimsy is too gentle and the plot line too much like a game of Dungeons and Dragons combined with a pillow fight, but that just shows that I'm a grumpy old so-and-so who can no longer giggle at three in the morning. You kids have fun. I'm going up to the study and grab forty winks.

To describe John Sladek's **Roderick** (Timescape, \$2.75) as science fiction is a bit like calling *Oedipus Rex* a murder mystery: it fails to take account of its central fascination, which is an intricacy and elaboration of form that ranges from the microscopic level (the book is riddled with crypts, palindromes, and verbal conundrums) to the macroscopic (its acknowledgment page offers thanks to Alan Jones of North East London Polytechnic, "who helped me program a plot"). Sladek's fascination with the possible mechanization of the creative process accords well with the theme of *Roderick*, as stated by the book's sub-title, *The Education of a Young Machine*. (Regular readers of *Twilight Zone* will already be familiar with *Roderick* from the portion that appeared in last September's issue.) The book's hero is a robot foundling, saved from erasure by his programmer and left in the bulrushes of Newer,

Nebraska, to be raised by Ma and Pa Wood, who ... But no synopsis can convey the ever-evolving complexity of a story which remains, in any case, only half-unveiled. So with a faint, ineffectual curse for the economics of publishing, which has resurrected the triple-decker novel in its present serial form (in England *Roderick* appears in two volumes, not three), let me attempt the easily possible and offer a small sample of Sladek's antic version of human history and thick-headedness. This is from the beginning of chapter thirteen, where Ma Wood is instructing Roderick in the history of his hometown:

... to those who founded the town, flatness was ideal: it reminded them daily that God had placed the human race upon a planet shaped like a dinner plate.

They came in 1874, Josephus Butts and his followers. They called the place New Ur, themselves the Urites. They builded here a temple with plain glass windows all around, to shew forth the straightness of God's ruled line.

There were other rules, gradually revealed by Josephus (who now called himself *Jorad*): Urites were forbidden to laugh, marry, call hogs, look with pleasure at the sky or upon one another. Nine-tenths of all they owned or produced belonged to Jorad. No one could speak unless Jorad gave permission. No one but Jorad could sing. No one might *think* unless Jorad allowed him to put on the famous knitted "thinking cap," a device designed to keep thought down to one person at a time. Finally, the Urites were asked to speak, think, sing and pray in a language called Hibble-bibble, the grammatical rules of which were clear only to Jorad.

What remains to be said of Sladek is that, like almost all great humorists, under the hilarity and ingenuity there is a smoldering magma of other emotions: anger, of course, for every satirist is an angry man, but a good deal of pain and sorrow, too. *Roderick's* education, first at a public and then a parochial school, evoked a whole

album of my own unhappier schoolltime memories—the playground bullies, the tyrannical teachers, the dawning sense that to the world-at-large one is just a cog in a machine, and expected to behave as such. Young Roderick's experiences as a robot will probably strike many human readers as uncannily like their own.

Readers of *Twilight Zone* will probably be already familiar with the macabre and/or fantastic cartoons of Charles Addams, Edward Gorey, and our own Gahan Wilson, but they may not yet have encountered Glen Baxter, whose work—until *The Impending Gleam* (Knopf, \$6.95)—has appeared chiefly in museums and out-of-the-way literary magazines of limited circulation. If Wilson may be considered the heir apparent of Addams, then Baxter is Gorey's. But while Gorey's visual style parodies the steel engravings of the Victorian era, Baxter's mocks the

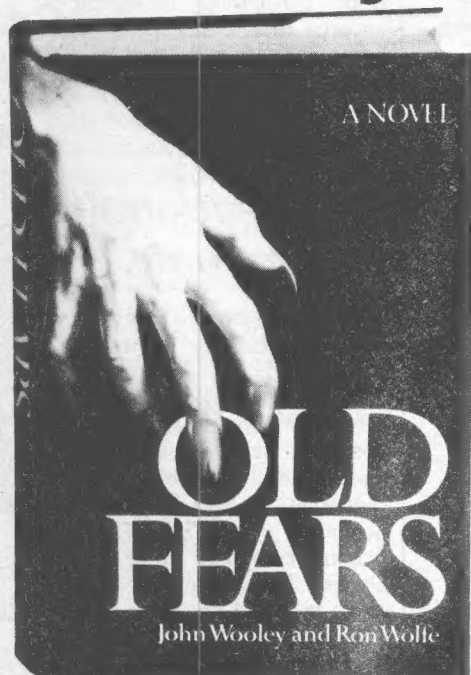
naivete and ineptitude of children's book illustrations from the era of the original Tom Swift and Nancy Drew. Baxter has a genuine, almost sentimental regard for all that is hokey, dopey, and dumb-ass, and a genius for planting just the right wrong note, like a land mine, into an otherwise banal cartoonscape.

On the theory that one cartoon is worth a thousand words of sober analysis, let me refer you to the sampling of Baxter's work on these pages and pass on to a cartoonist of still greater obscurity, though (I dare prophecy) destined for glory soon enough.

Dave Morice is the editor and sole illustrator of *Poetry Comics* (published by The Happy Press, Box 585, Iowa City, IA 52244; \$2.00 for a single issue, \$7.00 for four), currently in its sixteenth issue. In each issue Morice treats the texts of famous poems as comic book texts, in styles that vary from brain-damaged funky (for William Blake's "The Tyger"), through traditional

cute-mouse capers (Browning's "Fra Lippo Lippi"), to a collage of Emily Dickinson done in the style of a True Romance comic. Indeed, there is no style of cartooning that Morice doesn't take a crack at, and the strain he experiences in trying to ape more difficult styles is part of the fun. The interplay between the poems and cartoons is sometimes hilarious, sometimes illuminating, and sometimes, as in his treatment of Ginsberg's "Howl," a devastating criticism of a poem's hidden assumptions. There is also a letter column full of revealing responses from various celebrities and their press agents who have been sent sample copies. Denise Levertov, the poet, and Frank Zappa, the rock musician, both draw back in alarm at the offer of having their works apotheosized by Morice, while Liz Taylor sends *her* commendations and good wishes. If great poetry and belly laughter don't strike you as innately contradictory, you ought to subscribe. 17

## OLD FEARS: Whatever makes you think they've gone away?



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# Music

by Jack Sullivan

One of the eeriest and most majestic musical effects in the history of cinema is the moment in Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* when a towering black monolith appears like an apparition to a group of awe-struck apes, as they leap about to the accompaniment of strange choral music that sounds at once primordial and contemporary. This extraordinary music is the *kyrie* from George Ligeti's *Requiem*, a mass for the dead like no other in Western music. Although the traditional Latin text is preserved, along with the time-honored technique of polyphony, the *kyrie* invocation emerges in thick, winding coils of sound, colored by incandescent flashes of instrumentation that sound electronic.

These magical sounds are not electronic, however, any more than the dense textures in *Atmospheres* and *Lux Aeterna*, which Kubrick also uses with uncanny adroitness later on in the film. One of Ligeti's major achievements has been the transformation of the conventional orchestra in a way that makes it sound "electronic," while preserving the rich overtones of real instruments. The most subtle and poetic use of this technique occurs in *Lontano*, which Kubrick later used—again with haunting results—in *The Shining*. Kubrick's seductive Ligeti snippets can be heard in the original soundtrack recordings ("The Shining," Warner HS-3449; "2001: A Space Odyssey," MGM S1E-13), but listeners should by no means limit themselves to excerpts. Ligeti's extensive spectral output includes concertos, solo works, operas, and orchestral pieces—all of them neglected, and all of them to be explored in a future column.

Ligeti is one of many important contemporary composers who have recently made spectral music a career. Indeed, the overwhelming tendency in contemporary music—even stronger, if that is possible,

than in music by earlier modern masters like Debussy, Ives and Berg—is toward music which features unearthly textures and atmospheres. This column is the first of a series devoted to this fascinating, frequently ignored music of our time.

Not all of these composers are (like Ligeti) identified with the nontonal avant-garde. William Schuman, for example, one of America's finest living symphonic composers, has a basically tonal orientation. Nevertheless, many of his more recent works have knotty dissonances and convey an intense darkness and unease. The Seventh Symphony (1960), which inaugurated this tendency, opens with a series of sustained, brooding bitonal chords which move ominously through the symphony, and are resolved at the very end by a stirring major chord—the only pure major chord in the piece—for the entire orchestra. Maurice Abravanel's lively budget recording of the Seventh typifies his excellent work with the Utah Symphony (William Schuman, *Symphony No. 7*, Utah Symphony Orchestra, Turnabout 34447).

combinations so pungent, so brilliant, so sensuous—at least on paper—that I cannot wait to hear their physical sound." In his world premiere recording, Leonard Bernstein delivers this sound with a staggering impact that surely satisfied Downes's fantasy. This reissued budget recording is an irresistible bargain (William Schuman, *Symphony No. 8*, Bernstein, New York Philharmonic Orchestra, *Odyssey Y-34140*).

Another prolific American symphonist is Peter Mennin, whose tightly unified, one-movement Seventh Symphony (1964) is similar to Schuman's recent work in its bleak grandeur and grim intensity. The Chicago Symphony under Jean Martinon performs this tense, exciting work with passionate intensity. (Peter Mennin, *Symphony No. 7*, Martinon, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, CRI S-399.) Coming between the august regimes of Fritz Reiner and Georg Solti, Martinon is an underrated conductor (more consistently satisfying on records than Solti) whose legacy is being ruthlessly deleted by RCA—all

*In the music used in  
2001: A Space Odyssey,  
Ligeti makes the conventional  
orchestra sound "electronic."*

The darkness of the Schuman Seventh becomes real blackness in the Eighth, a work which eschews whimsical interludes, enrapturing the listener by its eloquent, strangely attractive desolation. Edward Downes, in his program notes for the New York Philharmonic premiere in 1962, described the opening of the work as resembling "the decaying sound of a great dissonant bell." A marvelously astute score reader, Downes, who had never heard the symphony, projected a near-pornographic sense of anticipation: "There are

the more reason to buy CRI's reissued recording before it, too, is banished.

As nervous and brooding as these symphonies are, they are positively healthy sounding (or at worst, merely neurotic) compared to the psychotic horror music of *Eight Songs for a Mad King* (1969) by English composer Peter Maxwell Davies. This ingenious, disturbing score is based on the mad soliloquies of King George III, who in the course of repeated breakdowns tried to teach his caged birds to sing Handel. In performing this bizarre



song cycle, the chamber orchestra, representing George's birds, sits in cages while the deranged king cajoles and torments them. The soloist's virtuosic voice part calls not only for singing but for screeching, wailing, gibbering, and sobbing—or, in more lonely moments, for near-inaudible moans and whispers. This manic vocal line seems totally in touch with the world of mental disintegration; it is surely the most graphic depiction of madness in music.

As for the caged instrumentalists, their music ranges from squealing woodwinds to enchanted birdcalls to ethereal snatches of baroque harpsichord music. Sometimes the players are a brutal projection of the king's insanity; at other times they form a delicate counterpoint to it, like a desperate fantasy of unattainable serenity and sanity. ("There were echoes of the story of the Emperor's nightingale," writes Davies in his program notes, "but this Emperor was mad; and at times he knew it, and wept.")

In Davies' own performance (Peter Maxwell Davies, "Eight Songs for a Mad King," Nonesuch 71285), the vocal part is sung by Julius Eastman in a performance of such agonizing power and authenticity that the listener is plunged into a world of horror and insanity from which there is no escape. At the end, after proclaiming his own death ("The king is dead . . . Poor fellow, he went mad"), the king is lucid for a brief, chilling moment, as he realizes that he in fact has yet to die: "Poor fellow, I weep for him. He will die howling. Howling." Eastman's final howl, an incredible Lear-like bellow of ultimate terror and despair, provides a fitting coda for this thoroughly unpleasant yet unforgettable work.

Less aggressively disturbing, but equally compelling, is a budget recording which couples the atonal violin concertos of Alois

## *The psychotic horror music of Eight Songs for a Mad King is based on the mad soliloquies of King George III, who tried to teach his caged birds to sing Handel.*

Zimmermann and Hans Werner Henze, two important neglected German composers (Alois Zimmermann, Hans Werner Henze, Violin Concertos, Susanne Lautenbacher, violinist, Candide 31016). Modern violin concertos (as we have seen in those of Berg, Bartok and Shostakovich) are almost invariably weird and spectral, and these expressionistic works are no exception.

The Zimmermann concerto, a compressed version of what Andrew Porter in *The New Yorker* recently called Zimmermann's "large, despairing tragic vision," is especially gripping. The soul of the piece is the elegaic slow movement, an endlessly inventive cadenza which features a shivery duet for violin and celeste, in addition to a somber quotation from the ever-popular medieval death chant, *Dies irae*. This constantly surprising concerto concludes with a ghoulish rumba which sounds—especially with its scampering, atonal xylophone riffs—like demented dancing skeletons.

To conclude on a majestic, indeed cosmic note, the collector who has even the slightest interest in spectral music should be sure to acquire Pierre Boulez's recording of Olivier Messiaen's *Et Expecto Resurrectionem*

*Mortuorum* ("And I await the Resurrection of the Dead") (Olivier Messiaen, "Et Expecto Resurrectionem Mortuorum," Boulez, Domaine Musical Ensemble, Columbia MS-7356).

Scored for woodwinds, brass, and an exotic array of percussion (including three sets of tuned cowbells and six gongs), this evocation of "the voice that will awaken the dead" unleashes some of the most ominous and awesome sounds in *all* music. When I heard the Boulez performance of the piece in New York several years ago, the shrieking brass and shattering crescendos of tam-tams and gongs (which surely set new records for noise decibel levels) produced the most massive and disorderly exit of New York Philharmonic subscribers in Boulez's tumultuous tenure. From where I sat, it looked like a steady stream of blue hair flowing out the doors. Messiaen's *Cry from the Abyss*, which indeed sounds like a resurrection of the dead, is enough to turn anyone's hair blue. So are a number of other epic works by this most mystical of living composers—but that is the subject of a future column.

Next month: Crumb, Xenakis, Penderecki, and other contemporary masters. 17



# Etc.

## ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW

It's always amusing—and often instructive—to check up on the so-called “psychics” and see how right or wrong their predictions were. We recently came across a prophecy from self-styled witch Sybil Leek in the December 1968 *Playboy*: “America will circle the moon in 1969, as the Russians did in 1968, but the Russians will be the first to land. However, the date I have is 1970. . . . In the early part of the year, events will make a valid case for flying saucers. From March 19 to March 27 of 1969, there'll be many sightings of UFOs around the world—so many, in fact, that the Government will set up a new commission to investigate them. . . . In 1969, I see large groups of military forces being used in this country.”

A more recent item comes to us from a

December 1981 copy of England's *Sunday Telegraph*, courtesy our friend J. Edmund Peckover, the 85-year-old chess master and endgame composer:

### Invaders Bet Worth £2M

An American sect has placed a bet in Britain that will win them £2 million if aliens visit earth before Christmas.

Ladbroke the book-makers confirmed yesterday that they have accepted the wager of \$3,000 at 500-1 from 50 members of Unarius, a quasi-religious group in El Caho, California.

The group expects the aliens to be friendly and will collect their winnings if the extra-terrestrial creatures land or crash, alive or dead, on earth before Christmas. Odds for those who believe that the aliens will appear in the next 12 months are 200-1.

**HE'S  
ALL  
YOURS!**



Yes, Maximilian the *Twilight Zone* cat, leering from a 12" x 18" poster, will be yours to keep if you contribute something we use in this department. We're looking for unusual newspaper items (please send original clipping for verification), strange photos, startling quotes, and surprising appearances of that wonder-

ful phrase “the Twilight Zone.” Send contributions to: Etc. Dept., TZ Publications, Inc. 800 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

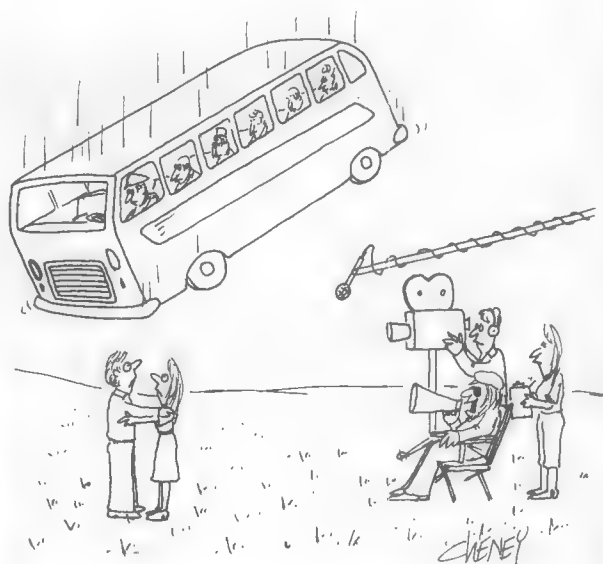
We're also looking for cartoons with a *Twilight Zone* twist, and we'll pay \$50 for them. Send your work (enclosing an SASE) to: Cartoon Editor, at the above address.

# Twilight Zone

## OMNI, LOOK OUT!

Back in 1980, *Omni* ran an intriguing competition in which creative-minded readers were asked to design words and names that would also make sense if read backwards or upside-down. The design below was submitted by writer Stephen E. Schlich, whose “Top of the Stairs” appeared in our February

issue. Since it failed to place in the *Omni* competition, we thought the least we could do was print it here. Read right-side up, it spells out “Twilight Zone,” while upside down it spells “Rod Serling.” (Okay, sure, you have to squint a little, but imagination's one thing TZ readers are supposed to have in good supply.)



“Register surprise!”

## MAD, MAD WORLD

“It is a ghastly but tenable proposition that the world is now ruled by the insane, whose increasing plurality will, in a few more generations, make probable the

incarceration of all sane people born among them.”

—*The Black Book of Clark Ashton Smith* (Arkham House, 1979)

## GONE ARE THE DAYS...



"1939 was mid-autumn in the long, glorious season of the pulps. Popular wasn't the biggest pulp chain, or the best, but it was up there. We had more than fifty titles going at one time. The Thrilling Group had about as many. Street & Smith had fewer titles, but generally much bigger sales; they had original titles, like *Love Story*, and *Western Story*, not to mention the series books like *Doc Savage* and *The Shadow*. We were about

Number Two to Thrilling in number of titles, and Number Three behind them and Street & Smith in aggregate sales; but there were at least a dozen other sizable pulp houses, and any number of small ones and transients. Put them all together and there were close to five hundred pulp magazines, with aggregate annual sales of around a hundred million copies."

—Frederik Pohl, *The Way the Future Was*

## In International Law, Antarctica Is A Twilight Zone

By ROBERT REINHOLD

McMURDO STATION, Antarctica — Question: What is the best place to go if you wanted to eliminate one of your in-laws and get away with it? Answer: An American station in Antarctica.

The American authorities who run the scientific program here say that if someone appeared on their turf in those circumstances, they would be shipped out as undesirable. But the catch is, legal technicalities are such that no American court would have jurisdiction to try them. Nor would the authorities turn such a person over to the courts of New Zealand, which claims this part of Antarctica as its own "Ross Dependency." This the United States does not recognize the New claim or any of the six other national claims to parts of the continent, or make any claim itself.

What would happen if an American killed a Russian in the Australian sector, given that neither the United States nor the Soviet Union recognizes the Australian claim? Would Japan attempt to arrest one of its nationals in the sector?

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## Twilight Zone For 'The Star'

The Minneapolis Tribune and the Minneapolis Star may not be quite as different as night and day, but they will be different than they will be the morning after.

## TZ FOREVER

"The Twilight Zone" is a phrase that crops up in the oddest places. Our present examples are from *The New York Times* of March 14 and March 28. Next month: Would you believe Sigmund Freud?

## ANOTHER FUNGUS FROM YUGGOTH

(With apologies to H.P. Lovecraft)

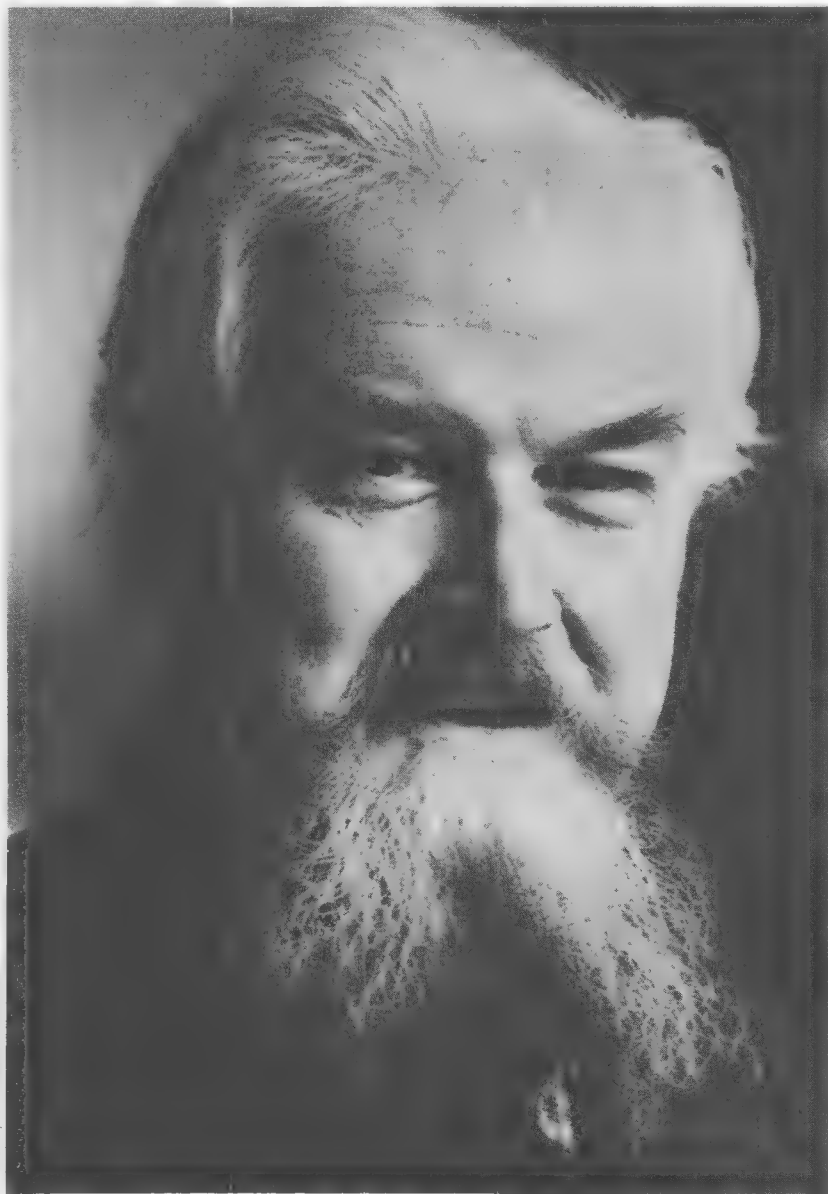
Seated one day at the typer  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.  
My mind, all restless,  
Could not find

An answer to the query  
Haunting poetkind,  
That eternal question:  
What rhymes with "Cthulhu"?  
Then a bubbling-voice from behind  
Said in response, "You fool, you."

—Baird Searles



# Robertson Davies:



## Beyond the visible world

Photo by Jill Krenmentz 1982

CANADA'S LITERARY MAGICIAN SPEAKS HIS MIND  
ON GHOST FICTION, EVIL, AND THE MODERN AGE.

Interviewer **Terence M. Green**  
reports:

"We have educated ourselves into a world from which wonder, and the fear and dread and splendor and freedom of wonder, have been banished. Of course wonder is costly. You couldn't incorporate it into a modern state because it is the antithesis of the anxiously worshiped security which is what a modern state is asked to give. Wonder is marvelous, but it is also cruel, cruel, cruel. It is undemocratic, discriminatory, and pitiless."

*So speaks one of the characters in Robertson Davies's novel *World of Wonders*, regarding what he sees as the sterility of modern life. But this vision is also the author's.*

Robertson Davies is one of North America's most eminent men of letters. The son of a newspaper owner, he was born in Thamesville, Ontario, in 1913, and educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto, Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, and Balliol College, Oxford. He joined the Old Vic drama school in London in 1939 as an actor and as Sir Tyrone Guthrie's

literary assistant. Returning to Canada in the early 1940s, he became literary editor of *Saturday Night* magazine, then moved in 1943 to the Peterborough Examiner, an Ontario newspaper, where he stayed for twenty years, eventually becoming its editor and publisher. In 1963 he accepted the invitation to join the academic community full-time as the first master of Massey College (a postgraduate college) and professor of English at the University of Toronto. Formally retired now from this position, he still maintains an office at Massey

# Robertson Davies

College and retains the title "Master Emeritus."

Davies is an essayist and public speaker of the first rank, as anyone can tell who reads such nonfiction collections as *A Voice from the Attic* and *One Half* of Robertson Davies. His plays are characterized by (as one critic noted) a "superb epigrammatic wit." But it is as a novelist that he is known throughout the world. His *Deptford Trilogy*—*Fifth Business* (1970), *The Manticore* (1972), and *World of Wonders* (1975)—is generally considered to be among postwar Canada's finest fictional achievements: a "modern Gothic," as Newsweek termed it, "a mixture of mystery, grotesquerie, desolation, and psychological sagacity."

Davies has, at last count, some thirty books to his credit. His latest novel, *The Rebel Angels*, published in Canada by Macmillan and in the U.S. by Viking, has been greeted by admiring reviews, and, as John Kenneth Galbraith wrote in a recent New York Times Book Review, it "yields to none of the others in either diverse and esoteric knowledge or complexity of theme." Galbraith's conclusion: "He is one of the most learned, amusing, and otherwise accomplished novelists of our time and . . . of our century."

**TZ:** I discovered that you are planning a volume of ghost stories. Could you tell us something about the book's genesis?

**Davies:** Well, it's a collection of ghost stories which I wrote for consumption in this college, where every Christmas we have a party, and every party for seventeen years we've had a ghost story, and I provide it.

**TZ:** I've read several of them, and they're quite humorous.

**Davies:** An amusing ghost story is very rare. Most of them are straight tales of horror. I just thought it would be interesting to have some ghosts that weren't entirely solemn.

**TZ:** I've read some of your critiques and speeches where you distinguish between "solemn" and "serious." Could you tell us a little more about that?

**Davies:** So many ghost stories attempt to be solemn, by which they want to frighten you, make your flesh creep, and make you afraid to go to bed and afraid of the dark, etc., and they become very portentous and very solemn indeed, but they're not

very serious. The ghosts are essentially rather trivial. If you want to read a really serious ghost story, you have to read one by one of the great masters, and I think the greatest master of the ghost story was Henry James. His ghost stories are magnificent because they are deeply psychological. The ghosts are not horrors that appear and scare people; they're ghosts relating to personal dreads, fears, things not done or things done that should have been left undone, and that sort of thing.

**TZ:** You've also said that ghost stories are somewhat neglected by literary critics. Why is that so?

**Davies:** They don't think that they're serious. Literary critics are rarely people who admit to an interest in such things as ghosts. And this functions also in the theater, where time and time again you see plays of Shakespeare produced—*Hamlet*, *Mac-*

*beth*, *Julius Caesar*, etc.—where a ghost is very important, and the director tries somehow or other to get round the ghost. I saw a production of *Hamlet* in London a couple of years ago in which Hamlet was his own ghost; he spoke the ghost's lines. There was a production here in Toronto in which Richard Burton appeared, where the ghost was never seen; he was just a voice from off-stage. And in *Macbeth* they get into terrible trouble because they won't admit the reality of the witches, and they won't admit the reality of embodied evil. So they get into dreadful trouble with these things, because Shakespeare quite obviously believed in them deeply and put them in his plays for the very best of reasons: he felt that they affected his audience powerfully, and that they were part of the common experience of mankind. It's only intensely intellectual

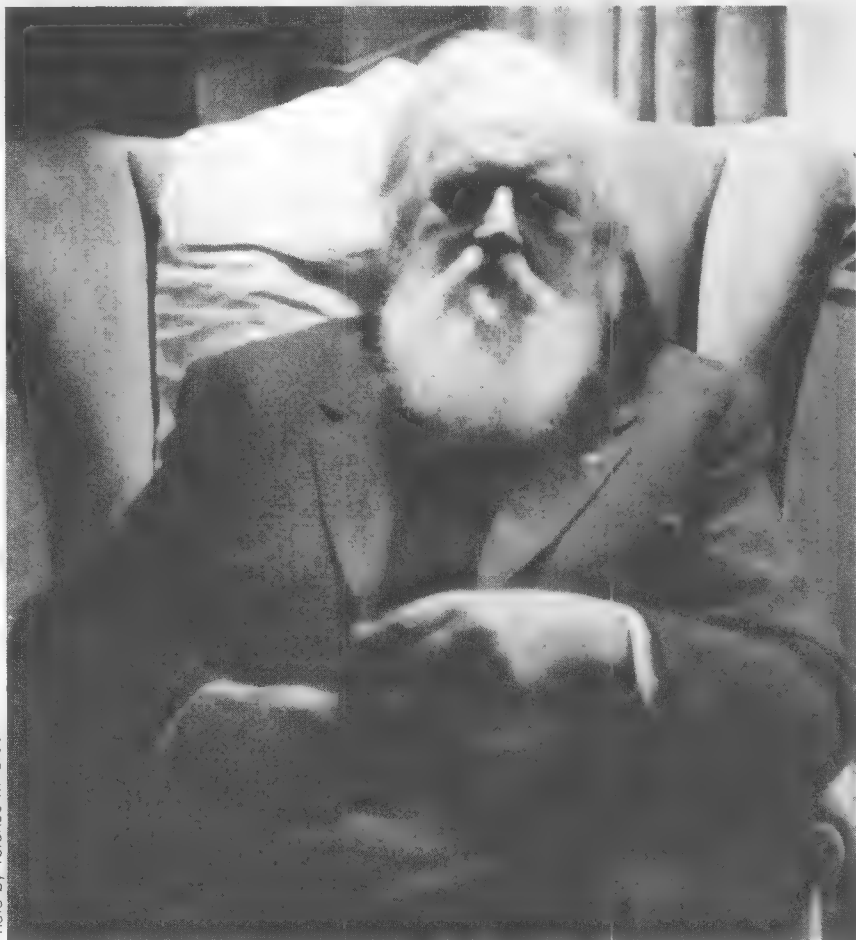


Photo by Terence M. Green

Davies in his office at the University of Toronto's Massey College, where he is now Master Emeritus. For the past eighteen years he has concluded Massey's Christmas banquet with a reading of one of his College Ghost Stories. The last of them, "Offer of Immortality," begins on page 26.



people who are antighost. As Dr. Johnson said, very wisely, "All reason is against it, but all belief is for it."

**TZ:** You just spoke of "the reality of embodied evil." Could you elaborate on that?

**Davies:** Well, this gets you into rather deep water, but it is inevitable. There are a great many people who will not believe in the reality of evil. It is a theological doctrine—the doctrine of the *privatio bone*—which insists that there is no evil, there is merely an absence of good, or a diminishing of good; that the world is essentially good because God is good, and that if something appears that is evil it is a temporary falling away. Now I think, and a very great many other people think too, that this is the most manifest nonsense, and that things appear in life and have appeared in history, ever since we had any records of the doings of mankind, which are directly evil, contrary to the good of either one person or perhaps a hundred thousand people or several million people, and that they are to be explained only by the existence of an element in life which is definitely evil, and which is the enemy of what we regard as best and most hopeful.

**TZ:** Are you thinking of any specific historical events or phenomena?

**Davies:** The whole of history teems with them. The extermination of several million people—Jews, Gypsies, "intellectuals," and other minorities—during the 1939-45 war is a very, very potent example. The Nazis attempted to wipe out whole races—not simply the Jews alone; they also pretty nearly wiped out the Gypsies in Europe. And the Gypsies are a small, powerless minority. They hunted them through the woods as you would hunt animals, shooting on sight. If this can be explained in any way except by the existence of an evil principle which sometimes manifests itself, not only in a single man, but in hundreds and thousands of people at a time, perhaps in a whole nation, I don't know what the other explanation would be.

**TZ:** Are you suggesting, to use the word loosely, that they are "possessed" by some kind of evil?

**Davies:** Yes. If you have a power which is totally and wholly good, I think that it posits also a power which is wholly and totally evil, or

there is no balance; everything is jerked in one direction. The sort of psychological principle that we can discern in human life suggests that there is a balance and a perpetual pull one way or the other. There is a polarity between good and evil, and you must give evil a name. You can call it "Evil," you can call the principle that animates it "the Devil," or you can call it what you like; but you've got to identify it in some way.

**TZ:** In your novel *The Manticore* there is a group of adolescents that destroy a cottage in Muskoka, Ontario, and one of the boys defecates on a photograph that he finds in the cottage. If I recall you correctly, you said that that was an example of manifest evil, and that he seemed to be possessed at that point. Am I understanding you correctly now?

**Davies:** Yes. It is mindless, unmotivated malignance—the desire to hurt somebody in a particularly disgusting way, for no reason. It's somebody you don't even know. It's just the desire to be as ugly and miserable as you can.

**TZ:** You don't think it can be explained in psychological terms?

**Davies:** Of course. But you see, everything is explained in psychological terms. The fact that you and I are

*"People are crazy for some sort of assurance that the visible world is not the only world, which is an almost intolerable state of mind."*

sitting here talking is a psychological experience.

**TZ:** Returning to ghost stories *per se*, you have also said that they're extremely hard to write, and I'd like to pursue that a little further. Why are they so hard to write? Is it because the tendency is to make them overly solemn?

**Davies:** Yes. And you've got to be very, very careful in a ghost story not to indulge in any of the sidelines or distractions—the sorts of things you might be able to make use of in a different type of story, one in which the atmosphere does not have to be kept mounting in intensity all the way through. A ghost story must mount from the first word till the climax, and then a little bit of tailing away to finish it. Consequently, they're generally

not very long. A novel about a ghost is a great rarity.

**TZ:** We tend to laugh at the supernatural nowadays, but you still see long lines for films on the subject. Is this all some kind of quest for what happens after we're gone?

**Davies:** Yes. We don't laugh at Shakespeare; we don't laugh at *Hamlet*, if it's well performed. The ghost is not terrorizing, it is *awesome*, because you know that something very frightful is happening in Hamlet's life—something that makes him see the ghost of his father. Which means that a very deeply held fantasy and conviction of his is projected into the outer world so that he actually sees the figure of his father and hears his voice. But what his father says is rather what Hamlet expects to hear, or what he fears may be true.

**TZ:** So it can be taken as almost his subconscious talking?

**Davies:** Yes, exactly, it is. Ghosts and apparitions arise from unconscious psychological disturbances. This does not explain them away, but it does put them on a rather different footing than pretending that they come from the grave or something of that sort. But what you were talking about—the yearning that people have to see a story with some supernatural back-

ground or something that is a link with a former life—is tremendous. Religion has lost its strong driving power; we are in an age when, if you look at the movies that one can see during an evening, there are sure to be quite a few science fiction or horror tales or ghost stories or something of this kind. People are crazy for some sort of assurance that the visible world is not the only world, which is an almost intolerable state of mind.

**TZ:** I see that theme in most of your work: that we're only scraping the surface of reality.

**Davies:** Well, it is a thing which you cannot help but see in the world about you. People are very, very hungry for some kind of contact with a greater world than the one which

they can immediately perceive. And where they find it depends to an enormous extent on the quality of their desire and the quality of their intelligence. Quite a large number of quite intelligent people are kept happy with science fiction films or tv programs of this kind, and then there

are people who want something rather more substantial and look for it elsewhere. But it is very important to see what *children* want, because children are less tied down by convention, of course, than adults. And the popularity of these science fiction films, stories, magazines, and so forth with children from ten to sixteen, eighteen, or whatever, is very great.

*"It seems to me that if we can put a man on the moon, we can certainly take a man out of this world without making an unholy shameful mess of it."*

**TZ:** Even younger. I have a little boy who is four years old, and he's quite interested in something like the *Star Wars* stories.

**Davies:** It's very interesting about the *Star Wars* business. When it made its appearance, my two oldest grandsons were quite small boys, and I was astonished at the Christmas after the film when one of the little boys gave me a very special Christmas card. It was a card on which there was a very strange face. He said, "I'm giving this to you, because I think it's like you." I said, "Who is it, Christopher? What is this strange figure?" He said, "That's Darth Vader." And he meant to give me a great compliment. I was astonished that he knew Darth Vader but that, when I was trying to question him a little bit about Christ, he didn't know very much about him at all. And I don't find immense fault with that, because it's very hard to make conventional religion real to a child nowadays.

**TZ:** It's as though something like the phenomenon of the *Star Wars* saga is the new mythology for young people, with Darth Vader as the personification of evil.

**Davies:** Yes. But you see, this is what interested me. I made enquiries about it and found that this menacing fig-

ure was the one that had most taken the little boys' fancy. They love the bad guy. Now Ben Thingamajig, the good guy that Alec Guinness played, was not a figure to grasp a child's imagination. And his wisdom was terrible. It was like the wisdom that Peter Sellers gives out in *Being There*,

when he says things like "If the roots are strong, the garden will be healthy." That's all these good people in the films ever have to say—cheap stuff like that. The drive and the impulse and the energy are with the evil people.

**TZ:** Having watched my own little boy's fascination with Darth Vader—what he is, why he is—I've seen this extend into Disney films—the witch in *Snow White*, for instance. Unless a child watches a fantasy in which there is a very evil figure and some very great danger, he or she tends to become almost bored.

**Davies:** They do become bored. They want danger. And this is reasonable enough; this is psychological adventure. There's nothing, to my mind, wrong with a child being fascinated by these evil characters. They must dare, they must adventure, they must become acquainted with this element in life. It is, to me, extremely funny that in the modern world, where governments and other groups are falling over themselves to protect us from dirt in the air and from this, that, and the other, people have to seek their danger in these fantasy worlds. The world of ordinary life doesn't provide very much that is challenging and menacing for them.

**TZ:** I've felt that fairy tales simplify a lot of the complexities of life for children in a helpful way, and I wondered if you felt the same. Or do you feel that they oversimplify them so that they're not helpful?

**Davies:** I think that it is possible to be too simple and to underestimate the intelligence of children. But I think that it is also possible to reassure children in direct and

positive ways. I remember an instance when my children were small. My youngest girl slept in a room which had a door in it which gave access to a stairway which led up into the attic. I became aware that she was extremely frightened at night, and I asked her why, and she said that there was a witch up there and that she was afraid the witch was going to come down in the dark. Now, you can say to the child, "Oh no, there's no witch, she won't come down." Instead, I said to her, "Where's your school Bible?" She fished it out and I said, "Now, look. We're going to put this on the third step of the stairs, just inside the door. She won't dare pass it. She's trapped up there." Well, it worked like a charm! I have no objection to using the Bible as a kind of talisman, and it reassured the child in a way that no reason or laughing at her would ever have done. It would have been stupid to laugh at her. That just makes children secretive about their fears. And that she should fear a witch seemed to me entirely natural, because when I was small, I used to read stories about witches and I was scared to death.

**TZ:** You've said that myths and fairy tales are popular because they contain all the elements of real drama and all the archetypes of real stories. Perhaps you could elaborate on that for me?

**Davies:** They do, you know. They're very fulfilling. This is why we recognize that in certain fairy tales, like *Cinderella*, the morality is a very primitive sort which, in the grand language of literary criticism, we have come to call "poetic justice." When, in the old story of *Cinderella*, not the cleaned-up version, the wicked sisters try to force their feet into the slipper, they can't, so they hack off their toes, but still their feet will not fit. *This* is poetic justice. Their vanity, wickedness, and cruelty bring a terrible retribution, and that is what happens in so many myths and in so many fairy tales. Cruel and frightful punishments are visited upon the evil, and the good prosper. And this is very satisfying to children, because they have minds like the Ayatollah Khomeini—they don't think that cutting off a robber's right hand is wrong at all. Large numbers of them are great enthusiasts for capital punishment, because they



haven't yet been brainwashed about how the triple murderer is really just "sick," or has premenstrual tension, or some other reason why you're not supposed to deal with him as if he were a nuisance.

Mind you, I must explain very carefully that my own feeling about capital punishment is by no means open and shut, and I certainly am not an advocate of cruel and brutal and degrading capital punishment. But it seems to me that if we can put a man on the moon, we can certainly take a man out of this world without making an unholy shameful mess of it.

**TZ:** This seems to be one of the themes in your own work: that there are acts we are responsible for, such

as the stone in the snowball (in *Fifth Business*), and that we must be willing to face the consequences.

**Davies:** Yes, you've got to face the consequences of your own actions, and with most of us that's difficult and painful. But if one's own actions become too dreadful for other people, something has to happen somewhere along the line. The rights of the rest of society are being subjugated to your whim—which, in a world which has doubled its population since the beginning of this century, is something that can very quickly become an impossible situation.

**TZ:** You have spoken highly of Mervyn Peake and his *Gormenghast* trilogy, which at one point you said even

Poe cannot rival. Would you tell me why you make that statement?

**Davies:** Because Poe works in the short story and the short poem, and he works by a kind of incantation and poetic method. And I just happen to think that Mervyn Peake is a finer poet than Edgar Allan Poe, and he is therefore able to maintain his world of fantasy brilliantly through three novels. It tails off badly in the last one; but in the first two it is *brilliantly* realized. It is a very, very great work, and it will be recognized as a classic—perhaps a minor classic, but a classic—of our age. Even now, it has its underground enthusiasts. It's amazing how those books are continually gaining new enthusiastic readers, though they put heavy strains on book reviewers, who are unaccustomed to reviewing books like that. Reviewers are very fashionable people. They can recognize a book which is in the modern vein, and they can deal with it. They can review a book which is about how tough it is to have your marriage break up, or how awful it is to realize that you're a homosexual and have to come out of the cupboard, or something of the kind. But they're no good when you confront them with a book like *Titus Groan*, which creates a world of its own and laws of its own, and exists by a kind of magic of its own.

**TZ:** Is it, then, in essence, a sort of fairy tale for adults?

**Davies:** It is. And it has some magnificent scenes. That big scene of the fight in the garret between the two almost mythically awful creatures is a *brilliant* piece of writing—sustained, wonderful writing, for pages and pages.

Incidentally, returning to Poe for a moment, it seems to me that Poe's most successful story is *The Cask of Amontillado*, about the man who bricks his enemy up in a wine cellar and leaves him there to die. It seems to me that, in sheer horror, it goes far beyond the ones where ghostly maidens come down the stairs and fall at somebody's feet, because you don't really believe much in the ghostly maiden, but you certainly believe in that poor wretch who's being blocked up in the wine cellar. With Poe, you see, the intensity which he is able to get into that tale of hatred and revenge is much greater than the more ambitious pieces that attempt to deal with the undead



Davies' most recent work, *The Rebel Angels* (Viking), is filled with references to Rabelais, the Gnostics, and Paracelsus, whom Davies quotes with approval: "Never hope to find wisdom at the high colleges alone—consult old women, Gypsies, wanderers, and all manner of peasant folk, and learn from them."

## Robertson Davies

and doomed families.

**TZ:** You speak of hatred and revenge. I recall reading that you said that things like hatred and jealousy were in fact the realities of life.

**Davies:** Yes. In the rose-scented world in which many people wish to place us, you can't admit to that. You

both the USA and the USSR are projecting all the evil in the world upon one another. The self-righteousness on both sides is truly terrifying.

**TZ:** Are you suggesting that the appellation *Homo sapiens* belies the reality?

**Davies:** Yes. "Homo the Sap" is

*"There was a terrible monster in that: the Kraken. It was released from the vault of the seas. And do you know what it was that he wanted most? A blonde."*

can go to church for a year and you'd never hear a sermon about the wickedness of hatred or the sin of jealousy. Nobody wants to talk about sin. It's unfashionable. There used to be frightful sermons that would take the paint off a door about the Seven Deadly Sins, but they're not fashionable now. Sin has become merely a kind of psychological concept, as if that made it unreal.

**TZ:** Is there, in your mind, somebody or something or some force that could be called the Devil?

**Davies:** It's just shorthand for a power which is hostile to the good order of the world and to the happiness of man.

**TZ:** Is your vision of literature and life primarily a religious vision, then?

**Davies:** I think it has to be called that, though that puts people off terribly. You say you have a religious view on life, they think you're a sort of Holy Joe. But actually the word "religion" just means "law," the consideration of law and consequence. That's what interests me: what happens as a result of what people do. Also the reluctance people have to learn that certain actions will bring certain consequences. I was brought up by parents who were always quoting the Bible, not very reverently, I'm afraid. One of my mother's favorite quotations was that about how the dog shall return again to its vomit and the hog to his wallowing in the mire. (Chuckles.)

**TZ:** You reap what you sow.

**Davies:** Yes, Yes. And people don't learn. Over and over again they do the same stupid things without having learned what happens. I think we face this at the moment very much in our international situation, where

what he ought to be called. We are not wise because we are always looking for causes for things which are outside ourselves. I was very interested to read the other day, in a newspaper interview with Mr. Reagan, about the fact that he had refused, although he had promised to do so, to drop the registering for National Service. He said, "The Russians might get the wrong message." This business of being psychologically unaware—I'm afraid poor Mr. Reagan gives evidence of it every day of his life. I thought that remark that he made about how possibly a nuclear war could be confined to Europe was one of the most fat-headed, cruel, *stupid* remarks that any national leader could possibly make—as though people in Europe aren't real. When you blow them up in Europe it doesn't hurt.

**TZ:** This is the tendency of anyone to dismiss what you're fighting with a label. The Vietnamese were just "the Cong." You end up fighting a word, an idea.

**Davies:** The poor devils, they never seemed to think of them as people, and they did the most horrifying things to them. Though I must say that "the Cong" could do some pretty nasty things, too.

**TZ:** It works in reverse, certainly.

**Davies:** Absolutely.

**TZ:** If I can return more directly to fantasy, I wanted to ask your reaction to some other popular fantasy films of late.

**Davies:** One of the things that fascinates me, in the slight acquaintance that I have with these films, is the very strong sexual element in them. It ceases to have much fantasy about it. It's just the old well-understood

common thing. I was fascinated last summer with *Clash of the Titans*. There was a terrible monster in that: the Kraken. It was released from the vault of the seas. And do you know what it was that he wanted most? A blonde. It was a dumb girl who was tied to a rock—Andromeda. And there was the Kraken, who was about as big as a very tall apartment building, who was going to sexually get after this cutie. It was hilarious. I almost fell out of my seat with laughter. All they ever seem to be able to think about with King Kong or the Kraken is that he's going to chase a blonde. I remember seeing a film years and years ago that was just a cheapie, which nevertheless commanded quite a big audience, about a professor who had discovered a fish that everyone thought had been dead for millions of years [*Monster on the Campus*, 1958, directed by Jack Arnold]. When he was working on it in his lab down in Berkeley, he accidentally scratched his arm with one of the scales of the fish. He became infected with the blood of a primitive creature, so he became, every time the moon was full, a primitive man. He turned odd-looking, and hair grew out of his face, and he was a dreadful mess. As a matter of fact, he looked rather like Abraham Lincoln, but he was supposedly terrifying. And do you know what it was that this primitive man wanted above all? The president's daughter, who was a blonde. It's absolutely hilarious (chuckles), but it goes very deep, and I suppose one shouldn't laugh at it, because it just shows that mankind is as scared that his woman will be taken away from him by a powerful rival as he was three thousand years ago.

**TZ:** This was part of the pulp tradition in American science fiction all through the thirties and forties. The covers all featured alien creatures approaching a voluptuous female, while a male with a blaster fended them off.

**Davies:** But there's never been a corresponding female figure of equal power. There are these great moon goddesses who use men as toys and throw them away like smoked cigarettes, but they've never had quite the clout of the monsters who want the blonde.

**TZ:** You have spoken of writing as a "vocation of unhappiness," and said that the characteristic of the artist





"Nobody wants to talk about sin. It's unfashionable. There used to be frightful sermons that would take the paint off the door about the Seven Deadly Sins, but now sin has become merely a kind of psychological concept, as if that made it unreal."

is "discontent." What led you to make these observations?

**Davies:** Experience. You're always wishing you could do it better, and that means a life of discontent. But it leads somewhere. It's not just trivial discontent, it's not just whining and wishing things were otherwise. It's wishing that you personally could do a better job.

**TZ:** Can't the writer or artist be happy or contented?

**Davies:** It's very unlikely that he will be, because what he's perpetually trying to do is to say as clearly as he can what he feels to be most pressingly important. And he can never say it quite as clearly as he'd like to. If it is complicated, it doesn't lend itself to simple statement. And trying to say complicated things clearly is hard, hard work.

**TZ:** Maybe a few general questions to finish . . . From what or from whom have you learned the most?

**Davies:** (Long pause.) I have learned

very important things from people that I have met during the course of my life. None of them were literary people. Many of them were women. Women tell men things that men are not very likely to find out for themselves. Of course, I've learned quite a lot from books.

**TZ:** Has there been a turning point in your life?

**Davies:** Yes, at the age of about thirty-five. It is a very common turning point that millions of people encounter, when you just have to realize that you've found out what you do and how you do it, and what you think the world can give you, and you've established your way of living, and you probably have children. You know roughly whether you're going to be rich or poor or in between. Then you've got to find out what you're *really* going to do—what you're going to make out of all that. Are you going to be just a kind of walking monument to a job, or are

you going to have some kind of really significant inner life of your own? Because just the external things—the job, the mate, the children, the house, the this, the that—do not really fill the place inside.

**TZ:** Let's end on a lighter note. In *World of Wonders*, the three characters, past middle age, enjoy getting into bed together. You make a point of discussing how bed is not just a place for sleep or sexual activity, but how kings held court from bed, and what a wonderful place it was for having philosophical discussions and the like in comfortable surroundings with friends. I wanted to ask you: If you were convalescing in a hospital for three months, whom would you like in bed with you?

**Davies:** The hospital wouldn't permit it! (Laughter.) I think that the answer would have to be nobody. You couldn't stand having anybody in bed with you for three months. The ideal companion in bed is a good book. 17

# Offer of Immortality

by Robertson Davies

FORGET THE WARM WEATHER — IT'S CHRISTMAS IN TORONTO!  
SO SETTLE BACK IN YOUR CHAIR, LET YOUR DINNER DIGEST,  
AND LISTEN AS THE MASTER OF MASSEY COLLEGE  
RECOUNTS HIS LAST COLLEGE GHOST STORY.

**M**any of you who are here tonight have heard several of the Massey College Ghost stories, and there are some who have heard them all. Seventeen stories up to the present, and all of them true. Yet I have never felt justified in taking the ghosts for granted; I have never dared to think—Oh, one pops up every year, and it's sure to appear on time. Ghosts do not like to be taken for granted, just as they do not like to be given orders. You will understand why I was uneasy; this is my last year as Master of Massey College, and I should have liked to round out my time here by telling you of yet another ghost. However, " 'Tis not in mortals to command success." I have no ghost for you.

However, there was something—circumstances of which I ought to inform you, though when you have heard them you will understand my reluctance in making them known. Not a ghost—no—but something not quite in the common run of affairs. Oh, that I had the resolution to stop now, to say no more! But—here it is.

It happened at the end of November, when we held our last High Table for this year. We don't have High Tables in December because the College Dance and this affair are our offerings of hospitality during the Christmas season. Hospitality! It is one of the guiding lights of this College. Every honor, every consideration for our guests—that is our somewhat old-fashioned principle. A guest, here, is sacred.

On the Friday afternoon, when we were getting ready for High Table, Miss Whalon received a telephone call from Dr. Walter Zingg, the distinguished medical scientist and a Senior Fellow. "I hope it won't upset the arrangement of the table too much," said he, "but I should greatly like to bring a visitor who has arrived unexpectedly from South America—a scientist of international renown, from Bogotá, a Professor J. M. Murphy." That had been easily arranged, and when the list of guests was being prepared Miss Whalon discovered that the University from which Professor Murphy came was founded in 1572 (which makes it substantially our senior) and that it must also be one of the most exalted universities in the world, for it stands 9,000 feet above sea level. But when she finally ran the

professor down in an academic directory it said only that he was a world leader in Cryonics, and that his full name was Jesus María Murphy.

This did not trouble me. South America is full of the descendants of Irish immigrants who retain their Irish names, although they are now almost wholly of Spanish and Indian blood. Jesus María Murphy would cause no more raised eyebrows in Colombia than such a name as Mackenzie King Stacey might in Canada. I didn't know what Cryonics was, but I didn't need to know; Professor Zingg would take care of all that.

I wasn't prepared, however, for the figure who appeared in the Senior Common Room under the wing of Dr. Zingg. I say 'under the wing' advisedly, for Professor Murphy came no higher than the doctor's waist. He was the tiniest human being that I have ever seen, but that was not the only thing that gave him an air of unreality; his complexion was so rich in color, and his hair was so glossily black that he looked like a beautifully made doll. Hair dye and an almost operatic amount of makeup; strange in an academic, but these are permissive times. When I took his hand, it was like a tiny claw, and extraordinarily cold—so cold I almost dropped it in surprise.

When I am disconcerted I take refuge in extreme heartiness and good-fellowship, which, as most of you know, is no indication of my true nature. That is what I did when I felt that cold, cold hand.

"Welcome, Professor Murphy!" I roared; "What good fortune for us that you are able to dine here tonight! Ho, ho, ho!"

He responded with what I suppose he meant for a reciprocal exuberance. In a thin, high voice, very much like Punch in the puppet shows I used to see in London, he replied: "Dat what you tink, eh? Locky for you? Yes, lockier dan you know! He, he, he!"

I introduced Professor Murphy to some of the others who had assembled for dinner. Quite without self-consciousness he skipped up on top of the table, and stood there, so as to be able to address them face-to-face.

When an opportunity came, I looked inquiringly at Professor Zingg; he was blushing. "Never saw



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him before," he said, "but I have to take care of him over the weekend—keeping off big dogs and mean children and that sort of thing."

"The Professor looks to me as if he knew how to look after himself," said I.

Certainly he had no trouble at dinner. With that exquisite courtesy for which Massey College is famous, our Librarian had seen that three volumes of the Oxford English Dictionary were on his chair, so that he would be at no disadvantage. And there he sat, perched on N-Poy, chattering away happily to Dr. Swinton, a man with an insatiable appetite for scientific curiosities; on Murphy's other side sat Professor Hume, the Master-Designate, and I knew that those two experienced hands at college hospitality would take good care of our strange guest. But I noticed that although he chased our good dinner round his plate with his knife and fork, he ate nothing, and drank no wine.

Our steward, Mr. Stojanovich, appeared beside my chair.

"That little gentleman, that Professor Murphy, asks if he might have some of his favorite drink."

"Certainly, if we have it," I said.

"We have it," said Mircha; "it is vinegar."

"Give him the best we have," said I.

An odd request, I thought. Vinegar is, of course, a solution of acetic acid made, as the dictionary explains, from inferior wines; Canada, which yields place to no country in the world in the production of inferior wines, has first-rate vinegar. Mircha returned, bearing a demijohn which he showed me in the distinguished manner that adds so much to College functions. I took a little in a glass, and rolled it thoughtfully over my palate; it was a rich, full Loblaw 1980. I nodded approvingly, our guest was served, and I was interested to observe that he smacked his lips and, after two quick glasses, showed an increase of his former lively spirits.

Nor was that the end of it. When we went downstairs for more conversation and wine, Professor Murphy insisted that the vinegar jug go with him, and he nipped away all evening, consuming more in liquid volume than any four of the rest of us.

This was eccentric, certainly, but nothing more. However, when we were parting for the night, the strange guest seized me by the hand, and hissed: "I must talk to you."

"If you wish," I said; "I'll ask Professor Zingg to bring you into my Lodgings."

"No, no," said little Murphy; "get rid of Zingg. Tell Zingg to go hang."

As Professor Zingg was standing right beside him, this was rude. But Professor Zingg is not a man to lose his dignity; he smiled courteously at Jesus María Murphy, bowed very slightly, and left the



room. But I thought there was an air of relief in his manner.

In no time at all I found myself sitting in my study, facing Professor Murphy, who was curled up in my big chair, with his third demijohn of vinegar, freshly opened, sitting on the floor beside him.

A hospitable thought struck me. "Would you like to use the plumbing?" I asked. After all, the law of gravity dictates that so much liquid intake must, at some point, impose this necessity.

"Use what?" he hissed. "Oh, the *excusado*. No, no; never go. Foolish, foolish. You shall find out why."

I can't say I liked the sound of that. But the Professor was hurrying on.

"You, Davies, you old man now, eh? You getting out of here? Dey kick you out, no?"

"Decidedly no," I said, with some austerity, for I did not like his tone; "I am retiring, and the College has shown me every courtesy, as is its custom."

"Yah, yah, but you sorry to go. You want to know what's going to happen, eh?"

"Naturally I do. I am the first Master of this College; I hope the first of a long and splendid line. Not to be curious about the future would be impossible, though I know how ridiculous any such desire must be."

"Why ridiculous?"

"Well—because of the brevity of human life."

"Not brief at all. You not a scientist, eh?"

"No," said I; "insofar as it is possible to sum up what I am, I am a student of literature with a psychological bias."

"Oh, Holy Mother of God!" said Professor Murphy. "How you people spend your time! Still, I was just such an idiot when I was your age, a few hundred years ago. I was even a priest. Our university was started by priests, way back in the days of the Spanish Conquest; I was one of the founders and Sub-Rector for many years. But it is not easy to be a Spanish priest in the South American mountains, not if you have any real intelligence, not if you see what is right under your nose."

I thought it better to humor this madman. Was he really claiming to be something like four hundred and fifty years old? "So you became an unbeliever?" I said.

"Never! Unbelievers are fools, worse than unilluminated believers. I became an illuminated believer. I expanded my realm of belief. I became an alchemist."

"An alchemist?" said I. "Making gold, and that sort of thing?"

"Pah!" he said, and a good deal of saliva sprayed across the room at me. "I spit on gold! In South America is gold everywhere, kicking along the ground. No, no, I studied *life*, and as time went on,



and science began to lift its head above the rubbish of faith, the Illumination came, and by the middle of the nineteenth century I was one of the earliest biologists."

"Is it widely known that you have had such a long and interesting life?" I said.

"No; better not," said he. "I change my name from time to time. Give up being priest, though I am still a good Catholic. But that is why I am now Murphy; lots of Murphys in Colombia. I can speak Irish. Begorrah, may your shadow never grow less, devil take you, damn your eyes, Mother Machree. Yes, now I am Professor Murphy, and head of a very big scientific section in our University."

"And what brings you to Canada?" I said.

"I am scouting for candidates," said he, looking at me with extreme cunning.

"For your faculty?" said I.

"No, no—for my Instituto Cryonico da Colombia. But we have strayed. We talked about your curiosity regarding the future of this College. There are lots of ways of finding out, you know."

"Such as—?" said I.

"Well, Gematria, for one," said he.

Gematria—the cabbala of numbers! How often had I not heard of it, that elaborate, ancient, but surely mad science of divination practiced so long by the Jews, and part of the structure of their medieval scholasticism! I looked at Murphy with new eyes.

"But surely Gematria is known only among the Jews?" said I.

"If you live long enough and survive strongly enough, the Jews begin to think you must be one of themselves, and they tell you secrets," said Murphy. "You want to know how Gematria works?"

Of course I did.

"Then you must understand that numbers are the most important things under heaven. All is number, and God is the God of Numbers. I suppose you know Hebrew?"

"I've allowed it to grow a little rusty," I said; "but I used to be able to read and write it pretty well."

"Ah, then you know that in Hebrew there are no special signs for numbers, but each letter of the alphabet has a numerical equivalent, and that means that every word has a numerical equivalent also."

"Yes, yes."

"In the art of Gematria you divine secret things by reducing the appropriate words to their number equivalents, adding up those, then adding the integers of the sum again and again until you reach a number between one and eleven. That number is the Golden Number, and must be interpreted by knowledge of a very secret doctrine that embodies the rational pattern that lies beneath the seeming disorder of the universe."

"Yes," said I, "but how are you going to make that work with English words? Hebrew suppresses all the vowels but *a*, and lacks several of our letters."

"That is part of the tradition. You fill in the gaps with Greek letters that also have numerical equivalents. Greek alchemists, Jewish alchemists, they worked hand in glove. It really does work, you know. Want to try?"

"I think you want to demonstrate your skill," said I. Of course I wanted to try. But obviously I was not deceiving him; he went off into a fit of laughter, almost silent, producing a small noise like someone crushing tissue paper.

"You do not trust me," he wheezed. "You think I am a magician. And so I am. But not a false magician. I am a scientist, which is a modern magician. Long ago, when our University first began, in 1572, they called me a black magician, and there are still some who make the sign against the Evil Eye when I pass them. But I wish you would trust me and let me be your friend, because I can help you greatly. Let us be friends in your Canadian manner. Call me Jesus."

There is a Puritan buried within me. I secretly determined not to call him Jesus if I could possibly avoid it. I took refuge in cunning.

"I'll do better than that," I said; "I'll call you Josh. Jesus is the same as Joshua, and the short name for Joshua is Josh. You see?"

"Oh yes, I see," said he, and I knew that he saw right through me and was laughing at my Protestant distaste. "Now, what shall we interpret? This College, don't you think? What is its essence? What is at the root of it that will shape its destiny for centuries to come? Now wait—I must make myself ready."

He sat very upright on my leather chair, his feet tucked under him, his eyes shut, and both his hands raised with the fingers extended. "Now," he said, "tell me the full name of this place, not too fast, so that I can reduce it to numbers."

"Massey College in the University of Toronto," said I, and as I spoke his fingers began to flicker rapidly, as if he were tapping the keys of some invisible calculator. And indeed that is just what he was doing. I realized that I was looking at calculation as it had been during the Middle Ages, before the coming of cheap pencils and paper pads, and adding machines, and computers. He had turned his ten fingers into an abacus. Nor did he hesitate for an instant before he spoke.

"Seventeen and twenty-four, and twenty, and thirty-four, and fifty-one comes to one hundred and forty-six," said he. "Add up the integers of one, four, six and it comes to—eleven! Oh! Oh! Eleven!"

"Good, or bad?" said I, far more anxious than I wanted to reveal.

## "You are not always and in all things wholly serious. You have what we biologists call Jokey Genes. High time you went."

"*Magnifico!* The number of revelation. The number of great teachers and visionaries in religion, science, politics, and the arts. It is the number of those who live by the inner vision. Dangerous, mind you, for sometimes eleven loves ideas better than humanity, so that must be remembered and avoided. But what a Golden Number for a college! Oh, you need have no fears for this place."

"Thank you, Josh," I said. "You give me great hope. I am only sorry that I shall not be here to see its fulfillment."

"How long have you been here?" said Professor Murphy.

"It will be eighteen years next June," said I, "but I began work on this place twenty years ago, on the first of January, 1960."

"Aha, well—that date and the year and date of your birth—add the integers and it comes to thirty—a three. That is very good, because three is your Golden Number also—"

"How do you know?"

"Because I took trouble to find out before I came tonight, and I knew you for a Three the minute I set eyes on you. So that is a happy—"

"Coincidence?" said I.

"There is no such thing as a coincidence," said Josh; "not in Gematria. It is all part of the numerical pattern that governs the world. Yes, you were a good man to begin this place, but not to continue it."

"Why?" I dreaded what he might say, but I had to know.

"Too flighty," said Josh. "Lots of imagination, lots of invention, but there is a limit to what those things can do in a place like this—a place with the Great Eleven as its Golden Number. You are not always and in all things wholly serious. You have what we biologists call Jokey Genes. High time you went. Who is to come next?"

"Professor Hume," said I. "You sat beside him upstairs."

"Yes, and I felt very strange things coming from him. That is why I had to have vinegar; he was heating me up, and I needed to reduce my body temperature. Tell me his full name." And once again Josh took his calculating posture.

"James Nairn Patterson Hume," said I.

Josh made his rapid, flickering calculation, then, to my horror, gave a pathetic little squeak and collapsed sideways. Had Pat Hume killed him? But I saw one of the tiny hands gesturing toward the vinegar bottle which sat on the floor at his side. In an instant I put it to his lips and he drank—drank—drank until there was not a drop left. His eyes opened slowly, but one was looking aloft while the other looked down, and from his tiny body mounted an overpowering reek of vinegar. If he had been drinking anything else I would have

sworn he was drunk, but—vinegar? I must know.

"Jesus," I whispered, shaking him gently. "Jesus, are you pickled?"

He did not answer at once, but shook his head again and again, as if in wonderment. At last he spoke.

"This place must have a very special destiny," he said. "Its Golden Number is the Great Eleven, and that is splendor sufficient, but this Hume—this James Nairn Patterson Hume—his Golden Number is also—*despampanante!*—the Great Eleven. Work it out for yourself: fourteen, plus six, plus forty-one, plus twenty—and what have you?"

"How should I know?" I said; "I'm just one of your frivolous Threes; I can't be expected to add in my head. What have you?"

"*Badulaque! Analphabet!* You have ninety-two and even you should see that when you add the integers—nine and two, dog of a Three—you get eleven. So this college, already shaped by Eleven, is now to have a Master who is also an Eleven, and what will happen then—Oh, *rumboso, rumboso!*" His eyes seemed fixed upon some rosy vision.

"What will happen? Tell me," I said, shaking him.

"Oh, do not ask me to tell," said Professor Murphy. "Instead, why don't you join me in the Great Silent Chamber of the Immortals in the University at Bogotá, and from time to time we shall come back here and behold with our own eyes the wonders that are sure to be brought forth."

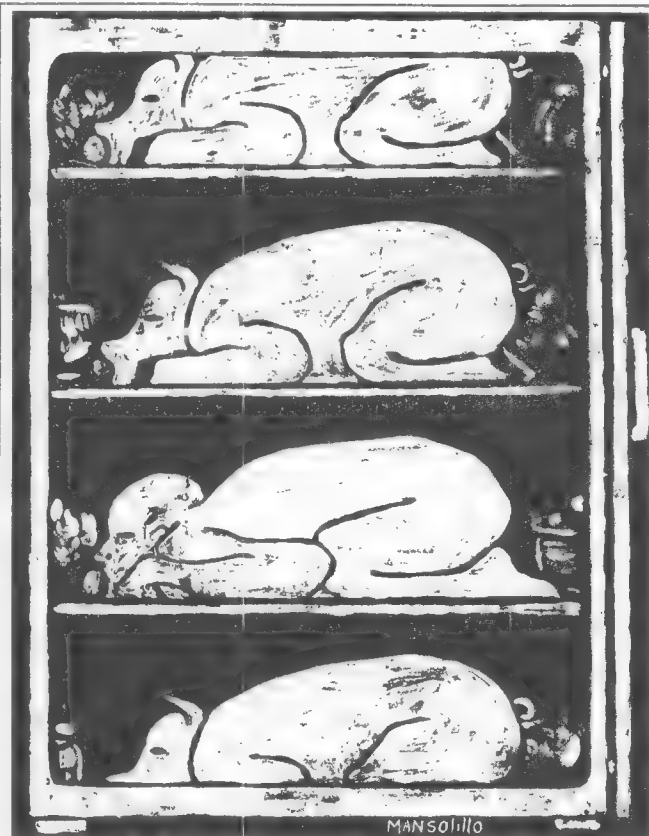
I was mystified. "Great Silent Chamber of Immortals?" I said.

"You know of my work," said he. "Am I not the Praefectus of the Instituto Cryonico of Bogotá?"

"I suppose so," said I, not very tactfully; "but what's Cryonics?"

"Oh, you Threes, you have the minds of ballet dancers! Cryonics, numbskull, is the science that will save mankind by preserving indefinitely the lives and abilities of people chosen for that purpose. It is achieved by a carefully calculated arrest of the cellular death which eventually brings ordinary mortals to the point of physical and spiritual death; that arrest is managed by draining the body of most of its blood, and substituting a formula for which ordinary vinegar may serve as a temporary substitute; then the body is placed in a very cold chamber, and all its activities, but not its cellular life, are kept on ice, so to speak, until they are needed. Then, a gradual melting-out, and there's your man, practically as good as new and, in my case, more than four hundred years old. Think what an accumulation of wisdom and experience that means! What we alchemists began so long ago as a search for the Philosopher's Stone was achieved in our Andean heights when we discovered—Oh, to hell with modesty!—when I discovered that all that was needed was





a sufficiently low temperature and plenty of vinegar. Now—here is your chance, and you must be quick, for this evening has been an exhausting one for me. Will you fly back with me to Bogotá? I promise you that in a week you will be emptied of your disgusting thick blood, and you will find yourself in a flask, reduced to the temperature of liquid nitrogen. All you have to do is leave a call at the desk—just like a motel—and in a hundred years you will be shipped back here to see what this great College has achieved.”

I was tempted. I confess I was tempted. But I thought I should first talk the matter over with my wife. Later, when I had Professor Murphy’s calculations checked by a Jewish scholar at one of the synagogues on Bathurst Street, I discovered that my wife is also a Three, just as I am myself, and it is unwise to neglect her opinion.

“May I have till tomorrow to make up my mind?” said I, and the Professor’s nod was so feeble that I became greatly alarmed about him.

But we Threes have substantial powers of improvisation. It was clear that the Professor was so overcome by what he had found out about Massey College that he needed first aid, and of a special kind. So I did my unscientific best. Taking him in my arms, I carried him up the back stairs to the College kitchen; it was like carrying a wineskin, for the vinegar within him kept sloshing around most unaccountably. But I got him on one of the kitchen tables without having been seen during our wobbly progress through the College, and I undressed him, right down to his skin. Former priest that he was, I was not surprised to find that he was wearing a tiny hair shirt, which is still in my possession, more or less, for Miss Whalon uses it as a tea cosy. I managed to rouse him sufficiently to drink a couple of large beakers of vinegar, then I brought jugs of ice water,

doused him thoroughly, and tucked him up for the night on a shelf in our large, walk-in refrigerator. In that embracing chill he fell instantly into a childlike sleep, and so I left him.

I went immediately to my wife, and put the great question up to her: was I to go to Bogotá and a chilly life eternal, in order that, from time to time, I might return to Massey College and spy on what my successors were doing? She thought for a while, and then said: “I wouldn’t, if I were you. Don’t be a Massey College ghost; it would be most unbecoming. Don’t you remember the line from our theater days—‘Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage’? When you have made your exit, take off your costume, clean the assumed character off your face, and leave the theater.”

These were wise words, as I had expected them to be. So I went to bed; went to sleep; and forgot the whole matter.

I was sharply reminded of it only last week, when we had our annual Christmas Dance. A great feature of that affair is the buffet, which is a splendidly theatrical creation at which all the guests survey, before they eat, the miracles of cuisine that our chefs have prepared. Elegantly displayed turkeys, splendidly ornamented fish, jellies, and potted meats pressed into fantastic and festive shapes, cream puffs filled with cream, so that their whiteness takes on the likeness of swans, wonderful little tartlets like jewels of topaz, and ruby and emerald. Cakes decorated in High Baroque style that are themselves the epitome of Christmas, and happy youth and good cheer. As always, I looked at it with pride; this was just the sort of show to appeal to a man whose Golden Number is Three. And then—

I don’t want to continue. I’d much rather not. But there are imperatives of historical truth which even a Three dare not brush aside. There, at the center of the main table, was—No, no. No, I say!

Well, it was a roast suckling pig. At any rate, that was the way it was garnished. Certainly it had an apple in its mouth, and around the little eyes were outlines of white icing. Tips of pink icing extended its ears, which were not wholly piglike. I looked hopefully between the markedly un-piglike buttocks for a curly tail, but there was none.

Turning to our Bursar, Colin Friesen, I said, controlling my voice as best I could: “That’s unusual, isn’t it? Where did you get it?”

“It must have come in a big order,” said he. “Nobody seems to know anything about it. It is a novelty. Delicious! Vinegar-cured, I should say. Try a bit of the crackling.”

But I declined. A flighty Three I may perhaps be, but I can boast, as I hope all my successors will be able to boast, that I have never, knowingly, eaten a guest of this College. 17

# A Glimpse of Ghostly Britain

Photographs by Don Hamerman  
Text by Stephen DiLauro

THE DRUIDS ARE LONG DEAD, THEY SAY, BUT IN THEIR LAND  
THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES SURVIVE.



**B**ritain abounds in haunted places. Though fabled as the home of common sense, a nation whose major religion is rationality, it has seen centuries of monarchs who've beheaded their wives, murdered their predecessors, or locked away their siblings deep within dungeons. It is a land of stately homes with resident wraiths, of Yuletide ghost tales told by firelight. Here Merlin still sleeps in the darkness of a cave (or beneath a great rock or in the hollow of an oak, depending on the chronicler); here the ghost of Sweeney Todd still plies his blood trade, while the footsteps of Mr. Hyde and Jack the Ripper echo on the cobblestones of a vanished London; here, in the beginning, Beowulf once sought and slew the monster.

Today, the spirits linger. A

pale light flickering in the upper window of an abandoned house; an eerie moan heard near a bedeviled tree; a phantom darting among tombstones—the old ghost haunts us still.

In Britain, whose prehistory marks it as the probable center of the Old Beliefs, where Druids worshiped the White Goddess and whence sprang Macbeth's witches, it is likely that the very land itself is a hospitable alembic in which otherworldly presences can multiply and make themselves known—presences whose destiny is as mysterious as their origin.

Whatever the case may be, these photographs serve as a pictorial guide for the curious. Should you find yourself in Britain, take some time during the dark hours to visit these places, and wait, and watch.





# Ghostly Britain

**Stonehenge:** No look at haunted Britain would be complete without mention of the world's most famous cromlech. Located on Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire, some eighty miles southwest of London, this series of upright stones and lintels is believed to be more than 3500 years old. The larger stones, with heights of more than thirteen feet and weighing as much as twenty-five tons each, appear to have come from western Wales, about three hundred miles away. How they were transported by a prehistoric people is only one of the mysteries of Stonehenge, though in 1136 Geoffrey of Monmouth concluded that they'd been lifted to their present site by Merlin's magic.

In 1950 archaeologists discovered two underground pits near the center of the circle. Radiocarbon dating of the charcoal found within them dates the pits at 1850 B.C. Among the charcoal remains tested, the archaeologists found bits of cremated human bone, leading to speculation that the Druids—the word comes from the ancient Celtic *der wydd*, meaning "oak tree," a sacred symbol in the British Isles—were engaged in ritual sacrifice.

Over the centuries a number of the stones toppled, and some were undoubtedly hauled away by local people. (Certain houses in the vicinity are reported to have some of the smaller sacred stones included in their hearths.) Nonetheless, archaeologists have been able to reconstruct what the original Stonehenge looked like. Near the center stood a sandstone altar large enough to hold a prostrate human body. A stone marker still stands about eighty yards to the east of this spot, and at dawn on the summer solstice the shadow of this marker falls on the altar. With this fact in mind, archaeologists have postulated that the formation was a place of sun worship. In 1963 the astronomer Gerald Hawkins, working for the Smithsonian Institute, used a computer to simulate the movements and positions of the heavenly bodies as they would have been some three and a half millennia ago, and discovered that by studying the various circles and horseshoe-shaped arrangements of stones, one could accurately predict the season changes as well as all solar and



lunar eclipses.

Stonehenge is the most imposing of the forty or fifty different "hengés" scattered throughout the

Isles. Standing today in silent, eternal vigil, it remains a shrine to a way of life and a system of belief we can never fully know.

**Dead Man's Tree:** Located in London's Green Park, at the juncture of two footpaths about fifty yards off Picadilly, this massive and sinister-looking plane tree witnessed numerous duels to the death during the eighteenth century. In the next century, a number of unfortunates successfully hung themselves from its lower branches. The atmosphere surrounding the tree is anything but welcoming, and dogs on a romp through the park generally shy away from it. In the wee hours, when the traffic on Picadilly has died down, a low moan has been

heard escaping the trunk, which is also home to strange unsightly growths, including an odd "wound" in the tree's trunk about twelve feet from the ground.

Yet it is only in the last hundred years that rumors of the tree's being haunted began to circulate. A young bearded man in a frock coat of the 1820s, believed to be the husband and father to a family that perished in a fire, and who later shot himself through the heart, is seen late evenings in the tree's vicinity. He stands sadly for a few brief moments, then disappears.





**St. Paul's Cathedral (right):** This celebrated London church was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. During the reconstruction, someone included in the design a secret staircase. Why this was built no one knows. According to one legend, early in the last century the wraith of a young cleric appeared before the prefect during vespers, whistling, and led the man to the secret passageway. Its entrances are still discernible on very close inspection, but the stairs themselves are not open to the public.

One staircase that is accessible leads from the south aisle on the main floor to the famous Whispering Gallery, a massive room housed within the dome. It's no place to tell secrets, for if you're standing near the wall, your whispers can be heard distinctly on the other side of the gallery. It works both ways, so try it with a friend.

St. Paul's architecture and stained glass make it well worth the visit, even if you don't see the ghost.





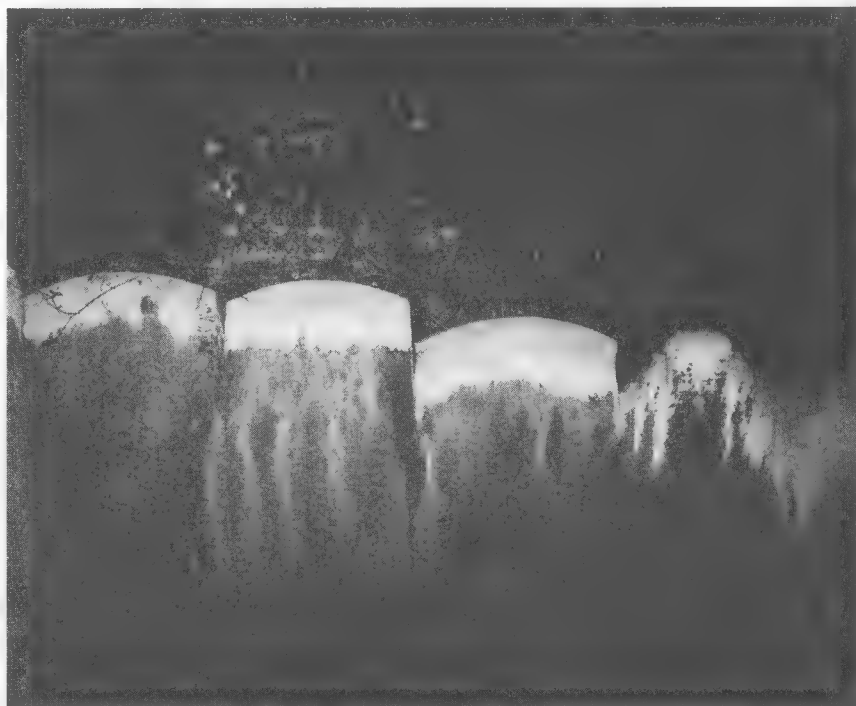


**The shadow of the Tower of London** blackens the pages of British history. Legend has it that the Tower—begun by William the Conqueror, and today the oldest fortress-prison in Europe—was built with mortar mixed with the blood of wild beasts. Over the centuries visitors have reported seeing the ghosts of Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Northumberland, and, most recently, Lady Jane Gray, whose headless figure has been identified by her attire, but the ghost seen most often here is that of Anne Boleyn, the first wife of Henry VIII to lose her head. The central Keep

or White Tower still contains a crypt where visitors can see the chopping block, complete with notches from the executioner's axe. "The Scavenger's Daughter," a large device used to squeeze men to death, is also on display, as are spiked collars, thumbscrews, the rack, and other diabolical instruments of torture. The atmosphere of death is overwhelming, and some more sensitive souls have claimed they heard low moans of pain coming from the walls. It is said that ill luck will befall anyone who harms one of the Tower's many ravens.



**This small congregation of tombstones** stands in a courtyard in the Blackfriars section of London. It is consecrated ground—the site of a church, burned down long ago, dedicated to St. Ann—and hence cannot be built upon. For centuries the cowed figure of a monk was seen here, appearing at dusk and walking slowly for several yards before disappearing; and in fact, after a World War II bombing raid, the remains of a cleric were found on this very spot. The skull had been smashed in, and tests proved that the body had been buried sometime during the thirteenth century.



# Tommy and the Talking Dog

by Lewis Shiner

MORE IMPORTANT, WHAT HE SAID MADE SENSE.

**I**f you can answer three questions," the dog said, "you can wear the magic shoes."

Tommy looked up and down the deserted street. "Did you . . . say something?"

"That's right. Didn't you hear me?" It was a gruff voice, with just a trace of an English accent, and it was definitely coming out of the dog.

"You're a dog." In fact it was a huge, fat bulldog, with big flaps of skin hanging off the sides of its face. From where it sat, on the front steps of the abandoned motel, it was looking Tommy straight in the eye.

"That's correct," the dog said.

Tommy stared hard at the dusty windows of the motel office. "This is some kind of trick, right? There's a tv camera back there and you're trying to make me look stupid."

"No trick, Tommy. Just three questions."

"C'mon," Tommy said. He looked into the dog's eyes and deepened his voice. "Sit up." The dog stared at him. "Roll over. Play dead."

"Cut the crap, Tommy. Do you want the shoes or not?"

"Let me see 'em."

The dog shifted his weight to one side, revealing a battered pair of red Converse All-Stars.

"Yuck," Tommy said. "Those are gross."

"Maybe," the dog said, "but they're magic."

"What are the questions?"

"Which of the following presidents died in office? Lincoln, McKinley, F.D.R.?"

"C'mon. They all did. That's the same dumb question they use when they're trying to sell you a

free portrait on the telephone."

"Which weighs more, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead?"

"They both weigh a pound. This is stupid. Now you're going to ask me who's buried in Grant's tomb."

The dog narrowed its eyes suspiciously. "Have you done this before?"

"Ulysses S. Grant," Tommy said. "Lemme see the shoes."

They were just his size and felt pretty good, but they were scuffed, and the metal things were gone out of the side vents. "I don't feel any different," Tommy said.

"You need the shoes to look for the treasure," the dog said.

"What treasure?"

"When you're wearing the shoes, you can open the doors of the motel rooms."

"Uh uh. No sir. I was up poking around in there before. There's nothing up there. Besides, my parents told me I wasn't supposed to go in there anymore."

The dog shrugged. Tommy had never seen a dog shrug before, and it was almost funny. "Suit yourself," the dog said.

"Hey, wait a minute. Tell me about the treasure."

"You have to find that for yourself." The dog started to walk away.

"Hey!" Tommy said. "Come back here!"

The dog kept on walking.

Tommy flexed his toes inside the shoes. Magic.

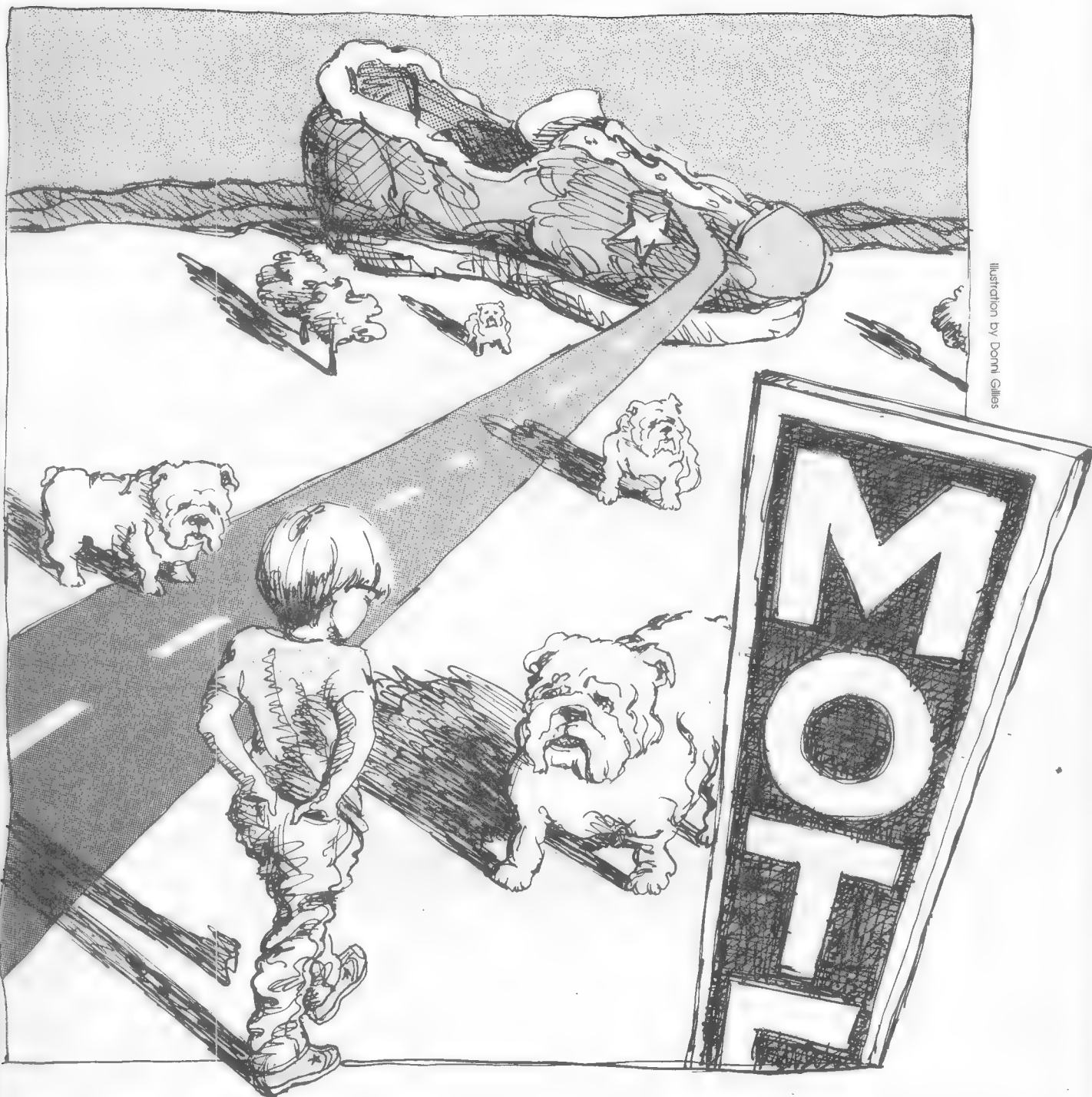


Illustration by Donni Gilles

He looked at the row of motel rooms, their dusty tan walls almost golden in the late May afternoon. He wasn't supposed to go inside, but if his parents found out he'd even been hanging around outside the place, he'd be in trouble.

He went to the first door and opened it.

Inside a woman was sitting in a chair, watching tv. Tommy felt a hot flush of embarrassment go up his face. "Jeez, I'm sorry," he mumbled. "I didn't think there was anybody here."

"It's okay, Tommy," the woman said. "Come on in."

Tommy took another step into the room "You know me?"

"Sure," the woman said. "You're wearing the shoes." She was a little older than his mother, and very fat. There was an open Whitman Sampler box next to her thick right arm.

"Who are you?" Tommy asked.

"Nobody. Just a mother." Tommy noticed that the room didn't really look like a motel room. It was very dark in there and it was taking a while for his eyes to adjust. He noticed a playpen back in one corner with two kids in it. One of them was hitting the other with a plastic rattle. A third kid was crawling around on the floor, dragging a blanket with him. The place smelled bad, like sour milk and old coffee and the bathroom at school.



## Tommy and the Talking Dog

A man's voice on the tv said, "Susan's going to have my baby."

"What are you watching?" Tommy asked, trying to be polite.

"Nothing. Just a program."

The kid who was getting hit started to whimper. The woman put a chocolate into her mouth with a quick, almost guilty snap of her wrist.

"Well," Tommy said, feeling the way he did when he'd been looking forward to something for a long time and then it didn't happen, "I have to go."

"Shhh," the woman said. "This is the good part."

Tommy went out quietly and closed the door. He wondered for a second what the dog had expected him to find in there, then went to the next room. He reached for the doorknob, then knocked gently.

"Come in," said a big male voice.

Tommy opened the door and found himself in front of a long wooden desk. A man was sitting at it, and behind him was a window with venetian blinds. The blinds were slanted to let the sun in, and it made it hard to see the man's face.

"Tommy!" the man said. "Come right on in!" The man was standing up and holding out his hand. Tommy shook it and backed away. "How are you doing today?"

"Fine," Tommy said. "How come you know who I am?"

"The shoes, son, the shoes! Now what can I do for you?"

Tommy hoisted himself up into a chair that was too big for him. He noticed a funny smell and sneaked a quick sniff at his hand. The man had left some kind of man's perfume on it when he shook it. It was so strong it made Tommy's eyes water, and he rubbed the hand against his jeans.

"Do you know anything about a treasure?" Tommy asked.

"A treasure," the man said, sitting back down. Tommy could see him better now. He had a bushy moustache and had combed his hair up over a thin spot on top of his head. He wasn't all that old, but he had big circles under his eyes, and his smile kept wiggling like it wanted to slip off. "Well, I may not know where to find a chest of gold doubloons, but I can tell you how to go about getting rich." He leaned across the desk and whispered, "Superconductors."

Tommy had a vision of a man in a tight red-and-blue suit taking tickets on a train. "What?"

"Superconductors," the man said, sitting back with a satisfied look on his face. "They're like metal, kind of, you know, how it carries electricity? But they do it a lot better and they're very, very cold . . . Well, hell, I don't know that much about how it all works. But I'll tell you, there's a fortune there!" He

The kid who  
was getting hit  
started to whimper.  
The woman put  
a chocolate  
into her mouth  
with a quick,  
almost guilty snap  
of her wrist.

slapped the desk with his hand. "A fortune!"

A little box on the man's desk started to buzz. He pushed a button on it and said, "Yes?"

A woman's voice came out of it. She sounded like she was trying to whisper and sing at the same time. "Mr. Connell on line seven for you, sir."

"Stall the old fart, would you honey? And say, are we going to have that business meeting later tonight?" The man winked at Tommy, using his whole face. "I got us a room at the Ramada."

"Oooh!" the woman said. "Well, if you think it will really improve my efficiency around here . . ."

There was a picture frame on the desk, showing a woman and two boys. The woman didn't look to Tommy as if she belonged to the voice in the little box.

"I'm sure it will, sugar. I know it will." The man switched off the set.

"Not a word to my wife now, Tommy," the man said. "You know how it is."

"No," Tommy said. "How is it?"

Before the man could answer, the box buzzed again. "I'm sorry, sir, Mr. Connell says it's urgent."

"All right." He picked up the telephone and punched at a blinking light. "Goddammit, A. J., what the hell is eating your ass now? . . . You what? . . . You *what*? All of them?" The man put the phone back and fumbled at the drawer of his desk. His face was the color of old, dried cement. "Superconductors . . ." he whispered, and started putting tiny white pills under his tongue.

"I . . . I better go now," Tommy said. The man didn't answer, and Tommy hurried to the door.

Outside the sun was starting to set. The world looked very tired and dusty. "Hey, dog?" Tommy called, but there was no sign of the animal.

Slowly Tommy went to the next door and opened it.

A woman was lying on the bed. She was dressed kind of like the cheerleaders on the football games his father watched on Sunday afternoons, in shorts made out of some kind of silver material, and a thin red shirt that was tied up across her stomach. When she sat up, Tommy could see her breasts wobble un-

der the thin cloth. They were very big, and drooped when she leaned forward.

"Hi, Tommy," she said. "Find the treasure yet?" She lit a cigarette from the butt of one that was in the ashtray.

"No," Tommy said. She had a dry, scratchy voice that was very sad. "Who are you?"

"Me? I'm a hooker, Tommy."

"A hooker? What's a hooker?"

The woman shook her head. Her hair was glued in place with too much of that spray stuff like his mom sometimes used, and she was wearing more makeup than Tommy had ever seen on one person before. "A hooker is a woman who . . . well, she tries to cheer up men that aren't very happy at home."

"Could you cheer me up?"

"You're a little young, Tommy. Besides, it usually doesn't work anyway."

"I don't understand."

"I know you don't. See, grown-ups aren't very happy people a lot of the time. They go looking for power or money or sex, and when that doesn't work out, they usually just sit around and watch tv."

"There isn't any treasure, is there?"

"I don't know, Tommy. I didn't find it."

"What's that?"

The woman was putting something in a needle and tying a belt around her arm. "It's like medicine, Tommy. I think you'd better go now."

"Yeah," Tommy said.

He went outside. It was almost dark. He sat down on the curb and took off the red All-Stars and put his own shoes back on. "Hey, dog!" he shouted. "Hey! You can have your stupid shoes back!" There was no answer, and Tommy threw the shoes toward the motel as hard as he could. They broke the win-

dow of the first room, the one where the fat woman had been watching tv, and through the broken glass Tommy could see that the room was empty.

**W**hen he got home his parents asked him what was wrong, but he just told them he was tired. He took a bath and went to bed and stared at the wall for a long time, and eventually he fell asleep.

School was almost out for the summer, and with the windows open and the hot, dusty smell of the outdoors in all the rooms it was almost pointless to continue it. Teachers struggled on, to the accompaniment of shuffling feet and shifting bodies, and waited for every recess.

But for Tommy it didn't matter anymore. He looked at Mrs. Aleio and thought about the fat woman in the motel room, and the woman whose picture had been on the businessman's desk. When he looked at Susie Bishop, the prettiest girl in class, he saw her in tight shorts and too much makeup. When Bobby Cubitto called out an answer in class, Tommy thought of him shouting into a phone.

He went by the old motel on the way home from school, but there was no sign of the dog. He even looked in the first motel room, but the shoes were gone.

He went the next day again, with no luck.

His parents knew something was bothering him, and his father tried to talk to him.

"Do you believe in magic, Dad?" Tommy asked him. "Talking animals, stuff like that?"

"Well, Tommy," he said, and cleared his throat. Tommy noticed that his father had started parting his hair on the other side and combing it up to cover a bald spot.



'You can have  
a reality where  
there are talking dogs  
and magic shoes,  
or you can be  
like the people  
in that motel.  
Like your parents.  
It's up to you.'

"Things like that," his father said, "are called allegories. That means they aren't real themselves, but they stand for something real. Do you see? So if an animal in a story tells you something, it may just mean that you're getting a message from your conscience, or something like that."

"But it's not real."

"Not really."

Tommy didn't try to tell him about the motel and the dog. There just didn't seem to be any point.

On the last day of school they got out at noon. Tommy started walking aimlessly, not wanting to go home, and found himself in a little subdivision he didn't know very well. He was walking with his head down, kicking a small black rock ahead of him as he walked, when he saw something out of the corner of his eye.

It was a big bulldog.

Tommy ran after it. The dog saw him and cut through somebody's yard, but Tommy didn't slow down, ducking under a clothesline and chasing the dog down an alley. The animal veered again and Tommy stayed right behind, and all of a sudden it skidded into a flower bed, cornered by a chain link fence. Tommy jumped on the dog and wrestled it to the ground.

"Talk to me!" Tommy said. "Talk to me!" He remembered what the man had said when he shouted into the phone. "Talk to me, goddammit!"

He heard a screen door bang. "Hey, you!" said a woman's voice. "Get out of those flowers! What are you doing?"

"I'm sorry," Tommy said, grabbing a fistful of the dog's fur. "My dog ran away. I'll pay you for the flowers. I'm sorry, I really am."

"That's okay," the woman said. "Just be more careful." She looked him up and down. "How are you going to get him home? He doesn't even have a collar."

Tommy shrugged.

"I'll get you a piece of rope," the woman said. She went into the house and came back with a piece of scratchy wrapping cord. "Here."

"Thank you," Tommy said. "I'm sorry about the flowers."

He dragged the dog out to the street, hoping the woman hadn't seen him yelling at it. How stupid it would have looked, him shouting at a dog to talk to him.

He sat down on the curb. It *was* stupid. The dog was just a dog, and didn't deserve to be treated this way.

"Hey," the dog said. "Let me go, will you?"

"You can talk!"

"Of course."

"Why did you give me those shoes? Why did you send me into those motel rooms with all those miserable people? What was the big idea?"

"No big idea. You're a special kid. Special things happen to special people. You don't ask for explanations."

"What about the treasure?"

The dog licked its chops noisily. "Take off the rope first, how about?"

"Tell me about the treasure."

"I don't feel much like talking with this rope around my neck."

The dog and the boy stared at each other, and then Tommy took the rope off.

"There isn't any treasure, is there?" Tommy asked.

"Not in that motel, no."

"Then you lied to me."

"Look, kid, I didn't say it was *in* there, I said you had to look for it there. See, sometimes you already have something and you don't know it. So you still have to look for it, even though you already have it."

"Have what?"

"A way of looking at things. Of finding people in empty motels or finding words in the mouth of a dog."

"Then I just made you up. You're not even real."

"Reality is whatever you decide it's going to be. You can have a reality where there are talking dogs and magic shoes, or you can be like the people in that motel. Like your parents. It's up to you."

"That's the treasure?"

"That's it." The dog got up and started to snuffle away down the street. It stopped in front of a big new car, lifted its leg, and peed on the tire. The drops spattered onto the dusty street like little gold coins.

"See you around, kid," the dog said over its shoulder.

"Will I?" Tommy asked. "Will I see you again?"

"Sure," the dog said. "Life is full of surprises." Tommy put the rope in somebody's trash can and started home.

*What do you know?* he thought.

After a while, he started to whistle.. 17



# GUMMING CHOMPERS

by Joe R. Lansdale

ONE THING ABOUT THAT OLD LADY:  
SHE NEVER BIT OFF MORE  
THAN SHE COULD CHEW!



**O**ld Maude, who lived in alleys, combed trash cans, and picked rags, found the false teeth in a puddle of blood back of Denny's. Obvious thing was that there had been a mugging, and some unfortunate who'd been wandering around out back had gotten his or her brains beaten out, and then hauled off somewhere for who knows what.

But the teeth, which had probably hopped from the victim's mouth like some kind of frightened animal, still remained, and the blood they lay in was testimony to the terrible event.

Maude picked them up, looked at them. Besides the blood there were some pretty nasty coffee stains on the rear molars and what looked to be a smidgen of cherry pie. One thing Maude could spot and tell with an amazing degree of accuracy was a stain or a food dollop. Cruise alleyways and dig in trash cans most of your life, and you get skilled.

Now, Maude was a practical old girl, and, as she had about as many teeth in her head as a pomegranate, she wiped the blood off on her dress—high fashion circa 1920—and put those suckers right square in her gummy little mouth. Somehow it seemed like the proper thing to do.

Perfect fit. Couldn't have been any better than if they'd been made for her. She got the old, blackened lettuce head out of her carpet bag—she'd found the lettuce with half a tomato back of Burger King—and gave that vegetable a chomp. Sounded like the dropping of a guillotine as those teeth snapped into the lettuce and then ground it to smithereens.

Man, that was good for a change, thought Maude, to be able to go at your food like a pig to trough. Gumming your vittles gets old.

The teeth seemed a little tighter in her mouth than a while ago, but Maude felt certain that after a

time she'd get used to them. It was sad about the poor soul that had lost them, but that person's bad luck was her fortune.

Maude started toward the doorway she called home, and by the time she'd gone a block she found that she was really hungry, which surprised her. Not an hour back she'd eaten half a hamburger out of a Burger King trash can, three greasy fries, and half an apple pie. But, boy howdy, did she want to chow down now. She felt like she could eat anything.

She got the tomato half out of her bag, along with everything else in there that looked edible, and began to eat.

More she ate, hungrier she got. Pretty soon she was out of goodies, and the sidewalk and the street started looking to her like the bottom of a dinner plate that ought to be filled. God, but her belly burned. It was as if she'd never eaten and had suddenly become aware of the need.

She ground her big teeth and walked on. Half a block later she spotted a big alleycat hanging head down over the lip of a trash can, pawing for something to eat, and ummm, ummm, ummm, but that cat looked tasty as a Dunkin' Donut.

Chased that rascal for three blocks, but didn't catch it. It pulled a fade-out on her in a dark alley.

Disgusted, but still very, very hungry, Maude left the alley thinking: Chow, need me some chow.

**B**eat cop, O'Hara, was twirling his nightstick when he saw her nibbling the paint of a rusty old streetlamp. It was an old woman with a prune face, and when he came up she stopped nibbling and looked at him. She had the biggest, shiniest pair of choppers he had ever seen. They stuck out from between her lips like a gator's teeth, and in the light of the streetlamp, even as he watched, he thought for a moment that he had seen them grow. And, by golly, they looked pointed now.

O'Hara had walked his beat for twenty years, and he was used to eccentrics and weird getups, but there was something particularly weird about this one.

The old woman *smiled* at him.

Man, there were a lot of teeth there. (More than a while ago?) O'Hara thought: Now that's a crazy thing to think.

He was about six feet from her when she jumped him, teeth gnashing, clicking together like a hundred cold Eskimo knees. They caught his shirt sleeve and ripped it off; the cloth disappeared between those teeth fast as a waiter's tip.

O'Hara struck at her with his nightstick, but she caught that in her mouth, and those teeth of hers began to rattle and snap like a pound full of rabid dogs. Wasn't nothing left of that stick but toothpicks.

He pulled his revolver, but she ate that too.



Randy Jones INX...

Then she ate O'Hara, didn't even leave a shoe.

Little later on she ate a kid on a bicycle—the bicycle too—and hit up a black hooker for dessert. But that didn't satisfy her. She was still hungry, and, worse yet, the pickings had gotten lean.

Long about midnight, this part of the city went dead except for a bum or two, and she ate them. She kept thinking that if she could get across town to Forty-second Street, she could have her fill of hookers, kids, pimps, and heroin addicts. It'd be a regular buffet-style dinner.

But that was such a long ways off and she was soooooo hungry. And those damn teeth were so big now she felt as if she needed a neck brace just to hold her head up.

She started walking fast, and when she was about six blocks away from the smorgasbord of Forty-second, her mouth started watering like Niagara Falls.

Suddenly she had an attack. She had to eat NOW—as in “a while ago.” *Immediately.*

Halfway up her arm, she tried to stop. But my, was that tasty. Those teeth went to work, a-chomping and a-rending, and pretty soon they were as big as a bear trap, snapping flesh like it was chewing gum.

Wasn't nothing left of Maude but a puddle of blood by the time the teeth fell to the sidewalk, rapidly shrinking back to normal size.

**H**arry, high on life and high on wine, wobbled down the sidewalk, dangling left, dangling right. It was a wonder he didn't fall down.

He saw the teeth lying in a puddle of blood, and having no choppers of his own—the tooth fairy had them all—he decided, what the hell, what can it hurt? Besides, he felt driven.

Picking up the teeth, wiping them off, he placed them in his mouth.

Perfect fit. Like they were made for him.

He wobbled off, thinking: Man, but I'm hungry; gracious, but I sure could eat. **17**



# ON LOCATION WITH The Last Horror Film

by  
Steve  
Swires

HOW WITH LIMITED TIME, A LIMITED BUDGET, AND PLENTY OF CHUTZPAH, JUDD HAMILTON MANAGED TO MAKE A CANNES-BASED THRILLER WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS.

**A**sk the average film producer how to make a movie, and if he's in the right mood, he'll give you a detailed dissertation on the intricacies of the motion picture industry. However, if you ask first-time producer Judd Hamilton, who recently co-wrote and co-produced *The Last Horror Film*, he'll offer this candid reply: "Maybe I can tell you how after I've finished my next movie. Right now all I can tell you is how *not* to make one."

Hamilton learned his lessons the hard way, by shooting his picture in France amidst the circuslike atmosphere of the 1981 Cannes Film Festival. But then, that's what the movie's

all about: a world-famous fantasy film actress who goes to the festival to promote her latest horror movie and is pursued by a deranged fan. After members of her entourage are brutally murdered, she fears that she may be the ultimate victim. In a resonant bit of casting the actress, named "Jana Bates," is portrayed by Hamilton's wife, British actress Caroline Munro, a genre veteran with ten horror and science fiction films behind her, including *The Spy Who Loved Me*, *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad*, *At the Earth's Core*, *Dracula A.D. 1972*, and two *Dr. Phibes* films.

Despite the fact that so many would-be producers are perennially

unable to launch their projects, Hamilton managed to co-write the script, secure the financing, hire the cast and crew, and start shooting all within a period of just sixteen days. Considering that his previous filmmaking experience had been limited to playing supporting roles opposite Munro in two movies, *A Talent for Loving* and *Starcrash*, co-executive-producing her American film debut, *Maniac*, and co-producing a tv special called "The Seventh Annual Science Fiction Film Awards" with his wife as co-host, this represents a real step forward. Unfortunately for other producers, there's little in Hamilton's formula they can emulate.

"The opportunity for me to produce a film arrived because of Caroline," Hamilton admits. "People in the entertainment community were sufficiently interested in her career to warrant a business investment, as long as we made the movie within a reasonable budget."

In fact, Hamilton had already arranged his financing—from a European company called Shere Productions, Ltd.—even before he conceived *The Last Horror Film*. The money was originally to be used for a space spoof entitled *Star Patrol*, a follow-up to the science fiction adventure *Starcrash*, in which Munro played a galaxy-spanning heroine named "Stella Star." The two of them were in Los Angeles in late April of 1981 discussing distribution of *Star Patrol* when another opportunity presented itself. "It was suggested that I think of an idea for a lower budget film," Hamilton relates. "If I did, we could start it immediately, since we had the credit facilities available."

"While discussing with David Winters the possibility of his directing a project for us, an idea occurred to me. As a part of that project, we were going to have to go to Cannes to meet with potential distributors, so I thought it would be neat to also make a movie at the festival. What could we make a movie about? Why not a horror film about the film business? It could deal with somebody who desperately wants to make a picture but is considered to be no more than a fan. The character could also be obsessed with an actress—a common denominator in the entertainment industry, since there are probably more celebrities who have people observing them right now than at any time in history."

Hamilton was also influenced by the experience he and Munro had seeing *Maniac* for the first time, at Cannes in 1980. "I wasn't quite prepared for it," he recalls. "To say the least, it had a rather explosive effect on everybody who saw it there. I had some reservations about the explicitness of the violence, but I also recognized that it happens that way in real life, so I questioned why it's so offensive to see it on a screen. As we walked out of the theater I was asked what I thought, said: 'I think I'd like to make a movie about people who see this kind of film.'"

By combining such story ele-



ments, Hamilton hoped *The Last Horror Film* would be more than just another "mad slasher" exploitation picture. Dramatizing what Jana Bates must go through at Cannes to promote herself and her movie *Scream* would permit a behind-the-scenes look at the politics of the industry from the viewpoint of a fantasy film star—and would also provide a parallel story line. "The frustrated fan is the complete antithesis of the star," says Hamilton. "He gets no attention and she gets too much. They're only linked by his obsession to meet her and make a film with her. If he can't do it one way he'll do it another, so he starts shooting sixteen-millimeter footage of her appearances in Cannes. Out of that he'll have a film of her which she'll be so proud of when he shows it to her."

Hamilton's characterization of the fan, a New York taxicab driver named "Vinnie Durand," represents a composite of a number of real fans he's met when accompanying Munro to her appearances at fantasy film conventions around the world. "Through Vinnie I've tried to portray what it is that a fan becomes interested in," he says, "and what attracts him so much that it becomes almost a religion. He's intelligent and has some valid ideas, although the people who don't understand him consider him a clown. Vinnie hates gory horror films, which symbolize to him the negative side of life. He sees them all, but he prefers the more romantic and atmospheric horror films of the 1930s and 1940s. His abhorrence is kindled even further because Jana, his favorite person in the world, is made to act in these gory films. He thinks that's a disgrace because she's much too talented for that. If he could only get to her, he believes he could convince her she doesn't have to do them anymore."

Hamilton developed these ideas in collaboration with David Winters and writer Tom Brooks. "Within three days we'd formulated a script that was tailor-made for Caroline," he says. "Then I called the financial people in London, and they approved the idea and gave me the go-ahead. I was like a person in *The Millionaire* tv series who gets a check from



Judd Hamilton and Caroline Munro took advantage of Cannes's ever-present crowds of paparazzi and an actual screening for this scene in which the characters they play, "Alan Cunningham" and "Jana Bates," arrive at a premiere.



# The Last Horror Film

Michael Anthony. From that moment on, I could make my own decisions."

With his leading lady set and Winters signed to direct, Hamilton began casting. To portray the fan he selected character actor Joe Spinell, whose face is familiar from his appearances in such films as *Taxi Driver*, *The Godfather* I and II, and *Rocky* I and II, although he's best known to genre aficionados for his villainous roles opposite Munro in *Starcrash* and *Maniac*.

Spinell wasn't his first choice for the part, however. "I think our first thought was Mark Hamill, with whom we'd worked on the sf film awards show," recalls Hamilton. "It would have been a real reversal for him to play such a character. I spoke to his manager, but it was coming together too quickly to coordinate with Mark. It so happened that Joe was in Los Angeles at the same time, and when we got in touch he asked what I was doing. I told him about the movie, and he jokingly said, 'Which part am I playing?' Then it hit me, and I thought, why not? Although I'd been thinking of a younger fan, Joe's casting could be even more relevant, in that he'd be somebody who's held onto his obsession for a long time."

To play the part of Alan Cunningham, Jana Bates's director and boyfriend, Hamilton cast himself. "I think David was actually the one who suggested it," he chuckles. "Obviously I was going to be real inexpensive



In his hotel room, Vinnie Durand (Joe Spinelli, late of *Maniac*) surrounds himself with his prized collection of Jana Bates photos (actually, publicity photos from Caroline Munro's previous films).

as an actor, so, as the producer, I accepted!"

After the other roles were cast, Hamilton returned to London, where he assembled the majority of his crew in just two days and sent them off to France. Meanwhile Winters flew to Cannes a week before the festival opened to secure the locations. "One of the keys to our operation was that we knew Cannes intimately, having been to previous festivals there," says Hamilton. "We'd gone through all the experiences we wrote about—except for the murder mystery as-

pect—so we didn't need to actually scout the locations. The big question was whether or not they were available. Everybody had bet that we wouldn't get the permits to film there, but the mayor of Cannes gave us carte blanche."

Despite such cooperation, shooting a movie in the middle of the world's largest and most hectic film marketplace presented a considerable challenge. How did Hamilton approach it? "Like a battle," he says. "What we intended to accomplish in the two weeks of the festival was es-



Expecting to meet her ex-husband Brett in his hotel room, Jana is startled when a wind blows open the window. Soon afterward, she discovers Brett's decapitated body in the bathtub.



Essence of melodrama: Jana strikes an archetypal pose while Vinnie lurks outside her hotel window in time-honored movie villain fashion.



Vinnie chases Jana through the lobby of the Hotel Martinez, past an uncomprehending crowd. They're applauding; they think it's a publicity stunt.

essentially a second-unit effort, although we had our first unit there. We'd pick up every scene involving the festival that the script called for, then afterwards we'd stay on and do the scenes not involving the festival.

"It was a crazy atmosphere. Everybody'd said that our working there wouldn't be tolerated. Yet there are film crews at Cannes all the time, so we were just another one. When they found out we were making a movie, they thought it was cute. They were all film people and cooperated with us in the best fashion. We didn't get people looking in our cameras, because they were mostly professionals anyway and didn't care about our cameras. Luckily we avoided the problems you'd ordinarily suffer in a live situation, because we were dealing with several thousand pros as extras."

In order to capture the festival's uniquely frantic flavor, Hamilton and Winters moved their cast and crew in and out of actual events. "For example," says Hamilton, "we needed a scene of a premiere for our supposed film *Scream*, so with permission we set up our cameras outside the theater where the *Heaven's Gate* premiere was held. Caroline and I, being guests of that premiere anyway but playing our characters, arrived in our limousine. We got out in front of hundreds of photographers and stars and went inside. We had our cameras shoot the crowd, and then four weeks later we went back during a video festival and shot the inside of the theater when they had an audience."

Some scenes weren't accomplished quite so efficiently, however. Caroline Munro will never forget one unexpected incident in which the horror in the script became suddenly and



Movie buff: Clutching gun and camera, this shrouded killer photographs his victims in 16 millimeter while murdering them.

frighteningly real. "One night we were shooting at a whacking great premiere," she recalls, "as part of a sequence of me running terrified down the sea front. In the story line, Alan Cunningham is in the crowd waiting for Jana Bates to arrive in her limousine. Instead, I turn up wringing wet and hysterical, wearing only a towel, having been harassed in my bath by Vinnie Durand.

"We had three cameras set up to catch the scene. There was no preparation, so as soon as I was ready I had to raise my hand. It was very difficult to see through all those hundreds of people, but a pathway had been cleared. Off I trotted for the first take, screaming at the top of my

voice, past all these people who didn't know what was going on. I nearly got to Judd, but then somebody grabbed my towel. I pulled back, we had a tussle, and all the bystanders started laughing because they thought it was just a publicity stunt. Then Judd came over and explained that we were trying to make a film.

"I was very nervous for the second take, because everybody had turned to look at me. I dashed off again, screaming, and this time before I got to Judd a horribly nasty man grabbed me tightly around my rib cage and lifted me way up into the air. He shook me backwards and forwards and almost squeezed the breath out of me. I really didn't know what was happening, because I was seeing stars. I knew I was struggling and really hurting, and I could hear people laughing. Some of the women in the crew ran up and punched and kicked him. All he said was: 'This is my job.' Then he put me down and rushed off."

Other strange experiences were to occur as Hamilton continued to maximize every filming opportunity. "When you don't have more than enough money to spend, you really have to amortize your activities," he says. "Therefore we were also promoting the film as we were making it. One way was by calling a press conference about it, since it was a unique event in Cannes, and shooting it as a scene for the movie. We invited several members of the press to be actors in the scene and ask scripted questions. They were actually very competent in delivering their lines. I guess press people are really hams at heart."

Another promotional event didn't turn out nearly as well, though. Toward the end of the festival Hamilton announced a costume party to be held at a villa outside Cannes, which he planned to film as if it were a celebration for Jana Bates's movie *Scream*. "It was an experience beyond belief," he laughs. "I thought the announcement was discreet, but the whole town turned up. The villa was huge, but it was thundering and raining profusely and a thousand people tried to get into a house that could only hold about three hundred. We still tried to shoot it, but our camera got backed into one corner and the crew was actually trapped in the room. Everywhere I looked there was somebody I was embarrassed to say

# The Last Horror Film

hello to because they couldn't move. Eventually we had to evacuate everybody."

After the festival ended, equipment failures caused shooting to last an additional seven weeks instead of the scheduled four, but finally filming was finished and the company returned to London to begin post-production. "We made up a rough assemblage of our footage and looked at what we had," Hamilton says. "Then we did something I'd planned from the beginning, although it looked like an afterthought. I felt if you could get as much of your movie assembled as possible, you could find the holes and go back and do a short reshoot, all within a specified budget, especially in a case like ours where the lead actors were built in to the production."

"Unfortunately by this point we were considerably *over* budget, but I was still allowed to carry out the



Vinnie's fantasy: He's a world-famous director receiving the acclaim of the film festival crowds.

whole exercise. We filled in the additional sequences back in France, and even came to New York for a short scene. By then we'd reduced ourselves to a unit of six people functioning in multiple capacities, so we did that final scene in a single weekend."

*The Last Horror Film* is intended for release sometime this year. Armed with his newfound expertise, Judd Hamilton is currently developing other projects he'll produce for Caroline Munro—chief among them their long delayed "Stella Star" sequel. Although aware of the uncertainties of the film industry, he remains cautiously optimistic.

"We're better prepared this time," he says. "We'll be going to the other side of the scale in doing a high-adventure science fiction spoof containing elaborate special effects. At least that's what we say we're going to do. Let's see if we do it." 17



Further fantasies: Kidnapping Jana to a convenient French castle, Vinnie directs himself in *The Loves of Dracula* with himself in the title role and Jana Bates as his bride.





# The Thing

TZ'S ROBERT MARTIN, ON LOCATION, BRAVES THE FROZEN WASTES TO WITNESS SOME CLIMACTIC SCENES FROM JOHN CARPENTER'S TERROR EPIC.

**S**tewart, British Columbia, is about the size of a football field, a mountain mining town that consists of perhaps seven or eight public buildings. The closest movie theater is several hours away by car—if the roads aren't blocked by avalanche or blizzard. Stewart, however, is hosting its second theatrical film crew in two years. The first was the crew of *Bear Island*, based on the Alistair Maclean novel, an independently produced thriller (with nary a bear) that never quite made it into release. Currently, Stewart is the site of exterior location shooting for Universal Studios' production of *The Thing*, the new John Carpenter film adapted from John W. Campbell's classic story "Who Goes There?"

David Foster coproduced *The Thing* with Lawrence Turman; their previous collaborations include Peckinpah's *The Getaway*, the early post-Vietnam melodrama *Heroes*, and their sole genre effort, *Caveman*. Foster recalled the long search that led to

the choice of Stewart as a stand-in for Campbell's South Polar setting. "When we came into this project," he told me, "we immediately got hold of several documentaries made in the Antarctic by the National Geographic Society and the National Geophysics Society. Once we had it in our minds what the Antarctic really looked like, John Lloyd, our production designer, set out on a huge quest to find that look somewhere in North America. We couldn't go to Antarctica—there are no Holiday Inns there. *Nothing* there, really, except sea life and the penguins that live off the sea life." Lloyd's attention was finally directed to the great Northwest, and it was only a matter of time before he found Stewart, a hundred miles east of Ketchikan in Alaska's northern panhandle.

While Stewart's mountains and glaciers were ideal from a cinematic point of view, they offered numerous logistic problems. Delivery of daily film footage to Universal's labs could take as long as four days, due to





In Howard Hawks's 1952 film of *The Thing*, midwestern U.S. sets doubled for the frozen north. John Carpenter's new adaptation, filmed in western Canada, returns to the original story: action is set in the bleak snowscapes of Antarctica.

storms and fog. Day and night shootings, scheduled with Carpenterian economy, resulted in grueling thirteen- and fourteen-hour workdays seven days a week, frequently in subzero temperatures. And when the local hotel had been filled with top-level crew and cast members, the balance of the crew was lodged in a cramped barge used to house seasonal mineworkers during the summer. As another measure of economy, the interior of the location set was outfitted as a tiny studio; when inclement weather hit, the crew would march inside to shoot additional cover for the scenes previously shot on the L.A. sound stage.

"We built the location set during the summer," Foster explained, "so it wasn't all that tough getting it set up. The plan was to build it and let it sit there, so the sun could burn it and brown it, and, when the fall came, let it get knocked around by a few storms, so in the winter it would already look hassled over."

I had arrived late in the day's shooting, and the set was not the only thing that looked hassled over; after three weeks on location, many of the crew had acquired the haggard look of Antarctic explorers. Actor Kurt Russell in particular, being one of the last survivors this late in the film and therefore in virtually every scene, was surviving on coffee and cough syrup. *Conditions on the set were even more Spartan than those depicted in The Thing's* Antarctic outpost; despite the budget and the Universal logo, this was no "Winnebago film." Meals were served in a tent whose heater had just broken down, and the few heated trailers there had been parked so far from the set—to keep them out of the long shots—that they were seldom used.

Circling around the main shack that is the central component of *The Thing's* set, I came upon what was undoubtedly the cause of Russell's incipient bronchitis: four heavy-duty eight-foot-high wind machines under the command of effects man Roy Arbogast, of *Jaws* and *Star Wars*. A shot was being set up of Russell trudging across the rear of the complex while leaning full-tilt into a blizzard. For the duration of the shot, I was made an honorary crew member: one of Arbogast's assistants handed me a plastic trash can filled with snow, and seven official crew members and I stood by the wind machines. On cue, we hurled the white powder



U.S. chopper pilot Macready (Kurt Russell) discovers that the residents of a nearby Norwegian research station are dead. Some are apparent suicides . . .



. . . but others have obviously been murdered—one by a savage and powerful creature of unknown origin.





National Science Foundation Outpost #31, base of operations for the U.S. meteorological research team, makes a vulnerable target in the polar night.

into the maelstrom.

The next shot at last brought a bit of warmth to the set. It was a "fire gag" performed by veteran fire-stunt man Tony Cecere. I'd seen him work once before, on the set of *Swamp Thing*, where he had done a "three-quarter burn," a stunt that leaves the face relatively flame-free so as not to interfere with breathing. That had been impressive, but this was even more so, for it was to be a "full burn," with Cecere wrapped from head to toe in a shroud of fire while standing in for a character who, under suspicion of "Thing"-ness, is attacked by Russell's flame thrower. As Cecere had explained on the earlier occasion, the difference is crucial. In a partial burn, the flames flow back; you can both breathe and see. But when you're standing still or enduring a full burn, the eyes must be closed and you dare not breathe; otherwise, you may end up blind—or dead from singed lungs. Watching a man like Cecere work is like watching a race driver total his car and emerge unscathed, except that here the "accident" is meticulously planned. When Cecere works a stunt, no one else breathes either; when it's completed, after the flames are extinguished with blankets and CO<sub>2</sub> and Cecere returns to his feet, he is invariably greeted by loud applause.

The balance of the evening belonged to Roy Arbogast, as shack after shack was swiftly "unbuilt" via his expert use of explosives. Each of these "gags" took better than an hour to prepare and wire, with a good deal of time spent making sure that no one was too close to the set—or standing under a potential avalanche—at the time of the blow. Little plywood shacks were quickly thrown together to house the radio-controlled cameras, which were set to shoot at fifty-percent higher speed than normal in order to extend the length of the explosions. "He blew 'em up real good" became the watchword, as everything came off without a hitch.

The first of these explosions was the smallest, but it proved to be a real eye-opener to a crew that had just finished off the last coffee on the set—and even more so to Russell himself. The scene called for Russell to deliver, with a stick of dynamite, what he hopes is the *coup de grace* to the Thing. As Russell threw the prop dynamite at the dummy that had replaced Cecere's prone form, Arbogast touched off the charge that lay beneath the dummy. The resulting "small" explosion proved to be far larger than most of the crew had anticipated, particularly Russell, who was the closest. I myself jumped three feet into the air as a flaming hand—the last remnant of the dummy—landed at my feet. "You asshole!" Russell shouted at Arbogast, reverting for a moment to his Snake Plissken persona.



Biologist Fuchs (Joel Polls) reveals that the camp's huskies have been physically invaded, their bodies disguising an alien life form.

A still-photographer beside me suggested that the charge must have been miscalculated, but one of Arbogast's assistants, passing on the way to wire the next explosion, declared that it had been exactly right.

And so it was, as Carpenter confirmed when we talked some weeks later at his Universal office. Russell had been advised as to the scale of the explosion, but constant references to it as "small" had put people off their guard.

With *The Thing*, Carpenter has crossed the Rubicon and associated himself with a studio—a step some of his fans view with trepidation, especially those who felt that *Halloween II*, distributed by Universal, followed too closely in the path of formula splatter films. "These are two very different films with very different situations," Carpenter says. "*Halloween II* was an independent film, made with Dino de Laurentis; I really had no problems on it. *The Thing* is an in-house project of Universal, where, in theory, they'd be much more involved than in a pick-up deal.

"I did have tremendous doubts coming into it—doubts about bureaucracy and about the amount of freedom I'd be granted on the film. But I've had an amazingly—and surprisingly—pleasant experience here. The bureaucracy is a little hard, but there are ways to deal with it, and the people are very cooperative, very straightforward. So far, I haven't had any problems at all. The unions weren't a problem, except in the stills department. I'd wanted Kim Gottlieb to be photographer on this film. She is in the union, but she's not 'group one,' or whatever it is . . . The camera crew had already been unionized for *Escape from New York*. Our most special case was Rob Bottin, who's doing our creature effects. He started out nonunion, and now belongs to every union there is."

Bottin, just twenty-two years old, supervised the effects on Joe Dante's *The Howling* just a year ago. Since then, a spate of "shape-shifter" films have followed. The extraterrestrial creature in *The Thing* takes this ability to its ultimate level: it's a monster capable of shape-shifting at will to any form that it consumes, yet it has a unique—and indisputably repulsive—shape of its own.

Bottin's work is certainly cut out for him—especially since Carpenter has promised to be faithful to the creature of the Campbell story:

"It was face up there on the plain, greasy planks of the table. The broken half of the bronze ice-ax was still buried in the queer skull. Three mad, hate-filled eyes blazed up with a living fire, bright as fresh-spilled blood, from a face ringed with a writhing, loathsome nest of worms, blue, mobile worms that crawled where hair should grow . . ." And later: "Like a blue rubber ball, a





The puzzle of the Thing's origin is solved with the discovery of a partly demolished spacecraft composed of metals unknown on earth.



Stuntman Tony Cecere stands in for a member of the cast who comes to a fiery end.

*Thing bounced up. One of its four tentaclelike arms looped out like a striking snake. In a seven-tentacled hand a six-inch pencil of winking, shining metal glinted and swung upward to face them. Its line-thin lips twitched back from snake-fangs in a grin of hate, red eyes blazing.*"

How did he portray that? "Rob came up with several good solutions," says Carpenter. "They go pretty far in the direction of the story."

But what of Roy Arbogast? His mechanical-effects skills were put to excellent use in the creatures of *Jaws* and *Alligator*; won't he have something to do with *The Thing*? "It's difficult to say without actually giving away some secrets," Carpenter says hesitantly, "but they are working very closely together in some areas where they overlap."

Shortly before speaking with Carpenter, we had heard that a stop-motion animated sequence—described as quite a shocker—had been written into the schedule and animated under Bottin's supervision by Randy Cook, a young newcomer who had previously worked on *Caveman* with veteran animator David Allen. Why was this decision made so late in production? "I knew from the start that there was the potential for stop-motion in this film, but it had to go hand in hand with the concept of the monster, rather than as an insert," Carpenter says. "For a long time, we were working on sequences that didn't call for stop-motion. Now we have one in which a little bit of animation can be used."

As the rough cut of *The Thing* heads for its final edit, the score—by veteran composer Ennio Morricone—has been arriving in brief segments from Italy. Carpenter, who scored his previous films himself, really admires Morricone's work, but "meeting him was very strange, mainly because he doesn't speak English and I don't speak Italian. So we dealt entirely through an interpreter—but we did sit down at the piano and play to each other. At this point, we're in the experimental stage—straight orchestrations in some places, and in other places strictly electronic. We're looking for a 'cold' score, but, at the same time, something not entirely without hope."

With *The Thing* nearing completion, Carpenter can look ahead to his next picture. One possibility is his long-promised fantasy-western for EMI Studios, *El Diablo*, with Kurt Russell once again in a starring role. The other possibility is Carpenter's return to Embassy Pictures, which produced *The Fog* and *Escape from New York*. Bill Lancaster, *The Thing*'s screenwriter, has already finished a first-draft script for the Embassy project, an adaptation of Stephen King's suspense novel of pyrokinesis, *Firestarter*—in which case Carpenter's crew should have no problem keeping warm. 17



... as Macready (page 51 and above) armed with flame thrower and dynamite, prepares to destroy the creature.



Above, Carpenter and camera crew on the set of *Outpost #31*'s kitchen, with cinematographer Dean Cundey at far right.



Posing for a publicity shot that was never released, James Arness's Thing was a long way from the three-eyed tentacled monstrosity described by John W. Campbell.



# **NOT OUR BROTHER**

**by Robert Silverberg**

THE MASK WAS THE THING HE SOUGHT MOST —  
YET BEHIND IT WAS THE ONE THING HE FEARED.





**H**alperin came into San Simón Zuluaga in late October, a couple of days before the fiesta of the local patron saint, when the men of the town would dance in masks. He wanted to see that. This part of Mexico was famous for its masks, grotesque and terrifying ones, portraying devils and monsters and fiends. Halperin had been collecting them for three years. But masks on a wall are one thing, and masks on dancers in the town plaza quite another.

San Simón was a mountain town about halfway between Acapulco and Taxco. "Tourists don't go there," Guzmán López had told him. "The road is terrible and the only hotel is a Cucaracha Hilton, five rooms, straw mattresses." Guzmán ran a gallery in Acapulco where Halperin had bought a great many masks. He was a suave cosmopolitan man from Mexico City, with smooth dark skin and a bald head that gleamed as if it had been polished. "But they still do the Bat Dance there, the Lord of the Animals Dance. It is the only place left that performs it. This is from San Simón Zuluaga," said Guzmán, and pointed to an intricate and astonishing mask in purple and yellow depicting a bat with outspread leathery wings that was at the same time somehow also a human skull and a jaguar. Halperin would have paid ten thousand pesos for it, but Guzmán was not interested in selling. "Go to San Simón," he said. "You'll see others like this."

"For sale?"

Guzmán laughed and crossed himself. "Don't

suggest it. In Rome, would you make an offer for the Pope's robes? These masks are sacred."

"I want one. How did you get this one?"

"Sometimes favors are done. But not for strangers. Perhaps I'll be able to work something out for you."

"You'll be there, then?"

"I go every year for the Bat Dance," said Guzmán. "It's important to me. To touch the real Mexico, the old Mexico. I am too much a Spaniard, not enough an Aztec; so I go back and drink from the source. Do you understand?"

"I think so," Halperin said. "Yes."

"You want to see the true Mexico?"

"Do they still slice out hearts with an obsidian dagger?"

Guzmán said, chuckling, "If they do, they don't tell me about it. But they know the old gods there. You should go. You would learn much. You might even experience interesting dangers."

"Danger doesn't interest me a whole lot," said Halperin.

"Mexico interests you. If you wish to swallow Mexico, you must swallow some danger with it, like the salt with the tequila. If you want sunlight you must have a little darkness. You should go to San Simón." Guzmán's eyes sparkled. "No one will harm you. They are very polite there. Stay away from demons and you will be fine. You should go."

Halperin arranged to keep his hotel room in Acapulco and rented a car with four-wheel drive. He

# NOT OUR BROTHER

invited Guzman to ride with him, but the dealer was leaving for San Simón that afternoon, with stops en route to pick up artifacts at Chacalapa and Hueycantenango. Halperin could not go that soon. "I will reserve a room for you at the hotel," Guzmán promised, and drew a precise road map for him.

The road was rugged and winding and barely paved, and turned into a chaotic dirt-and-gravel track beyond Chichihualco. The last four kilometers were studded with boulders like the bed of a mountain stream. Halperin drove most of the way in first gear, gripping the wheel desperately, taking every jolt and jounce in his spine and kidneys. To come out of the pink and manicured Disneyland of plush Acapulco into this primitive wilderness was to make a journey five hundred years back in time. But the air up here was fresh and cool and clean, and the jungle was lush from recent rains, and now and then Halperin saw a mysterious little town half buried in the heavy greenery: dogs barked, naked children ran out and waved, leathery old Nahuatl folk peered gravely at him and called incomprehensible greetings. Once he heard a tremendous thump against his undercarriage and was sure he had ripped out his oil pan on a rock, but when he peered below everything seemed to be intact. Two kilometers later he veered into a giant rut and thought he had cracked an axle, but he had not. He hunched down over the wheel, aching, tense, and imagined that splendid bat mask, or its twin, spotlighted against a stark white wall in his study. Would Guzmán be able to get him one? Probably. His talk of the difficulties involved was just a way of hyping the price. But even if Halperin came back empty-handed from San Simón, it would be reward enough simply to have witnessed the dance, that bizarre alien rite of a lost pagan civilization. There was more to collecting Mexican masks, he knew, than simply acquiring objects for the wall.

In late afternoon he entered the town, just as he was beginning to think he had misread Guzmán's map. To his surprise it was quite imposing, the largest village he had seen since turning off the main highway: a great bare plaza ringed by stone benches, marketplace on one side, a vast heavy-walled old church on the other, giant gnarled trees, chickens, dogs, children running about everywhere, and houses of crumbling adobe spreading up the slopes of a gray flat-faced mountain to the right, and down into the dense darkness of a barranca thick with ferns and elephant ears to the left. For the last hundred meters into town an impenetrable living palisade of cactus lined the road on both sides, unbranched spiny green columns that had been planted one flush against the next. Bougainvillea in many shades of red and purple and orange cascaded like gaudy draperies over walls and rooftops.

Halperin saw a few old Volkswagens and an ancient ramshackle bus parked on the far side of the plaza and pulled his car up beside them. Everyone stared at him as he got out. Well, why not? He was big news here, maybe the first stranger in six months. But the pressure of those scores of dark amphibian eyes unnerved him. These people were all Indians, Nahuas, untouched in any important way not only by the twentieth century but by the nineteenth, the eighteenth, all the centuries back to Montezuma. They had nice Christian names like Santiago and Francisco and Jesús, and they went obligingly to the *iglesia* for Mass whenever they thought they should, and they knew about cars and transistor radios and Coca-Cola. But all that was on the surface. They were still Aztecs at heart, Halperin thought. Time travelers. As alien as Martians.

He shrugged off his discomfort. Here he was the Martian, dropping in from a distant planet for a quick visit. Let them stare: he deserved it. They meant no harm. Halperin walked toward them and said, "*Por favor, donde está el hotel del pueblo?*"

Blank faces. "*El hotel?*" he asked, wandering around the plaza. "*Por favor. Donde?*" No one answered. That irritated him. Sure, Nahuatl was their language, but it was inconceivable that Spanish would be unknown here. Even in the most remote towns *someone* spoke Spanish. "*Por favor!*" he said, exasperated. They melted back at his approach as though he were ablaze. Halperin peered into dark cluttered shops. "*Habla usted español?*" he asked again and again, and met only silence. He was at the edge of the marketplace, looking into a chaos of fruit stands, taco stands, piles of brilliant serapes and flimsy sandals and stacked sombreros, and booths where vendors were selling the toys of next week's Day of the Dead holiday, candy skeletons and green banners emblazoned with grinning red skulls. "*Por favor?*" he said loudly, feeling very foolish.

A woman in jodhpurs and an Eisenhower jacket materialized suddenly in front of him and said in English, "They don't mean to be rude. They're just very shy with strangers."

Halperin was taken aback. He realized that he had begun to think of himself as an intrepid explorer, making his way with difficulty through a mysterious primitive land. In an instant she had snatched all that from him, both the intrepidity and the difficulties.

She was about thirty, with close-cut dark hair and bright, alert eyes, attractive, obviously American. He struggled to hide the sense of letdown her advent had created in him, and said, "I've been trying to find the hotel."

"Just off the plaza, three blocks behind the market. Let's go to your car and ride over there."

"I'm from San Francisco," he said. "Tom Halperin."

**Over the bed  
was a double mask,  
owl and pig,  
that was finer than  
anything he had seen  
in any museum.  
Halperin felt such  
a rush of possessive zeal  
that he began to sweat.**

"That's such a pretty city. I happen to love San Francisco."

"And you?"

"Miami," she said. "Ellen Chambers." She seemed to be measuring him with her eyes. He noticed that she was carrying a couple of Day of the Dead trinkets—a crudely carved wooden skeleton with big eyeglasses and a rubber snake with a gleaming human skull of white plastic, like a cueball, for a head. As they reached his car she said, "You came here alone?"

Halperin nodded. "Did you?"

"Yes," she said. "Came down from Taxco. How did you find this place?"

"Antiquities dealer in Acapulco told me about it. Antonio Guzmán López. I collect Mexican masks."

"Ah."

"But I've never actually seen the dances."

"They do an unusual one here," she said, as he drove down a street of high, ragged, mud-colored walls, patched and plastered, that looked a thousand years old. "Lord of the Animals, it's called. Died out everywhere else. Pre-Hispanic shamanistic rite, invoking protective deities, fertility spirits."

"Guzmán told me a little about it. Not much. Are you an anthropologist?"

"Strictly amateur. Turn left here." There was a little street, an open wrought iron gateway, a driveway of large white gravel. Set back a considerable distance was a squat, dispiriting hovel of a hotel, one story, roof of chipped red tiles in which weeds were growing. Not even the ubiquitous bougainvillea and the great clay urns overflowing with dazzling geraniums diminished its ugliness. Cucaracha Hilton indeed, Halperin thought dourly. She said, "This is the place. You can park on the side."

The parking lot was empty. "Are you and I the only guests?" he asked.

"So it seems."

"Guzmán was supposed to be here. Smooth-looking man, bald shiny head, and he dresses like a financier."

"I haven't seen him," she said. "Maybe his car broke down."

They got out and a slouching fourteen-year-old *mozo* came to get Halperin's luggage. He indicated

his single bag and followed Ellen into the hotel. She moved in a sleek, graceful way that kindled in him the idea that she and he might get something going in this forlorn place. But as soon as the notion arose, he felt it fizzling: she was friendly, she was good-looking, but she radiated an off-putting vibe, a *noli-me-tangere* sort of thing that was unmistakable and made any approach from him inappropriate. Too bad. Halperin liked the company of women and fell easily and uncomplicatedly into liaisons with them wherever he traveled, but this one puzzled him. Was she a lesbian? Usually he could tell, but he had no reading on her except that she meant him to keep his distance. At least for the time being.

The hotel was grim, a string of lopsided rooms arranged around a weedy courtyard that served as a sort of lobby. Some hens and a rooster were marching about, and a startling green iguana, enormous, like a miniature dinosaur, was sleeping on a branch of a huge, yellow-flowered hibiscus just to the left of the entrance. Everything was falling apart in the usual haphazard tropical way. Nobody seemed to be in charge. The *mozo* put Halperin's suitcase down in front of a room on the far side of the courtyard and went away without a word. "You've got the one next to mine," Ellen said. "That's the dining room over there and the cantina next to it. There's a shower out in back and a latrine a little further into the jungle."

"Wonderful."

"The food isn't bad. You know enough to watch out for the water. There are bugs, but no mosquitos."

"How long have you been here?" Halperin asked.

"Centuries," she said. "I'll see you in an hour and we'll have dinner, okay?"

**H**is room was a whitewashed irregular box, smelling faintly of disinfectant, that contained a lumpy narrow bed, a sink, a massive mahogany chest of drawers that could have come over with the Spaniards, and an ornate candlestick. The slatted door did not lock, and the tile-rimmed window that gave him an unsettling view of thick jungle close outside was without glass, an open hole in the wall. But there was a breathtaking mask mounted above the bed, an armadillo-faced man with a great gaping mouth; and next to the chest of drawers was a weatherbeaten but extraordinary helmet-mask, a long-nosed man with an owl for one ear and a coyote for another; and over the bed was a double mask, owl and pig, that was finer than anything he had seen in any museum. Halperin felt such a rush of possessive zeal that he began to sweat. The sour acrid scent of it filled the room. Could he buy these masks? From whom? The dull-eyed *mozo*? He had done all his collecting through

# NOT OUR BROTHER

galleries; he had no idea how to go about acquiring masks from natives. He remembered Guzmán's warning about not trying to buy from them. But these masks must no longer be sacred if they were mere hotel decorations. Suppose, he thought, I just take that owl-pig when I check out, and leave three thousand pesos on the sink. That must be a fortune here. Five thousand, maybe. Could they find me? Would there be trouble when I was leaving the country? Probably. He put the idea out of his mind. He was a collector, not a thief. But these masks were gorgeous.

He unpacked and found his way outside to the shower—a cubicle of braided ropes, a creaking pipe, yellowish tepid water—and then he put on clean clothes and knocked at Ellen's door. She was ready for dinner. "How do you like your room?" she asked.

"The masks make up for any little shortcomings. Do they have them in every room?"

"They have them all over," she said.

He peered past her shoulder into her room, which was oddly bare, no luggage or discarded clothes lying around, and saw two masks on the wall, not as fine as his but fine enough. But she did not invite him to take a close look, and closed the door behind her. She led him to the dining room. Night had fallen some time ago, and the jungle was alive with sounds, chirpings and ratchetings and low thumping booms, and something that sounded the way the laughter of a jaguar might sound. The dining room, oblong and lit by candles, had three tables and more masks on the wall, a devil face with a lizard for a nose, a crudely carved mermaid, and a garish tiger-hunter mask. He wandered around studying them in awe, and said to her, "These aren't local. They've been collected from all over Guerrero."

"Maybe your friend Guzmán sold them to the owner," she suggested. "Do you own many?"

"Dozens. I could bore you with them for hours. Do you know San Francisco at all? I've got a big old three-story Victorian in Noe Valley and there are masks in every room. I've collected all sorts of primitive art, but once I discovered Mexican masks they pushed everything else aside, even the Northwest Indian stuff. You collect too, don't you?"

"Not really. I'm not an acquirer. Of things, at any rate. I travel, I look, I learn, I move on. What do you do, when you aren't collecting things?"

"Real estate," he said. "I buy and sell houses. And you?"

"Nothing worth talking about," she said.

The *mozo* appeared, silently set their table, brought them, unbidden, a bottle of red wine. Then a tureen of *albóndigas* soup, and afterward tortillas, tacos, a decent turkey *mole*. Without a word, without a change of expression.

"Is that kid the whole staff?" Halperin asked.

"His sister is the chambermaid. I guess his mother is the cook. The *patrón* is Filiberto, the father, but he's busy getting the fiesta set up. He's one of the important dancers. You'll meet him. Shall we get more wine?"

"I've had plenty," he said.

They went for a stroll after dinner, skirting the jungle's edge and then wandering through a dilapidated residential area. He heard music and handclapping coming from the plaza, but felt too tired to see what was happening there. In the darkness of the tropical night he might easily have reached for Ellen and drawn her against him, but he was too tired for that, too, and she was still managing to be amiable, courteous, but distant. She was a mystery to him. Moneyed, obviously. Divorced, widowed young, gay, what? He did not precisely mistrust her, but nothing about her seemed to connect with anything else.

**A**bout nine-thirty he went back to his room, toppled down on the ghastly bed, and dropped at once into a deep sleep that carried him well past dawn. When he woke the hotel was deserted except for the boy. "*Como se llama?*" Halperin asked, and got an odd smoldering look, probably for mocking a mere *mozo* by employing the formal construction.

"Elustesio," the boy muttered. Had Elustesio seen the *norteamericano señorita*? Elustesio hadn't





seen anyone. He brought Halperin some fruit and cold tortillas for breakfast and disappeared. Afterward, Halperin set out on a slow stroll into town.

Though it was early, the plaza and surrounding marketplace were already crowded. Again Halperin got the visiting-Martian treatment from the townsfolk: fishy stares, surreptitious whispers, the occasional shy and tentative grin. He did not see Ellen. Alone among these people once more, he felt awkward, intrusive, vulnerable; yet he preferred that, he realized, to the curiously unsettling companionship of the Florida woman.

The shops now seemed to be stocking little except Day of the Dead merchandise, charming and playful artifacts that Halperin found irresistible. He had long been attracted to the imagery of brave defiance of death that this Mexican version of Halloween, so powerful in the inner life of the country, called forth. Halperin bought a yellow papier-mâché skull with brilliant flower eyes and huge teeth, an elegant little guitar-playing skeleton, and a bag of grisly morbid marzipan candies. He stared at the loaves of bread decorated with skulls and saints in a bakery window. He smiled at a row of sugar coffins with nimble skeletons clambering out of them. There was some extraordinary lacquer-work on sale, too, trays and gourds decorated with gleaming red and black patterns. By mid-morning he had bought so much that carrying it was a problem, and he returned to the hotel to drop off his purchases.

A blue Toyota van was parked next to his car and Guzmán, looking just as dapper in khakis as he always did in his charcoal-gray suits, was rearranging a mound of bundles in it. "Are you enjoying yourself?" he called to Halperin.

"Very much. I thought I'd find you in town when I got here yesterday."

"I came and I went again, to Tlacotepec, and I returned. I have bought good things for the gallery." He nodded toward Halperin's armload of toy skulls and skeletons. "I see you are buying too. Good. Mexico needs your help."

"I'd rather buy one of the masks that's hanging in my room," Halperin said. "Have you seen it? Pig and owl, and carved like—"

"Patience. We will get masks for you. But think of this trip as an experience, not as a collecting expedition, and you will be happier. Acquisitions will happen of their own accord if you don't try to force them, and if you enjoy the favor of *amo tokenwan* while you are here."

Halperin was staring at some straw-wrapped wooden statuettes in the back of the van. "*Amo tokenwan*? Who's that?"

"The Lords of the Animals," said Guzmán. "The protectors of the village. Perhaps 'protectors' is not quite the right word, for protectors are benevolent, and *amo tokenwan* often are not. Quite

dangerous sometimes, indeed."

Halperin could not decide how serious Guzmán was. "How so?"

"Sometimes at fiesta time they enter the village and mingle. They look like anyone else and attract no special attention, and they have a way of making the villagers think that they belong here. Can you imagine that, seeing a stranger and believing you have known him all your life? Beyond doubt they are magical."

"And they are what, guardians of the village?"

"In a sense. They bring the rain, they ward off the lightning, they guard the crops. But sometimes they do harm. No one can predict their whims. And so the dancing, to propitiate them. Beyond doubt they are magical. Beyond doubt they are something very other. *Amo tokenwan*."

"What does that mean?" Halperin asked.

"In Nahuatl it means, 'Not our brother,' of different substance. Alien. Supernatural. I think I have met them, do you know? You stand in the plaza watching the dancers, and there is a little old woman at your elbow, or a boy, or a pregnant woman wearing a fine rebozo, and everything seems all right, but you get a little too close and you feel the chill coming from them, as though they are statues of ice. So you back away and try to think good thoughts." Guzmán laughed. "Mexico! You think I am civilized because I have a Rolex on my wrist? Even I am not civilized, my friend. If you are wise you will not be too civilized while you are here, either. They are not our brother, and they do harm. I told you that you will see the real Mexico here, eh?"

"I have a hard time believing in spirits," Halperin said. "Good ones and evil ones alike."

"These are both at once. But perhaps they will not bother you." Guzmán slammed shut the door of the van. "In town they are getting ready to unlock the masks and dust them and arrange them for the fiesta. Would you like to be there when that is done? The *mayordomo* is my friend. He will admit you."

"I'd like that very much. When?"

"After lunch." Guzmán touched his hand lightly to Halperin's wrist. "One word, first. Control your desire to collect. Where we go today is not a gallery."

**T**he masks of San Simón were kept in a locked storeroom of the municipal building. Unlocking them turned out to be a solemn and formal occasion. All the town's officials were there, Guzmán whispered: the *alcalde*, the five *alguaciles*, the *regidores*, and Don Luis Gutiérrez, the *mayordomo*, an immense mustachioed man whose responsibility it was to maintain the masks from year to year, to rehearse the dancers, and to stage the fiesta. There was much bowing and embracing. Most of the conversation was in Nahuatl, which Halperin

# NOT OUR BROTHER

did not understand at all, and he was also able to follow very little of the quick, idiosyncratic Spanish they spoke, though he heard Guzmán introduce him as an important *norteamericano* scholar and tried thereafter to look important and scholarly. Don Luis produced an enormous old-fashioned key, thrust it with a flourish into the door, and led the way down a narrow musty corridor to a large white-walled storeroom with a ceiling of heavy black beams. Masks were stacked everywhere, on the floor, on shelves, in cupboards. The place was a museum. Halperin, who could claim a certain legitimate scholarly expertise by now in this field, recognized many of the masks as elements in familiar dances of the region, the ghastly faces of the Diablo Macho Dance, the heavy-bearded elongated Dance of the Moors and Christians masks, the ferocious cat faces of the Tigre Dance. But there were many that were new and astounding to him, the Bat Dance masks, terrifying bat-winged heads that all were minglings of bat characters and other animals, bat-fish, bat-coyote, bat-owl, bat-squirrel, and some that were unidentifiable except for the weird outspread rubbery wings—bats hybridized with creatures of another world, perhaps. One by one the masks were lifted, blown clean of dust, admired, passed around—though not to Halperin. He trembled with amazement at the power and beauty of these bizarre wooden effigies.

Don Luis drew a bottle of mescal from a niche and handed it to the *alcalde*, who took a swig and passed it on; the bottle came in time to Halperin, and without a thought for the caterpillar coiled in the bottom of the bottle he gulped the fiery liquor. Things were less formal now. The high officials of the town were laughing, shuffling about in clumsy little dance steps, picking up gourd rattles from the shelves and shaking them. They called out in Nahuatl, all of it lost on Halperin, though the words *amo tokinwan* at one point suddenly stood out in an unintelligible sentence, and someone shook rattles with curious vehemence. Halperin stared at the masks but did not dare go close to them or try to touch them. This is not a gallery, he reminded himself. Even when things got so uninhibited that Don Luis and a couple of the others put masks on and began to lurch about the room in a weird lumbering polka, Halperin remained tense and controlled. The mescal bottle came to him again. He drank, and this time his discipline eased; he allowed himself to pick up a wondrous bat-mask, phallic and with great staring eyes. The carving was far finer than on the superb one he had seen at Guzmán's gallery. He ran his fingers lovingly over the gleaming wood, the delicately outlined ribbed wings. Guzmán said, "In some villages the Bat Dance was a Christmas dance, the animals paying homage to little Jesus. But here it is a fertility rite, and therefore the bat is phallic. You would like that mask, no?" He

grinned broadly. "So would I, my friend. But it will never leave San Simón."

Just as the ceremony appeared to be getting rowdy it came to an end: the laughter ceased, the mescal bottle went back to its niche, the officials grew solemn again and started to file out. Halperin, in schoolboy Spanish, thanked Don Luis for permitting him to attend, thanked the *alcalde*, thanked the *alguaciles* and the *regidores*. He felt flushed and excited as he left the building. The cache of masks mercilessly stirred his acquisitive lust. That they were unattainable made them all the more desirable, of course. It was as though the storeroom were a gallery in which the smallest trifle cost a million dollars.

Halperin caught sight of Ellen Chambers on the far side of the plaza, sitting outside a small cafe. He waved to her and she acknowledged it with a smile.

Guzmán said, "Your traveling companion?"

"No. She's a tourist down from Taxco. I met her yesterday."

"I did not know any other Americans were here for the fiesta. It surprises me." He was frowning. "Sometimes they come, but very rarely. I thought you would be the only *extranjero* here this year."

"It's all right," said Halperin. "We gringos get lonely for our own sort sometimes. Come on over and I'll introduce you."

Guzmán shook his head. "Another time. I have business to attend to. Commend me to your charming friend and offer my regrets."

He walked away. Halperin shrugged and crossed the plaza to Ellen, who beckoned him to the seat opposite her. He signaled the waiter. "Two margaritas," he said.

She smiled. "Thank you, no."

"All right. One."

"Have you been busy today?" she asked.

"Seeing masks. I salivate for some of the things they have in this town. I find myself actually thinking of stealing some if they won't sell to me. That's shocking. I've never stolen anything in my life. I've always paid my own way."

"This would be a bad place to begin, then."

"I know that. They'll put the curse of the mummy on me, or the black hand, or God knows what. The sign of Montezuma. I'm not serious about stealing masks. But I do want them. Some of them."

"I can understand that," she said. "But I'm less interested in the masks than in what they represent. The magic character, the transformative power. When they put the masks on, they *become* the otherworldly beings they represent. That fascinates me. That the mask dissolves the boundary between our world and *theirs*."

"*Theirs*?"

**'When they put the masks on,  
they become the otherworldly  
beings they represent.  
That fascinates me.  
That the mask dissolves  
the boundary between  
our world and theirs.'**

"The invisible world. The world the shaman knows, the world of the were-jaguars and were-bats. A carved and painted piece of wood becomes a gateway into that world and brings the benefits of the supernatural. That's why the masks are so marvelous, you know. It isn't just an esthetic thing."

"You actually believe what you've just said?" Halperin asked.

"Oh, yes. Yes, definitely."

He chose not to press the point. People believed all sorts of things, pyramid power, yogurt as a cure for cancer, making your plants grow by playing Bach to them. That was all right with him. Just now he found her warmer, more accessible, than she had been before, and he had no wish to offend her. As they strolled back to the hotel he asked her to have dinner with him, imagining hopefully that that might lead somewhere tonight, but she said she would not be eating at the hotel this evening. That puzzled him—where else around here could she get dinner, and with whom?—but of course he did not probe.

He dined with Guzmán. The distant sound of music could be heard, shrill, alien. "They are rehearsing for the fiesta," Guzmán explained. The hotel cook outdid herself, preparing some local freshwater flatfish in a startlingly delicate sauce that would have produced applause in Paris. Filiberto the *patrón* came into the dining room and greeted Guzmán with a bone-crushing *abrazo*. Guzmán introduced Halperin once again as an important *norte-americano* scholar. Filiberto, tall and very dark-skinned, with cheekbones like blades, showered Halperin with effusive courtesies.

"I have been admiring the masks that decorate the hotel," Halperin said, and waited to be invited to buy whichever one took his fancy, but Filiberto merely offered a dignified bow of thanks. Praising individual ones, the owl-pig, the lizard-nose, also got nowhere. Filiberto presented Guzmán with a chilled bottle of a superb white wine from Michoacán, crisp and deliciously metallic on the tongue; he spoke briefly with Guzmán in Nahuatl; then, saying he was required at the rehearsal, he excused himself. The music grew more intense.

Halperin said, "Is it possible to see the rehearsal after dinner?"

"Better to wait for the actual performance," said Guzmán.

Halperin slept poorly that night. He listened for the sound of Ellen Chambers entering the room

next door, but either he was asleep when she came in or she was out all night.

**A**nd now finally the fiesta was at hand. Halperin spent the day watching the preparations: the stringing of colored electric lights around the plaza, the mounting of huge papier-mâché images of monsters and gods and curious spindly-legged clowns, the closing down of the shops and the clearing away of the tables that displayed their merchandise. All day long the town grew more crowded. No doubt people were filtering in from the outlying districts, the isolated jungle farms, the little remote settlements on the crest of the sierra. Through most of the day he saw nothing of Guzmán or Ellen, but that was all right. He was quite accustomed now to being here, and the locals seemed to take him equally for granted. He drank a good deal of mescal at one cantina or another around the plaza, and varied it with an occasional bottle of the excellent local beer. As the afternoon waned the crowds in the plaza grew even thicker and more boisterous, but nothing particular seemed to be happening, and Halperin wondered whether to go back to the hotel for dinner. He had another mescal instead. Suddenly the fiesta lights were switched on, gaudy, glaring, reds and yellows and greens, turning everything into a psychedelic arena, and then at last Halperin heard music, the skreeing, bagpipey sound of bamboo flutes, the thump of drums, the whispery dry rattle of tambourines, the harsh punctuation of little clay whistles. Into the plaza came ten or fifteen boys, leaping, dancing cartwheels, forming impromptu human pyramids that promptly collapsed, to general laughter. They wore no masks. Halperin, disappointed and puzzled, looked around as though to find an explanation and discovered Guzmán, suave and elegant in charcoal gray, almost at his elbow. "No masks?" he said. "Shouldn't they be masked?"

"This is only the beginning," said Guzmán.

Yes, just the overture. The boys cavorted until they lost all discipline and went pell-mell across the plaza and out of sight. Then a little old man, also unmasked, tugged three prancing white goats caparisoned with elaborate paper decorations into the center of the plaza and made them cavort, too. Two stilt-walkers fought a mock duel. Three trumpeters played a hideous discordant fanfare, and got such cheers that they played it again and again. Guzmán was among those who cheered. Halperin, who had not eaten, was suddenly captured by the aroma from a stand across the way where an old woman was grilling tacos on a brazier and a tin griddle. He headed toward her, but paused on the way for a tequila at an improvised cantina someone had set up on the street corner using a big wooden box as the bar. He saw Ellen Chambers in the crowd on the far side of the plaza and waved, but she did not appear to see

# NOT OUR BROTHER

him, and when he looked again he could not find her.

The music grew wilder and at last the first masked dancers appeared. A chill ran through him at the sight of the nightmare figures marching up the main avenue, bat-faced ones, skull-faced ones, grinning devils, horned creatures, owls, jaguars. Some of the masks were two or three feet high and turned their wearers into malproportioned dwarfs. They advanced slowly, pausing often to backtrack, circling one another, kicking their legs high, madly waving their arms. Halperin, sweating, alert, aroused, realized that the dancers must have been drinking heavily, for their movements were jerky, ragged, convulsive. As they came toward the plaza he saw that they were herding four figures in white robes and pale human-faced masks before them, and were chanting something repetitively in Nahuatl. He caught that phrase again, *amo tokinwan*. Not our brother.

To Guzmán he said, "What are they saying?"

"The prayer against the *amo tokinwan*. To protect the fiesta, in case any of the Lords of the Animals actually are in the plaza tonight."

Those around Halperin had taken up the chant now.

"Tell me what it means," Halperin said.

Guzmán said, chanting the translation in a rhythm that matched the voices around them:

"*THEY EAT US!*"

"*They are—not our brother.*"

"*They are worms, wild beasts.*"

"*Yes!*"

Halperin looked at him strangely. "They eat us?" he said. "Cannibal gods?"

"Not literally. Devourers of souls."

"And these are the gods of these people?"

"No, not gods. Supernatural beings. They lived here before there were people, and they naturally retain control over everything important here. But not gods, as Christians understand gods. Look, here come the bats!"

*THEY EAT US*, Halperin thought, shivering in the warm, humid night. A new phalanx of dancers was arriving now, half a dozen bat-masked ones. He thought he recognized the long legs of Filiberto in their midst. Darkness had come and the dangling lights cast an eerier, more brilliant glow. Halperin decided he wanted another tequila, a mescal, a cold cerveza, whatever he could find quickest. *Not our brother*. He excused himself vaguely to Guzmán and started through the crowd. *They are worms, wild beasts*. They were still chanting it. The words meant nothing to him, except *amo tokinwan*, but from the spacing, the punctuation, he knew what they were saying. *THEY EAT US*. The crowd had become something fluid now, oozing freely from place to place; the distinction between dancers and audience was hard to discern. *Not our brother*. Halperin found

one of the little curbside cantinas and asked for mescal. The proprietor splashed some in a paper cup and would not take his pesos. A gulp and Halperin felt warm again. He tried to return to Guzmán, but no longer saw him in the surging, frenzied mob. The music was louder. Halperin began to dance—it was easier than walking—and found himself face to face with one of the bat-dancers, a short man whose elegant mask showed a bat upside down, in its resting position, ribbed wings folded like black shrouds. Halperin and the dancer, pushed close together in the press, fell into an inadvertent pas de deux. "I wish I could buy that mask," Halperin said. "What do you want for it? Five thousand pesos? Ten thousand? *Habla usted español?* No? Come to the hotel with the mask tomorrow. You follow? *Venga mañana.*" There was no reply. Halperin was not even certain he had spoken the words aloud.

He danced his way back across the plaza. Midway he felt a hand catch his wrist. Ellen Chambers. Her khaki blouse was open almost to the waist and she had nothing beneath it. Her skin gleamed with sweat, as if it had been oiled. Her eyes were wide and rigid. She leaned close to him and said, "Dance! Everybody dances! Where's your mask?"

"He wouldn't sell it to me. I offered him ten thousand pesos, but he wouldn't—"

"Wear a different one," she said. "Any mask you like. How do you like mine?"

"Your mask?" He was baffled. She wore no mask.

"Come! Dance!" She moved wildly. Her breasts were practically bare; now and then a nipple flashed. Halperin knew that that was wrong, that the villagers were cautious about nudity and a *gringa* especially should not be exhibiting herself. Drunkenly he reached for her blouse, hoping to button one or two of the buttons, and to his chagrin his hand grazed one of her breasts. She laughed and pushed herself against him. For an instant she was glued to him from knees to chest, with his hand wedged stupidly between their bodies. Then he pulled back, confused. An avenue seemed to have opened around them. He started to walk stumbingly to some quieter part of the plaza, but she caught his wrist again and grinned a tiger grin, all incisors and tongue. "Come on!" she said harshly.

He let her lead him. Past the taco stands, past the cantinas, past a little brawl of drunken boys, past the church, on whose steps the dancer in the phallic bat mask was performing, juggling pale green fruits and now and then batting one out into the night with the phallus that jutted from his chin. Then they were on one of the side streets, blind crumbling walls hemming them on both sides, cold moonlight the only illumination. Two blocks, three, his heart



pounding, his lungs protesting. Into an ungated courtyard of what looked like an abandoned house, shattered tumbledown heaps of masonry everywhere and a vining night-blooming cactus growing over everything like a tangle of terrible green snakes. The cactus was in bloom, and its vast, white, trumpetlike flowers emitted a sickly-sweet perfume, overpoweringly intense. He wanted to gag and throw up, but Ellen gave him no time, for she was embracing him, pressing herself fiercely against him, forcing him back against a pile of shattered adobe bricks. In the strange moonlight her skin glistened and then seemed to become transparent, so that he could see the cage of her ribs, the flat long plate of her breastbone, the throbbing purplish heart behind it. She was all teeth and bones, a Day of the Dead totem come to life. He did not understand and he could not resist. He was without will. Her hands roamed him, so cold they burned his skin, sending up puffs of steam as her icy fingers caressed him. Something was flowing from him to her, his warmth, his essence, his vitality, and that was all right. The mescal and the beer and the tequila and the thick musky fragrance of the night-blooming cereus washed through his soul and left it tranquil. From far away came the raw dissonant music, the flutes and drums, and the laughter, the shouts, the chants. **THEY EAT US.** Her breath was smoke in his face. *They are worms, wild beasts.* As they embraced one another he imagined that she was insubstantial, a column of mist, and he began to feel misty himself, growing thinner and less solid as his life-force flowed toward her. Now for the first time he was seized by anguish and fright. As he felt himself being pulled from his body, his soul rushing forth and out and out and out, helpless, drawn, his drugged calm gave way to panic. *They are—not our brother.* He struggled, but it was useless. He was going out swiftly, the essence of him quitting his body as though she were reeling it in on a line. Bats fluttered above him, their faces streaked with painted patterns, yellow and green and brilliant ultramarine. The sky was a curtain of fiery bougainvillea. He was losing the struggle. He was too weak to resist or even to care. He could no longer hear himself breathe. He drifted freely, floating in the air, borne on the wings of the bats.

Then there was confusion, turmoil, struggle. Halperin heard voices speaking sharply in Spanish and in Nahuatl, but the words were incomprehensible to him. He rolled over on his side and drew his knees to his chest and lay shivering with his cheek against the warm, wet soil. Someone was shaking him. A voice said in English, "Come back. Wake up. She is not here."

Halperin blinked and looked up. Guzmán was crouched above him, pale, stunned-looking, his teeth chattering. His eyes were wide and tensely fixed.



**He glanced to his right  
and saw Ellen Chambers  
sitting next to him  
in the car. If he  
had been traveling faster  
he would have lost  
control of the wheel.**

"Yes," Guzmán said. "Come back to us. Here. Sit up, let me help you."

The gallery owner's arm was around his shoulders. Halperin was weak and trembling, and, he realized, Guzmán was trembling too. Halperin saw figures in the background—Filiberto from the hotel and his son Elustesio, the *mayordomo* Don Luis, the *alcalde*, one of the *alguaciles*.

"Ellen?" he said uncertainly.

"She is gone. *It* is gone. We have driven it away."

"It?"

"*Amo tokenwan*. Devouring your spirit."

"No," Halperin muttered. He stood up, still shaky, his knees buckling. Don Luis offered him a flask; Halperin shook it away, then changed his mind, reached for it, took a deep pull. Brandy. He walked four or five steps, getting his strength back. The reek of the cactus flowers was nauseating. He saw the bare ribs again, the pulsating heart, the sharp white teeth. "No," he said. "It wasn't anything like that. I had too much to drink—maybe ate something that disagreed with me—the music, the scent of the flowers—"

"We saw," Guzmán said. His face was bloodless. "We were just in time. You would have been dead."

"She was from Miami—she said she knew San Francisco—"

"These days they take any form they like. The woman from Miami was here two years ago, for the fiesta. She vanished in the night, Don Luis says. And now she has come back. Perhaps next year there will be one who looks like you and talks like you and sniffs around studying the masks like you, and we will know it is not you, and we will keep watch. Eh? You should come back to the hotel now. You need to rest."

Halperin walked between them down the walled streets. The fiesta was still in full swing, masked figures capering everywhere, but Guzmán and Don Luis and Filiberto guided him around the plaza and toward the hotel. He thought about the woman from Miami, and remembered that she had had no car and there had been no luggage in her room. *THEY EAT US*. Such things are impossible, he told himself. *They are worms, wild beasts*. And next year would there be a diabolical counterfeit Halperin haunting the fiesta? *They are—not our brother*. He did not understand.

Guzmán said, "I promised you that you would see the real Mexico. I did not think you would see as much of it as this."

**H**alperin insisted on inspecting her hotel room. It was empty and looked as if it had not been occupied for months. He stretched out on his bed fully clothed, but he did not particularly want to

be left alone in the darkness, and so Guzman and Filiberto and the others took turns sitting up with him through the night, while the sounds of the fiesta filled the air. Dawn brought a dazzling sunrise. Halperin and Guzmán stepped out into the courtyard. The world was still.

"I think I'll leave here now," Halperin said.

"Yes. That would be wise. I will stay another day, I think."

Filiberto appeared, carrying the owl-pig mask from Halperin's room. "This is for you," he said. "Because that you were troubled here, that you will think kindly of us. Please take it as our gift."

Halperin was touched by that. He made a little speech of gratitude and put the mask in his car.

Guzmán said, "Are you well enough to drive?"

"I think so. I'll be all right once I leave here."

He shook hands with everyone. His fingers were quivering. At a very careful speed he drove away from the hotel, through the plaza, where sleeping figures lay sprawled like discarded dolls, and mounds of paper streamers and other trash were banked high against the curb. At an even more careful speed he negotiated the cactus-walled road out of town. When he was about a kilometer from San Simón Zuluaga, he glanced to his right and saw Ellen Chambers sitting next to him in the car. If he had been traveling faster he would have lost control of the wheel. But after the first blinding moment of terror came a rush of annoyance and anger. "No," he said. "You don't belong in here. Get the hell out of here. Leave me alone." She laughed lightly. Halperin felt like sobbing. Swiftly and unhesitatingly he seized Filiberto's owl-pig mask, which lay on the seat beside him, and scaled it with a flip of his wrist past her nose and out the open car window. Then he clung tightly to the wheel and stared forward. When he could bring himself to look to the right again, she was gone. He braked to a halt and rolled up the window and locked the car door.

It took him all day to reach Acapulco. He went to bed immediately, without eating, and slept until late the following afternoon. Then he phoned the Aeromexico office.

Two days later he was home in San Francisco. The first thing he did was call a Sacramento Street dealer and arrange for the sale of all his masks. Now he collects Japanese netsuke, Hopi kachina dolls, and Navaho rugs. He buys only through galleries and does not travel much anymore. **17**

# Why the Traveling Salesman from Aldebaran Doesn't Stop in Omaha Anymore

by Hal Goodman

'CALL ME AL,' HE TOLD EVERYONE.  
BUT HE SHOULD HAVE ADDED,  
'CAVEAT EMPTOR!'

**H**e came down softly, as he did every year, out of a floating June sky, and landed in a field near Omaha. The ship pressed down the tall grass, and insects flitted out of the way.

When motion had ceased, the salesman switched off the power and stood. He took a briefcase—it looked like a briefcase—from under his seat, and stepped out into the warm air. He set off, humming, across the field, leaving the door of the ship unlocked.

Less than half an Earth mile away was the

county fair. The salesman made good time on his three legs. Soon he could hear music from the merry-go-round and a babble of talk, laughs, and cries. As he topped a small grassy hill, he could see lines of buggies waiting to be taken in hand by an overworked boy, who for a dime or a nickel would see to the safety of the horse and carriage for the day.

The salesman's spot was waiting on the north side of the fairgrounds, between a vendor of hot dogs and a fortune teller. "Good morning to you," said the salesman to the fortune teller. "Good morning to you," he said to the vendor of hot dogs. He set his case on the ground and opened it.

And suddenly the salesman stood in a booth. It seemed to be constructed of paper or cloth, but it held its shape against the wind. It was no larger than most of the other booths—smaller than many—but the flag on the conical top flashed in the summer light, and the sides bore cunning, enticing drawings of things almost recognizable. Across the front of the booth was a shelf covered in fabric sewn from thousands of hair-thin strands. It changed color as the delighted fairgoers gazed at it.

And on the shelf were spread treasures. Linens even more marvelous than the cloth on which they were laid out; pictures of distant worlds, as seen from distant suns; statues carved of unknown metals; arrows the size of twigs, but looking none the less deadly for that; a pearl large as a grapefruit, from some gigantic relative of the oyster; pipes, clips, pins, pots, and paints, all neatly laid out on the wonderful cloth that shimmered as the sun touched it.

The salesman needed no pitch. His booth, his merchandise, and his appearance guaranteed him customers. He leaned on his shelf with two hands and proffered his wares to curious buyers with the other. He could, if he wished, speak with both heads at once, but he'd learned years ago that this tended to confuse, so he talked with one mouth and let the second merely smile.

"That, madame?" he said in excellent English, with only the slightest trace of an Aldebaran accent. "That is a celadon—a musical instrument from the fourth planet of Sirius." He held the three-inch tube on his hand and closed his eyes—all four of them. A plaintive, windy sound rose and fell. The crowd murmured.

"How much?" asked a woman.

"For you, madame, it is only two dollars," said the salesman, executing a reasonable semblance of a bow. "Included is an instruction booklet, translated into English by me."

"And this, Mr. . . . umm, Mr. . . ." said a young man.

"You may please call me Al," said the salesman. "In this vial is medicine from a small world near Alpha Centauri." He held it up, a ruby li-



Illustration by Bill Logan

quid that glinted as his hand tilted it from side to side. "It is used to repair. It should work well on human bones, although of course they do not use bones near Alpha Centauri." He smiled.

"Is it safe?" A farmer with his arm in a sling, standing on the rim of the crowd.

"Very safe, my friend."

"The price?"

"It is only fifty cents. Thank you. Take it home and lie down. Drink the liquid and do not rise for twelve of your hours. That is most important. Twelve hours. After twelve hours your arm will be whole."

"And if it ain't?"

"Then I will give you your money back."

**D**orcas, Ernestine, and Luella Jones, twenty, eighteen, and sixteen years old, caught sight of the glistening pennant and magical walls, and dragged their indulgent father across the fairgrounds. With elbows, umbrellas, and the occasional well-placed foot, they ploughed to the front of

the throng. The girls' eyes sparkled in response to the sparkling wares set out before them. They snatched up items delightedly, dropping them as they caught sight of things even more striking. Dorcas pounced upon a tiny black flake, no more than a sixteenth of an inch across, which glinted and shimmered as the light plunged into it and glanced off innumerable facets. Ernestine grabbed up a length of ribbon (was it ribbon?) that seemed to undulate and shift through a spectrum of textures. Luella stood gazing into a bowl of milky-white half-liquid, losing herself in it.

"What's this?" Dorcas addressed the salesman.

"Where does it come from?"

Both heads smiled. "It comes from a world called Banural, as do the things you other two lovely ladies are admiring. I was very lucky to come across them—only a few of your days ago. I must admit," and he gave an endearing little four-shouldered shrug, "that I do not know what they were used for. But I know what they may be used for here. That speck, that mote, would it not make a fine beauty



## Why the Traveling Salesman from Aldebaran Doesn't Stop in Omaha Anymore



spot, to set off your lovely eyes? And has a lady ever had as beautiful a hair ribbon as that you hold, miss?

"As for this ..." One pair of eyes looked deeply into the bowl. "... surely this would put to shame the finest face cream from the finest shops of Paris!" The salesman withdrew his gaze regretfully. "The price?" He put on a rueful smile. "Had my buyers been women of merely ordinary charm, I would have said ten, perhaps fifty dollars for each of these treasures. But for you ..." He shrugged again. "One dollar for each is all I ask."

Three young heads turned to Papa with practiced pleading in their eyes, and Papa knew when he was beaten, not that he minded all that much. He plunked down three dollars, and the girls clutched their new possessions joyfully. They made their way out of the crowd and headed across the fairgrounds to their buggy. The salesman watched them happily and waved a couple of hands until they were out of his sight.

**T**he evening was a happily excited one in the Jones home. Dorcas and Ernestine dashed in and out of their rooms countless times, removing and replacing the beauty spot and the hair ribbon, running to show their sisters and their father, deciding each time that it would be just the slightest bit more perfect a quarter-inch to the left, or tied in a bigger bow. Luella sat quietly with Papa in the kitchen, complimenting her sisters on every new variation, trying to ignore the laughing, triumphant glances that they tossed at her. The face cream did not lend itself to repositioning and retying, but Luella planned to apply it before bed, and knew in her heart that her vindication would come with the morning.

Papa smilingly moved bedtime back to ten-thirty, then eleven, but at eleven-thirty he sent the girls off to their rooms through the dire threat of confiscating their new treasures. Dorcas had found that a spot on her upper right cheek was as close to perfection as humanly possible, and left her beauty

spot there for the night. Ernestine tied her ribbon for the hundredth time, and Luella tremblingly coated her face with the wonderful cream, and fancied that she could feel herself growing more ravishing by the minute. They were all in bed by eleven-forty-five, and actually asleep by midnight.

The beauty spot woke up at about three A.M. and, being a very simple form of life, gave no thought to its strange surroundings, but immediately started to multiply. Two, then four, then eight, and pretty soon Dorcas's face was buried, save for her nose, under a beautiful, glittering black mask.

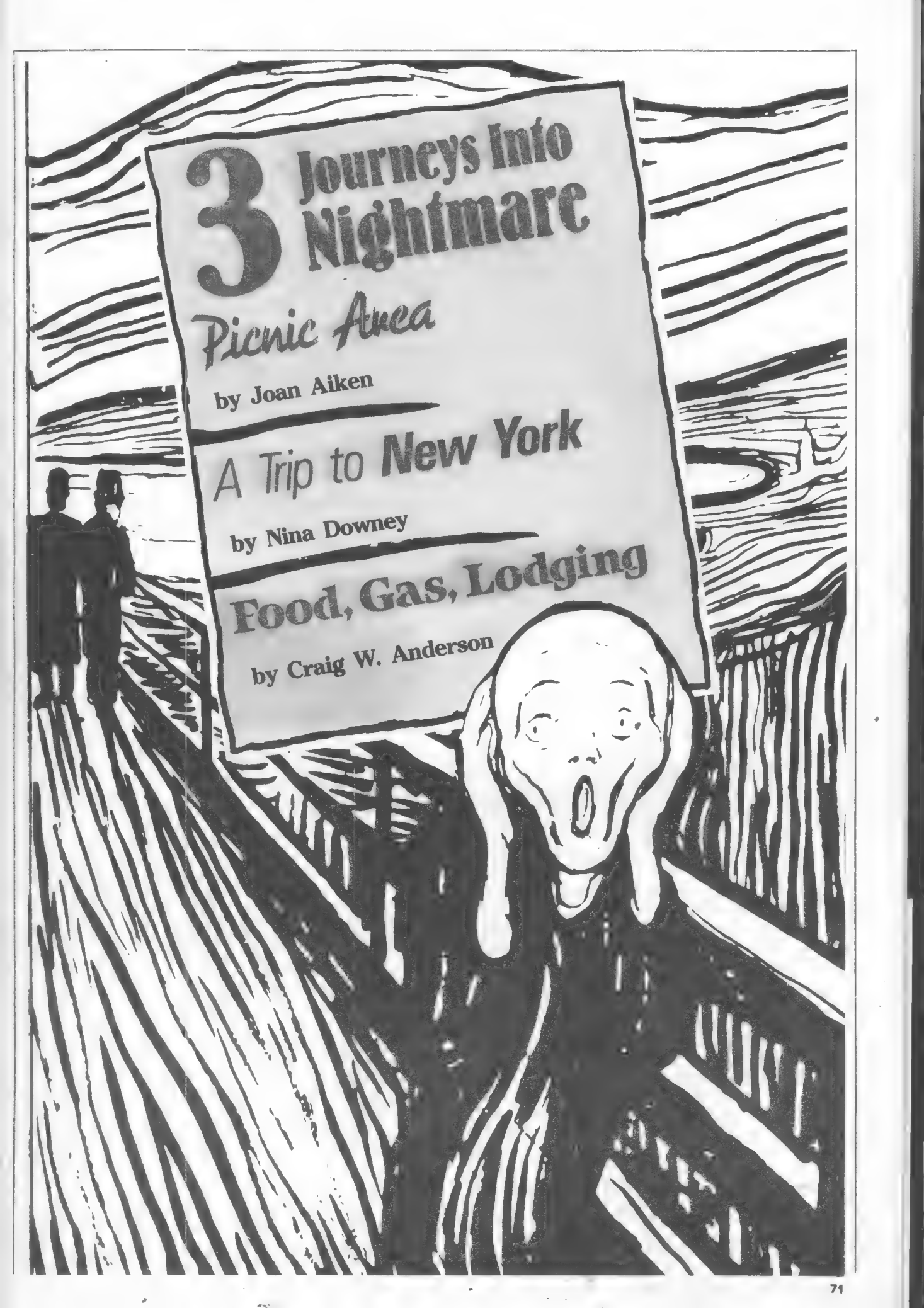
The hair ribbon, a more intelligent organism, woke at about the same time, and wondered briefly and fuzzily about the unusual things around it. Then curiosity gave way to hunger, and it began to eat.

When the face cream woke, it looked around in bewilderment. It represented Banural's highest form of life, though a young one, and it realized that something was wrong. A wave of fear and homesickness swept through it, and it dripped off Luella's face onto the floor and oozed into a corner, where it began to cry.

**P**apa was awakened at seven by simultaneous screams. Still in his nightshirt, he rushed into the hall, in time to see Dorcas stumble out of her room, clawing at a sparkling layer of ebony that covered her from throat to forehead. As her father watched, helpless, she wrenched it off and threw it aside. She hid her face, bleeding from a thousand tiny stigmas, in her hands and sobbed. Ernestine plunged screaming into the hall. She was completely and emphatically bald. Luella backed out of her room gasping and pointing to the corner, where a small white viscous lump throbbed and whimpered.

The salesman had spent a most peaceful night in a hammock strung up between two handholds on the outside of his ship. He was lying there, not quite asleep, when he heard the urgent rattle of hooves galloping in his direction. He peered toward the road. For a moment he saw nothing, then Papa's head bounced into view, and then the rest of him, holding a 12-gauge shotgun. The salesman sat up, a look of puzzlement on his faces, but the look turned to alarm as a charge of shot whistled past his left head. It took seven and a half seconds, Earth time, for the salesman to leap into his ship, slam the door shut, and dive into the pilot's chair. Not even pausing to buckle his seatbelt, he slapped the ignition lever, and the ship leaped into the air. Papa got off the other barrel, but the pellets hit the hull at an angle and ricocheted harmlessly away. The ship was out of sight in two minutes.

And from a window in the house, a small white blob watched the ship rise, not knowing what it was, then nestled back into the comfort of Luella's lap. **17**



# 3 Journeys Into Nightmare

*Picnic Area*

by Joan Aiken

*A Trip to* **New York**

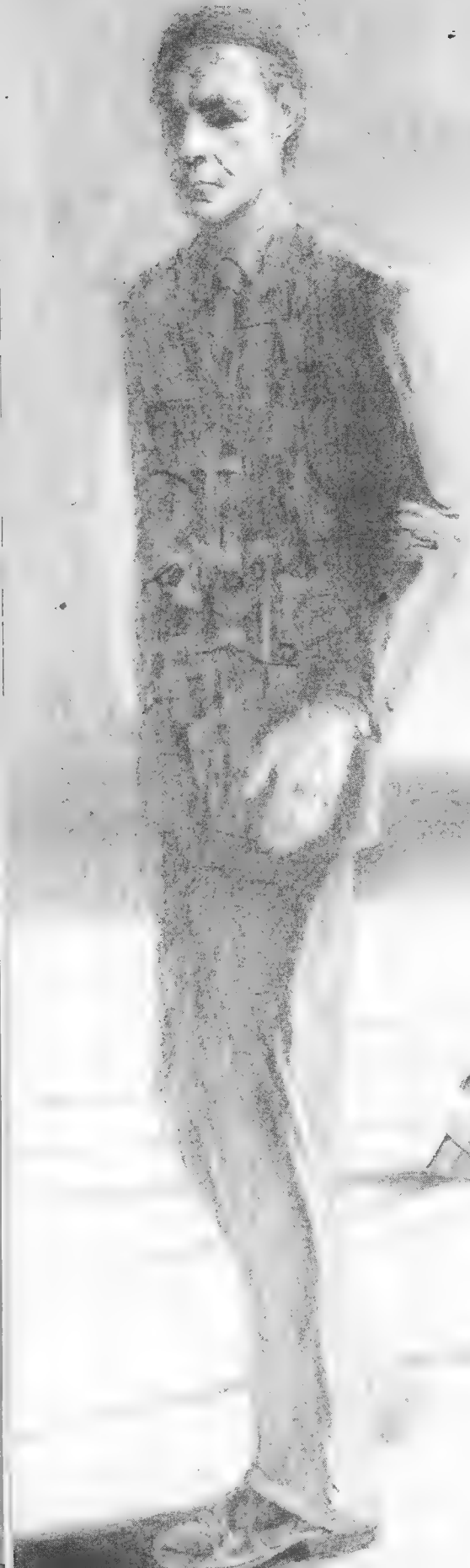
by Nina Downey

**Food, Gas, Lodging**

by Craig W. Anderson

# *Picnic Area*

*by Joan Aiken*



## AFTER LONG YEARS OF ABSENCE, HE WAS RETURNING TO THE PAST – OR PERHAPS IT WAS THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

The road wound down, between high narrow banks, from the pass at the top of the valley. It was queer, Brill thought, that he didn't remember this particular valley. Once he had known all this region so well (remarkably so, considering that in those days he could only get about on foot or bicycle), but this narrow minor road brought back no memories.

The Welsh landscape had changed a lot, though, since he was a Vakky, sent here for safety from the Birmingham bombs. In the last thirty years huge forests of conifers had been planted. They smothered the hillsides with such a black, thick blanket of furry, spiky, close-set trees that Owen Glendower himself could hardly have found his way through to harry the English.

Look at this valley, now! It was a shame, really. Once, no doubt, it had been a grassy, open saucer of land, with sheep grazing and a brook clattering down from one miniature waterfall to another—the kind of brook that he and Tom had blissfully spent days playing in: wading, damming, building artificial islands decorated with twigs and moss. But now, though there must certainly be a brook down there below the road, you'd never guess it, for the conifers crowded so thick together, hardly four feet between the trunks. Almost dark it was, in there! With a slight shiver, Brill wondered how many people got lost each year in those forests and never came out. Firebreaks there were, to be sure, every mile or so; wide corridors that went zipping up and down vertical hillsides, looking somehow artificial, the way they ignored the lie of the land. But in between the firebreaks there would be plenty of room to wander in circles till you died of hunger, thirst, and exhaustion. Brrr! How many skeletons turned up when a section was cut down for making paper, or whatever use those trees were put to?

No doubt the practice of planting pines over the rocky hills made a better living for somebody than grazing a few sheep; nevertheless, Brill preferred the remembered grassy hillsides of his boyhood.

Carefully he eased the Bentley into low gear and crept down a ten-percent gradient. Anyway, if he met somebody, the other fellow would have to back. It was a bit of a risk, really, taking a good car down these roads—Welsh farmers tended to dash along like maniacs in their Landrovers; witness all those junk heaps of wrecked cars they blithely deposited in out-of-the-way gullies and quarries. But still, for once he'd taken a fancy to drive back over the mountains and have a nostalgic look at old haunts. The hotels along the coast were all doing better than expected; Brill found himself with a day in hand. A drive through Snowdonia and Montgomery would be a pleasant detour and remind him of more leisurely times. Life was such a nonstop race nowadays.

Though looking back could be a mistake, too.

"Never waste time hunting for lost things, Eric," his mother had said to him. "If a thing is lost, God meant it to be lost. And if it's to be found, He will find it for you in His own good time." Brill's mother had been a deeply religious woman, though her religion was of a somewhat hellfire, penitential nature, shot through with doom and punishment. "It's the Devil who tries to persuade you to waste your time searching for what's gone," she said.

"What does God want, then?"

"He wants you to forget your silly loss, go on, manage without whatever it was, and occupy your time in useful work."

Excellent advice Brill had found that, too; wit-ness where he had got to now! By never looking back for a single person or thing, he owned a chain of hotels and a group of supermarkets, and was one of the richest men in the country.

Twiddle, twiddle, the road went on, dropping into the winding valley. Every so often there were Welsh Forestry Commission signs—*Comisiwn Coed-wigaeth*—warning against fire or trespass, as if anybody would want to venture into those dense, dark, close-packed recesses! In the old days he and Tom could have eaten their bread-and-cheese on any square foot of land in twenty square miles, and had a twenty-mile view all around them; today there was nothing to be seen but thick, dark green twelve feet away. Where did the people eat their picnics now? Better for me, Brill thought; they go to have lunch at a hotel.

But as if in answer to his question, he saw a Forestry Commission sign ahead, a hieroglyph of a pin-figure sitting at a table under a pine tree, and the words *Picnic Area* in English and Welsh. Picnic Area! It was a bit pitiful, really—ridiculous, too—corralling people into a few yards of trodden ground like that, when once the whole countryside had been available.

He was bound to admit, though, when, after another half-mile of steep and winding descent, he arrived at the Picnic Area, that the Forestry Commission had made a very good job of it. Professionally, Brill approved. The road was now down at the level of the brook, which babbled along between its rocks at the foot of a bank, below the grassy, sloping space where stout wooden tables and benches were set about irregularly at different levels, with a few small spruce trees planted between them to give a bit of privacy. The grass was kept exquisitely mown, there were a couple of capacious litter bins, and not a lolly paper in sight. Very nice indeed! In fact Brill pulled off the road, onto the graveled parking space, and got out of the Bentley for a moment or two. Unused to these twisty hill roads, he was glad to stretch his legs, loosen his neck and back muscles, and take a few deep breaths of pine-flavored air. Not another soul was to be seen, since it was late in the



## Picnic Area

day for picnicking, and cold wet weather anyway—last night there had been the deuce of a storm.

Six o'clock, he discovered, looking at his watch. In fact, time for a drink! Smiling a little at the convenient suitability of the spot, he returned to the car, extracted a bottle of Alfred Gratien from the trunk (where he always kept a case), took a plastic glass from his travel bag, then sat himself down at the nearest rustic table, where he eased out the cork with care, since the bottle had been much bounced about during the last couple of hours. The pop with which the cork shot out sounded frivolous and incongruous in the forest hush. That was another dismal feature of these great tracts of close pinewood—not a bird, not a beast seemed to inhabit them; they were dead regions, yet with a soundless, brooding, vegetable life of their own. He wouldn't fancy a woodsman's job, Brill thought, wouldn't want to spend much time in this deathlike silence. Imagination was something he had shed along the way and never turned back to search for, but it stirred now uneasily in its grave.

The Gratien went down gratefully, though, bubbles crunching in his dry throat, then spreading an exhilarating warmth outward. Just what the doctor ordered! He swallowed another glassful, wishing idly for a companion to share the moment with him. Tom would have done nicely. No champagne back in those days! Brill thought, smiling again. They'd be lucky if Mrs. Hughes gave them a bottle of cold tea. Tea was rationed then, and anyway the bottle was heavy to lug about; mostly they just drank from brooks. Lucky they didn't get a case of liver fluke. Well, they probably wouldn't have known it if they had. Poor Tom—he supposed, in a way, liver fluke would have been preferable to what *did* happen. But still, there you go. Tom might have grown up to be a drunk, or a criminal, or a bankrupt, or a religious nut, or simply to a deadly dull life in the Welsh valleys. You got the cards that Fate dealt you; you have to dree your own weird, whatever that means. Anyway, Tom had dree'd his weird; no sense in hashing over a lot of might-have-beens.

One more glassful in the bottle. He emptied it, then tossed the bottle at the nearest litter bin, which was not far away. How surprised some Forestry Commission collector would be to find it, among the coke cans and crisp bags! His aim was a little off—stiff arm from driving—and the glass smashed on the metal rim and scattered over the turf.

The crash and tinkle—surprisingly loud in the solemn hush—seemed to start up a little echo of its own. Then he realized that it was a whine—faint, but growing louder. From the other side of the clearing he now heard a pitter-patter, and in a moment a small dog emerged from the trees: a little shaggy black and white beast, mix between a Corgi and a terrier, he'd guess. Brill did not like dogs; he eyed

this one with disfavor. Where the dickens had it come from? He had passed no houses in this wilderness. Lost, run away from home, left behind by picnickers? It approached him, cringing and fawning, wagging its stubby tail so hard that the whole rear end oscillated—nasty, cadging little beast! He certainly did not intend to take responsibility for it. Let it find its own way home. No doubt it would do so ultimately. He turned to walk back to the car, and the creature actually seized hold of his trouser leg, as if to detain him. The impudence! He threatened it with his hand; it flinched, but still held on. In a rage now—that suiting had cost fifty pounds a meter in Jermyn Street—he cuffed the dog, which yelped and bit him with needle-sharp teeth, then skittered away to the side of the clearing, from where it eyed him nervously and heedfully.

Brill swore. His hand was pouring blood. Who'd have thought the little monster would have such sharp teeth? Holding his arm well away from his body so as not to stain his suit—and it *would* have to be his right hand, too!—he rummaged with his left for a handkerchief in his suit pocket. The wound ought to be washed, he thought; there might be danger of tetanus, especially if the wretched little cur had been living wild in the woods. Or rabies! Would it be advisable to wash right away, in the brook? Or would that be incurring yet more risk? Since the wound was now beginning to throb painfully, he decided to risk the brook, and climbed carefully down to it. This stretch of water looked queerly familiar. That huge oak and the bit of rocky bank, almost a cliff, beyond—surely he had seen this place before? But he was not in a mood to waste time dredging up old memories. The water, ice cold, certainly made his hand feel better while it was immersed. On the way back to the car, though, three mosquitoes and a horsefly landed on his stiffly extended wet hand and bit it. He slapped them, but each time just too late to prevent the quick, stabbing pain. Disgusting pests! It was horrible how quickly they scented blood and come homing in, like vultures. Swearing again, he clumsily wrapped the handkerchief around his hand. The wound had stopped bleeding. In a way he wished it had not; that might wash out the poison, if any. The four little punctures still hurt like bloody murder.

Let's get out of this goddamn spot, he thought, and eased himself into the driving seat, which received him comfortably. The dog was still over there by the trees, watching, but it made no attempt to approach the car. He had better tell the police about it; dangerous beast, it should certainly be destroyed.

**D**riving on proved unexpectedly difficult; every twist of the wheel sent a stab of agony up his arm. Soon he noticed with terror that his hand was turning purplish red, was beginning to

The wound ought to be washed, he thought; there might be danger of tetanus—or rabies! He decided to risk the brook, and climbed carefully down to it. This stretch of water looked queerly familiar...

swell. The arm was swollen and hot, too; it throbbed all the way up to the elbow. This was certainly the last time he'd be such a fool as to drive through this hateful wilderness, inhabited by rabid animals and vicious bugs. Would the road *never* emerge from this narrow, twisting, claustrophobic glen?

After another six or seven miles, which seemed like twenty, the forest, to his immense relief, gave place to meadow. The hills receded a little, and were now tree-shrouded sugarloaf domes on either hand; at least one could see for a quarter-mile on each side of the road. He passed a couple of tin-roofed barns, and then, thank God, saw the roofs of a small village ahead. Not before it was time; he doubted if he'd have been able to drive much farther. The pain was beginning to make him dizzy. He'd have to pay somebody to drive him on to the nearest town—probably Trefonen Wells—that had a hospital where presumably he could get tetanus shots and proper care.

By the time he pulled up on the gray-gritted parking area by the pub he was so sick and faint from pain that it gave him only mild surprise to realize that this tiny place at the foot of the long, gloomy, inhospitable forest-filled valley was actually Nant Wylm—his own Welsh wartime refuge—the place that he had once known so well. How the valley had changed! But here was the pub, the Welcome Stranger; there, opposite, Mrs. Hughes's red-brick cottage, jammed tight against the ugly, slate-roofed little church; there, above on the hill, Ty-Nant farm with its barns and outbuildings. These were the only houses. *Hamlet* would be a more appropriate term than village for the minute settlement. How aghast he had been when he first arrived there at age ten! No shops, no cinema, nothing! He felt little kinder to it now, easing himself with exquisite care out of the Bentley, so as not to jar his arm. He certainly wouldn't want to go to the Hughes cottage, whoever might be living there today. He rapped with his left hand on the door of the pub. Surely they should be open by this time?

It took a long time for anybody to come in answer to his knocking. But at last the door did open and a haggard, frantic-looking woman peered out at him through a crack.

"Didn't you see the sign?" she demanded.

Following the direction of her pointing finger,

he noticed what he had failed to see in his pain and absorption, a sheet of paper pasted clumsily over the *Bar Food Menu* sign. On it was printed in ink: CLOSED DUE TO INFECTIOUS ILLNESS. KEEP OUT.

"What is it?" hoarsely demanded Brill.

"We're afraid it may be anthrax. There was a suspected case—"

"Anthrax!" Brill retreated a step or two. Even in his feverish condition the name spelled dread. "Why isn't whoever it is in isolation hospital?"

"A landslip on the Trefonen road. The phone's off."

"But—"

With dismay he recalled the frequency of landslips across the narrow little single-track road that led on eastwards towards Trefonen Wells. They had often been cut off for weeks in winter.

"Go you over the way to Mrs. Morgan. She'll help you with whatever it is," said the woman, and shut the door definitively in his face.

Brill moved towards the cottage in which he had lived through four years of childhood. But the woman in the Welcome Stranger had said *Morgan*; were the Hugheses, then, gone from the village? Well, that was a good thing; he had no wish to reopen relations with them. Especially in his present plight.

And indeed the woman who presently opened the door of Church Cottage was a stranger; another thin, dark, uneasy-looking Welshwoman, like the one at the pub. "What is it?" she began in a nervous, hostile tone, and then, observing his arm, which he held before him like a credential, "*Ach-y-fil!*"

"Do you have a phone?" he asked quickly. The Hugheses had not, the only phone in the village had been at the pub. But, damn it, that was over thirty years ago. She was shaking her head, though.

"The lines are down, and the road to Trefonen's blocked. It was the terrible storm last night—"

What a fool, what a fool he had been to take this route!

"Well, look—you can see my arm's in a terrible state, a dog bit it. Is there anyone who can take me back the way I came, to a hospital? I can pay well—"

She shook her head again. "Mr. Price is sick at the farm. And I never learned to drive. I can bathe it for you though, put you on a poultice."

He had not meant to step inside the wretched little place. With a sinking of his heart he remembered the damp smell of not-quite-clean dishcloths and boiled potatoes—just as when he had been a boy. But somehow she had him sitting on a hard chair by the fireplace: the very same grate, where a few coals smoldered dully. She had put on a kettle, and was pulling rags out of a drawer, fetching a bottle of household disinfectant.

Disinfectant! As if that would help! What he needed was antibiotics and an antitetanus shot.

## Picnic Area

"The postman will surely come tomorrow morning, and the milk truck, by the hill road," she said reassuringly. "And he'll take a message and then they'll be sending an ambulance for Mr. Davies at the pub."

And I'm to travel in the same ambulance as a man with suspected anthrax? he thought. Thanks! Anyway, by morning his arm would probably be due for amputation.

"God, I feel like death," he groaned.

"Gladys, help me get the gentleman to bed," Mrs. Morgan said, and he discovered that another person had come in, a girl, her daughter no doubt. There was a muttered discussion, he was urged and helped around a couple of corners, then found himself lying on a bed. The relief from lying flat was great, but unfortunately that was offset by his arm, which felt worse and worse. The pain was not constant, but came in sharp, swooping jags, which roused him every time he fell into a kind of faint. His eyes roamed miserably, feverishly about, and he realized they had placed him in the very room where he and Tom Hughes used to sleep: on the ground floor, at the back, with a window looking into the graveyard. Indeed the rise of the hill was so abrupt behind the cottage that several of the tombstones seemed to be leaning right against the window. No sky could be seen at all, the ground went up out of sight, bounded at the top, he remembered, by huge dark sycamore trees and the church itself. Even by day the tiny square room had been dark as a tank of murky water. The walls were painted dark, shiny green. When night came outside would be black, black dark. Not a star, not a gleam to be seen. He and Tom had longed for a torch. But batteries were almost unobtainable in those days, and candles were forbidden . . .

"Help!" he shouted hoarsely. "*Help!*"

"What is it, what's the matter?"

Two frightened faces confronted him at the foot of the big box bed. The woman and the girl.

"There's a dog, trapped inside this bed! I can hear it whining."

"Ach, poor fellow, he's delirious."

"No I'm not, no I'm not, I'm perfectly clear. Quick—tell me what became of the Hughes family?"

"Hughes?" Mother and daughter looked at each other, bewildered.

"Myfanwy Hughes and her husband, they lived here once—?"

"Oh dear, that was a long time ago. Yes, to be sure, there was a Mrs. Hughes; her husband never came back from the war, I believe, so she went off to be with her married sister. But that was well before our time."

"She had a boy, Tom . . ."

"He'd be grown by now. Goodness knows what became of him."

"I heard," put in the girl, "that he died young."

Fell down an old mineshaft, he did, and they didn't find him for months."

"Oh God, oh God, my arm! Can't you do something, *anything*—?"

"I will give you some codeine."

Codeine! They might as well administer bicarbonate of soda. He took the pills—several of them—and the pain broadened in scope; instead of one diamond point, it was now more like a millstone, crushing him.

Now he realized that Tom, as well as the dog, had got trapped inside the bed. Tom and his dog! How could he have forgotten that? Drudwyn, the animal had been called, out of some Welsh legend—a little scurrying black and white animal that followed Tom everywhere, and slept under the bed at night, or on it, in wintertime . . .

They were underneath, somewhere, both of them—a long way down.

"*Eric, boy!*" He heard Tom's voice. "For God's sake don't leave me down here! Get me out! *Get me out!*"

But he had run away in terror. They were strictly forbidden to go anywhere near the old workings. There would be frightful trouble.

He had kicked the dog down, too, taking care to avoid the crumbling edge that had given way under Tom. And then he had run all the way back to Nant Wylm. Until he reached the cottage he still hadn't quite made up his mind as to what his story would be. But there luck had favored him, for there was nobody in the house. Mrs. Hughes had gone into Trefonen with the pub family—their name was Evans in those days—leaving the boys' tea under a cloth. And Dai the postman arrived, just as he got

home, with a postcard for him, a summons back to Birmingham because his father had eight days' leave. He packed his few clothes, scribbled a note, and hitched a lift with Dai as far as Welshpool, where he found a truck going to Birmingham.

"Where's Tom, then?" the postman had asked, surprised not to see them together.

"Oh, he wanted to go fishing; I haven't seen him since breakfast."

Once in Birmingham it had been easy enough to persuade his mother to let him stay. The raids were slackening off.

Two days later an anxious message came from Mrs. Hughes, transmitted by the local police: did Eric know where Tom might have got to? Had he come to Birmingham to see the sights? No, he had no idea, Eric told them; and repeated the fishing story—Tom had spoken of going up to Llyn Mawr . . .

In any case no suspicion could have attached to him; the boys were known to be devoted to one another. And indeed he never had another friend like Tom.

They had not been exactly *quarreling*; the push had been for a joke, really.

**H**ow could those two women in the front room not hear Tom's cries, and the howling of the dog inside the bed? After a while they managed to get out. Now Brill saw Tom standing by the door.

"It's all right, Eric *back*; I'm not a bit angry with you. Look, I've got your knife. Remember, you lent it to me that day? I always knew you'd come back for it some time. Here, take it, boy!"

But Tom's face was all smashed to bits.

Brill scrambled out of bed, pushed open the window, and climbed out with remarkable agility, considering the blazing torture of his right arm.

It was just as dark in the churchyard as it had been in Tom's bedroom. And there, too, company seemed to be waiting.

Next day the Morgans found him there, collapsed over the grave of Tom Hughes, Aged 11 Years, whose body had been brought back from the mineshaft so long ago.

Brill was not dead, but died two days later in hospital, crying over and over, "If it's lost, God meant it to be lost!" **17**

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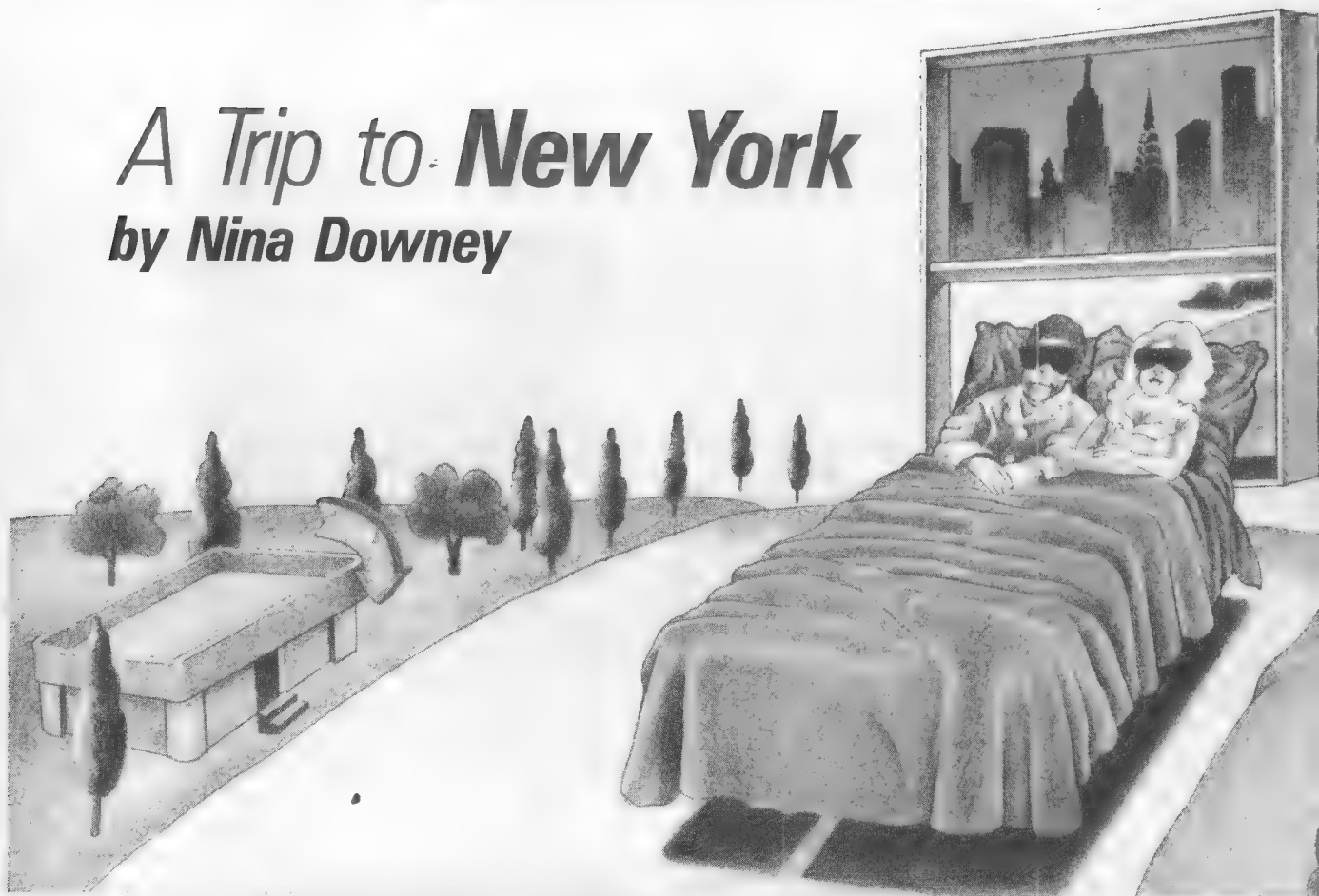
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# A Trip to New York

by Nina Downey



FUN CITY WAS THEIR DESTINATION — BUT GETTING THERE WAS MORE THAN HALF THE FUN!

**D**ave's first thought when he woke was *déjà vu*. Every morning he wakened to the frosty blue room. *Poppycock*. He hadn't really been here before, he assured himself. That was impossible. It was the dream, the repetitious dream, the ultimate trick of the subconscious.

In the bathroom he splashed cold water on his face. He dressed and went over to the double bed and yanked on the blue bedspread.

"Sally, wake up." He shook her bare arm. He touched and remembered the coolness of her skin from the same dream. "Why are these motel rooms always so damned cold?" Hadn't he said that, too, just yesterday morning?

"What time is it?" She groaned in rebellion as he shook her. "All right, all right." She yawned and staggered into the bathroom as Dave walked to the room's one window.

This time, he told himself, the people of his dream would not be there in front of the factory across the street. He looked outside. His breath stopped somewhere deep down in his throat. "God, no."

"What is it?" Sally came out of the bathroom and stared at him. Her toothbrush hung out the right corner of her mouth. The white paste foamed on her lips. A mad dog's mouth, he thought. She was obviously going quite mad. She never recognized the blue room. Number 238 meant nothing to her. She never remembered the people.

"Look out here, honey." He pulled on her hand

and drew her closer. This time he would make her understand.

The picketers who carried the signs were as familiar to him as the curves of Sally's body, only partially concealed under her nylon nightgown. She tugged at the spaghetti straps, and let him drag her to the window.

He saw the white-haired woman with sagging breasts under the shabby gray sweater. The younger woman with chopped-off black hair. The skinny kid that clung to her blue jeans. The burly men with baseball caps on their fat heads.

"I don't see anything so unusual, Dave."

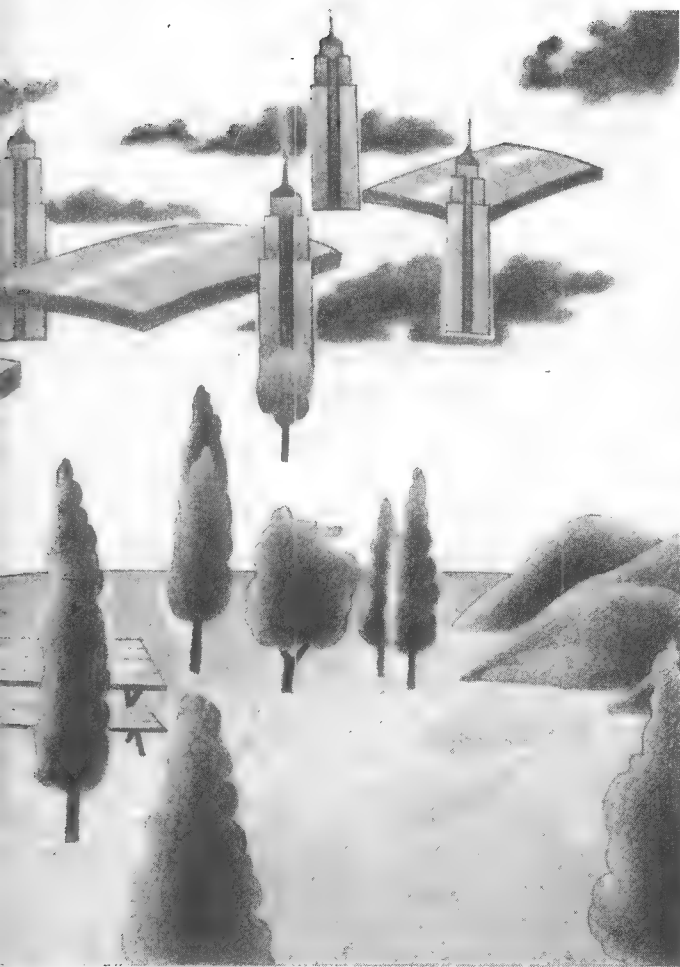
Every time she said that, his head started to throb.

He chewed the already chewed spot on his bottom lip. "What town are we in, Sally?"

"Spartanburg. You know that. Dave—are you sick or something?" Her words were garbled. She scurried back to the bathroom.

He heard her swish the water between her teeth and spit. He laughed out loud. "I know we're in Spartanburg. We're always in Spartanburg. Let's get going. We'll never get to New York at this rate." He loaded the suitcases into the trunk of the car and waited for Sally.

Once again he gained access to the hypnotic Interstate 85. He didn't look forward to the monotonous drive ahead. He had driven this route so many times in his dream, he could do it with his eyes closed.



He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel in rhythm to Merle Haggard on the radio. Merle was always a fugitive, it seemed, while Dave felt as if he were a prisoner of Interstate 85.

Even before the sign he was looking for appeared, he turned on his blinker signal to exit. The maneuver was in perfect alignment with his dream. But the dream was insane reality, for the cheeseburgers at the Happy Kitchen of Henderson were just as unhappy as yesterday.

He had no complaints with the help. It was just that they all, along with Sally, were sure he was headed north into Virginia. Indeed, he was headed north, although every day that he trekked forward he actually journeyed backward, and the Happy Kitchen of Henderson fed them the same cheeseburgers day after day after day.

"They forgot to hold the onions," Sally said.

Dave watched her pick out the onions from her sandwich. For a long time he listened to her chew and swallow. She intermittently picked out onions.

"You still don't know," he said.

She looked at him, and for a moment he thought he saw the beginning traces of comprehension in her eyes. "Why are you staring at me like that?" she asked. "I hate onions."

He tried to eat, but the crumbs of bun and particles of meat got stuck in his throat. There must be a logical explanation, he knew, but nothing rational came to his mind. He tried to think of it as a game, so that he might enjoy it. Like when he and the neighborhood kids played Red Rover, Red Rover, Send Davey Right Over, and they played it again

and again like a broken record until it got too dark to see. It was a good game, he recollected, but this was a bad game.

The billboard south of Petersburg told him to GET OFF HERE FOR THE BEST NIGHT'S SLEEP OF YOUR LIFE. "If only I could get off," he said to himself, "then I could wake up and tomorrow morning the room would be an orange room, or yellow, or green—anything but frosty blue."

The skyline etched in steel had become boring to him. Sally carried on as if she'd never laid eyes on it before. Then she again slurped on her cola from the aluminum can.

"Dave, soon as you see a rest stop, could you pull over? I gotta go."

He swore under his breath. Sally never thought beyond her physical needs. She seemed oblivious to their plight. Somehow he had to make her see.

"What was that you mumbled?" she asked.

"You wouldn't have liked it."

"I heard it. You don't have to talk like that just because I have to go. I can't help it."

"That's exactly what you said yesterday. Just exactly at this time."

"Huh?"

"Don't you remember anything, ever?"

"Dave, I don't have the foggiest notion what you're talking about."

"Nothing."

He pulled into the rest area. He knew exactly where to park. The same little path led down to the same tables, and the same flies hovered over their favorite garbage.

As he waited for Sally, he stood by the PLEASE KEEP PETS ON LEASH sign. She came out of the women's room and her next remark was already in his head, and he said it with her. "Dave, you left your leash in the car."

She laughed, and he laughed, too, because the game had to continue no matter how bad it was. They walked for a while to limber up, and returned to the car.

"What's our next town to spend the night?" Dave asked.

He watched as she unfolded the maps and followed the red and green lines with her finger until she found the place she wanted.

"We're on Highway 95, right?" she asked.

"Very soon now, we'll be on Highway 95."

Her eyes roamed over the maze of white dots. "Uh—here it is. Baltimore."

"Yeah. That sounds right."

Sally grinned, happy at what she mistook to be his approval. As far as Dave was concerned, the whole scene was a waste of time. By now it seemed as if they could shorten it. Just say the word *Baltimore. Red Rover, Red Rover, Send Baltimore*

## A Trip to New York

*Right Over.* But Sally was playing a different game. He looked at his watch, and turned on the windshield wipers.

"Dave, what are you doing?"

He didn't answer. Seconds later the drizzle began. "Hah," he said. He felt the smirk on his face, but he couldn't help it. Sally glared at him. Sooner or later she would have to catch on. He would make her catch on.

"I forgot to empty all our trash," she said. Her voice trembled, and Dave was encouraged. She must have recognized something, or some word.

Dave prodded her. "I know. You always do."

"Just what is that supposed to mean?" She poked around the floorboard and picked up candy wrappers and put the empty pop cans into a paper sack.

"It was just a silent thought that came out through my mouth. Forget it." He gripped the steering wheel more tightly and concentrated on the road and traffic.

It was at this point, when Interstate 85 intertwined with Interstate 95, that Dave felt at his lowest. It was the critical moment when he knew that it had never been a dream, but a constant replay in the video portion of his throbbing brain. On the slippery asphalt he would seem to be bypassing the hullabaloo of Washington. He would seem to be crossing the Potomac. In a matter of minutes, he would seem to be coming into Baltimore.

"Sally, how many times have we made this trip?"

"Maybe you ought to let me drive for a while, Dave, you know. You're so uptight."

"I'm fine. Just tell me when we left Mobile."

"We left yesterday morning around six o'clock. I know it was that time because you were beefing about how slow I was to get ready."

He had been through this whole bit with her yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. He tried to recall just how many times they had to stop so she could go. How many times they had argued over the trash. But each time he tried to remember, the searing pain in his head became unbearable, and so he just drove, and asked her the redundant questions.

"You always say the same things, Sally. I don't mean the time. I mean the *day*." He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel, this time out of frustration. "It wasn't yesterday morning. Can't you see what's happening?"

"Okay, Dave. You tell me. You tell me what's happening." Her mouth opened, and she tried to stifle a yawn with the back of her hand.

He wanted to hit her open mouth. He wanted to pound the monstrous dream into her head, too, the dream that wasn't a dream. Each time he tried to stop it, tried to change it, he became weaker.

*In his sleep  
he breathed the smells,  
sights, sounds of New York.  
The neon lights flashed  
like sunbursts of fireworks  
on his subdura. But  
even as he dreamed,  
Merle sang, and out there,  
under the caricature  
of darkness, Interstate 95  
became Interstate 85.*

Every time each scene began, he felt the little pinpoint explosions destroy yet another portion of his brain.

He began to approach the city—the city on Sally's map. But he knew that time altered the events moment by moment, even now, as he drove up in front of the motel office.

"Get out of the car, Sally."

"But—you always get out first. What's got into you?"

"Aha. You know then."

"I know you're acting peculiar. I don't like the way you're acting. You're scaring me."

"I'm trying to change the circumstances. You've got to help." He realized that he sounded angry, and that it really wasn't her fault. He toned his voice down. "You said yourself that I always get out first. Yet you said earlier that we left Mobile just yesterday."

"It was only a figure of speech. Wherever we go, you always get out first. I'm so tired, Dave. What difference does it make?" She opened her door. "Okay, so I'll get out first. No big deal. See? Gosh."

The churning started in his stomach, and if he let it, his flesh would crawl and try to fold itself in layers. The goose pimples felt like red hot needle tips on his body. *Even this. We did this yesterday, too. I tried to change it even then.*

"Okay," he said. "I'll play this ridiculous game one more time." He went inside to register.

Sally shook her head at him and he heard her tongue click in the roof of her mouth. "I'm getting fed up with this, Dave. If only you would stop talking in riddles." She lagged behind him as they walked from the car to the room.

"Number 238. Same as always. It's already



begun." His hands shook as he unlocked the door.

"The same what as always?" Her face held its same blank expression.

"Look, Sally. Don't you recognize it? The blue carpet. The blue drapes. The cheap dresser. The same two chairs."

"All motel rooms look alike. Especially after five hundred miles." She stretched like a cat. "Come on. Let's go eat."

"We'll have to go to the little diner around the corner."

"You've been here before?"

Yes, and so have you, he wanted to say. He wanted to scream at her—to shake her until her teeth rattled.

"No," he said.

"Then what made you say that?"

"All alike. You said it yourself. All the motels. All the rooms. All the little diners around all the little corners."

"You're being silly, Dave. You really need some food and some sleep."

The little diner around the corner served the video replay of corned beef on rye with potato salad. He knew they were in Baltimore, knew that Baltimore diners could have the same menus as Spartanburg diners. But the impossible had already happened. Room 238 was frosty blue.

"There's a factory across the street," he said. They had settled in for the night, but he wouldn't let her sleep, not yet. He would try just one more time to make her see.

"What?" She maintained her blank expression.

"I'll bet you that there's a factory across the street."

"You're nuts, Dave. Okay. You're on. I'll bet there's a, uh, crystal china shop."

Dave took her hand in his and put his arm around her waist. They strained to see out the window into the night. His heart pounded with anticipation, then slowed to a more comfortable pace.

"Thank God," he said. "It's just an old abandoned warehouse."

"You're thanking God for an old abandoned warehouse?"

"Yes."

The nightmare was coming to an end, and when it did, the burning in his brain would stop. Soon they would be in New York . . . he must regain enough strength to make that happen. Whatever treadmill they had been on, he would make it stop, give them a flip, and they would finally be on their way. He must not die—nor live forever—on Interstate 85.

In his sleep he breathed the smells, sights, sounds of New York. The neon lights flashed like sunbursts of fireworks on his subdura. But even as he dreamed, Merle sang, and out there, under the caricature of darkness, Interstate 95 became Interstate 85.

"Sally, wake up." He shook her arm.

"What time is it?" She groaned.

He shivered, but not because of the frigidity of the room. He watched her stumble into the bathroom. His heart struggled to pump, but he felt as if his body's blood was encased in particles of frost. He walked to the window. The embers began to flare as tiny bellows fanned inside his brain until the pain once again seared his skull.

"God, no."

"What is it, Dave?" Sally came out of the bathroom. He despised the pink plastic stick that stuck out of her mouth and the white mad-dog stuff on her lips.

"Look out here," he said.

She stared with him out of the window. The building across the street was surrounded by people. The picketers, all of whom he somehow felt kin to now, trod the same endless path. Dave felt so tired. His head throbbed.

"I don't see anything so unusual, Dave."

"What town are we in, Sally?"

"Spartanburg. You know that."

"Yes. I know we're in Spartanburg. We're always in Spartanburg." He vaguely wondered how many days . . . weeks . . . years . . . since they started.

"Dave, don't you think we'd better get going? We'll never get to New York at this rate."

"That's my line, Sally. Don't ever say my line."

She blinked at him. Her mouth hung open. The white stuff dribbled down her chin. Some vital cell in his brain perished as she ran for the bathroom. He took the suitcases to the car. 17



# Food, Gas, Lodging

by Craig W. Anderson

THREE LITTLE WORDS — SURELY THAT WAS TOO SHORT  
FOR A DEATH SENTENCE.

**T**he raccoon scurried up the embankment and stopped at the edge of the asphalt, its forepaws drawn up against the dark chest, its eyes glittering like chipped glass in the reflected light from the sign glowing in the fog. The raccoon edged out onto the road surface, head twitching north and south, rear legs pattering nervously. Somewhere within the animal's brain an instinct, a sense beyond even its meager understanding, flickered like a candle. A warning.

During the southward turning of its head, the raccoon's unbelievable hearing first detected the thudding roar bearing down on it from the north; during the furred swing back to the north, the eyes of the raccoon saw, in incredible detail, the jagged parallel lines slicing the surface of a black tire, white printing reading "Road Hugger" flickering around and around, and a small stream of pebbles and water droplets slanting out from beneath the dark rubber. The raccoon heard, only briefly, growing louder, the rising shriek of locked brakes causing rubber to twist and burn. Then the raccoon was flattened and twisted and ground under the monster and thrown

off the roadway to lie split and steaming in the fog and cold.

"Jesus Holy Keerist!" said the man in the car to his rearview mirror. His pale hands twitched and dropped from the steering wheel. He listened to the engine ticking and cracking in the silence; he smelled the thick odor of burned rubber. He couldn't see ten feet in the thick fog. Philip Kriner could have been encased within a gigantic ball of lint except for the buzzing, flickering highway sign that sent its glow through the fog.

"Goddamn squirrels!" Kriner was sweating; the window on the driver's side was rolled all the way down and mist drifted against his hot cheek. His pin-striped three-piece suit was drenched with sweat. He felt like hell.

Nerves, he thought, looking around at the piece of road his car squatted on. He pushed the door open and got out, lighting a cigarette with trembling hands. The left front fender of the Mercedes was smeared with dark blood. The chill air rubbed against Kriner, and he sat in the open door, lank hair sticking to his forehead, his tailored



Linocut by Frances Jetter

trousers wrinkled, his wingtips scuffed. The getaway had been close.

He gave the back seat a glance, more to assure himself that his company's assets were still there than for any rational reason. These assets were locked in a beige briefcase: half a million in hundred-dollar bills. That was it; not much to show for eight months of hard work. Kriner was outraged at the unfairness of it all. He'd had a great scam going, and then one fine day, yesterday in fact, the Feds had burst into his plush front office and blown the whole operation sky high. Kriner's boiler room silver stock scam was shot down, and he'd almost been shot down with it. Just a few precious minutes to scoop out the safe, then into the Mercedes and he was gone. It was all *almost* legitimate, but when the Feds got it up their asses like that, well, it wouldn't do him much good to stick around to debate the issue.

And now, here, out in the boonies somewhere, he'd just wiped out a squirrel or something, nearly killed himself, gotten blood all over the gray fender

of his Mercedes, practically crapped in his pants, and he thought that it wasn't fair. He was scared shitless of going back into the slammer, as this time, if he were caught, it would be hard time; he'd have some enemies inside due to the bust of his "business," and they wouldn't be overly gentle in their enforcement of the laws of their particular jungle.

He watched the blood drip off the fender, and when his cigarette scorched his mouth, Kriner sighed the sigh of the weary and misunderstood, swung his impeccably tailored legs into the car, and hauled ass out of there, smoke and rocks and burning rubber smells filling the chilled, foggy air.

This fog was unbelievable. He'd never seen anything like it, and he'd been raised in the San Joaquin Valley where the tule fogs would drift in, blanketing everything in cotton-thick invisibility. This fog was different. Kriner's foot eased off the gas bit by bit until he was creeping along, only the center line of the narrow country road informing his exhausted mind that he was still moving, still on the macadam. Like a gigantic snail, the Mercedes rolled

## Food, Gas, Lodging

gently along until he could barely see the glow of a sign through the fog, the light fighting to get to him.

"I don't believe it," Kriner smirked. "Somebody's actually got a business out here?" Being something of a businessman himself, he could appreciate the audacity of the owner. Why, there wasn't a goddamn thing within twenty miles. Or so he thought; he'd been down this way once or twice, but he hadn't paid much attention to the scenery, as each trip had been a pleasure jaunt: once with the bountiful Arrington twins, lovely girls, the other while he was riding the crest of a coke high. But he remembered enough to know that, except for an isolated farmhouse here and there, this country was bare of life. Fields, fields, and more fields; miles of crops and little else. He certainly didn't remember anything with a sign glowing over a gravel driveway, a sign that crackled and sizzled and said: "FOOD-GAS-LODGING" in gray neon.

"Real catchy sign they've got there," he muttered to himself, rolling the Mercedes between the rusted gas pumps and the entrance to: "JAKE'S EATS—WHERE THE CONSUMER'S ALWAYS RIGHT." Flaking paint inched its way downward along the boarded front of the small building. The windows were fogged over, venetian blinds halfway drawn, some of the slats hanging down. He could see the dim forms of people evidently eating whatever passed for food at JAKE'S EATS, there behind the glass.

Kriner got out and looked around; nothing but fog and cold, and the twin glass-topped gas pumps gurgling beside him, their hoses looking like pythons.

Crunching through the gravel, Kriner went to the trunk of the Mercedes and placed his briefcase therein; he thought for a moment and finally removed his .38 and strapped it on before slamming the trunk lid closed. No use taking chances in case some country bumpkin decided to look into the trunk; he'd protect his assets at any cost. Well, not any cost. Kriner was, if nothing else, a realist; what good were your assets if you were not there to enjoy them, to make them grow until they could supply the good life to which all entrepreneurs aspired? He noticed that the water from the trunk had flown up like a sprinkler, and his Foster Grants were speckled and blurred. Taking it in stride, Kriner ripped the glasses from his pinched face and smashed them to the ground, driving one of his heels into them for good measure. They were just for show anyway, he thought, his teeth grinding together with rage. He moved toward the patched, rusted-out screen door that hid the opening to JAKE'S EATS.

After pulling open the squealing screen door, Kriner pushed through into the inside of JAKE'S. He reeled momentarily.

Kriner's vision blurred, his suit felt like a suit of armor, his feet slipped over the floor as if it were coated with saliva. It was hot inside JAKE'S EATS.

Kriner grabbed at the back of a booth with his left hand and steadied himself, breathing hard. He glanced around as he recovered. Must be the difference in temperature, he thought.

**T**he lunch counter ran from his right to his left, the surface punctuated with napkin containers, salt and pepper shakers, catsup bottles, and assorted silverware. Black stool seats glared at Naugahyde stare at him from their lineup next to the counter, some of them populated by persons in various states of slumped disarray. The booths on the left, next to the greasy-looking windows, were filled, four to a booth, with gray-looking people who stared at Kriner as if he were a rat or stray cockroach who had happened by. The welcome mat appeared to be out at JAKE'S EATS.

His self-confidence returned via the holstered .38 under his sweating right armpit; Kriner squared his pin-striped shoulders and walked carefully to the counter, sitting gingerly on a stool. Through the order window into the kitchen, stainless steel shapes could be seen through the smoky mist of cooking. A bald head, probably the cook's, bobbed past the opening, and a pale hand snatched a tag off the order spindle. He stared at the countertop; it seemed to shimmer under the glow of the fluorescent tubes that were arranged haphazardly on the low ceiling.

"Well, well. What's it gonna be, bud? Coffee? You need a menu?" Kriner looked up to find a grinning, puffy-faced gentleman confronting him across the counter, a rag gripped in a beefy hand swirling over the ersatz marble.

"Yeah, mac. Coffee. The menu..." Kriner felt a menu insinuate itself into his right hand; he flicked it open as the guy behind the counter, who wore a black bowtie, smiled at him out of the side of his mouth.

The coffee materialized near his left hand, most of it in the saucer. It was hot, and Kriner sipped at it, aware of something else besides the bitterness rolling thickly over his tongue. He swiveled slightly on the stool and looked at the densely populated booths. It seemed to be darker there, along the line of windows, the diners silhouetted against the white swirl of fog outside. They were a quiet bunch, muttering among themselves, moving slowly, almost swaying in their dark area. Occasionally a flicker of white eyeball would glitter in Kriner's direction, and then its owner would hunch back over his or her meal.

"Hey bud, you wanta order? We got a special tonight, ribs and soup." The counterman smiled a wet smile.

"Sure, mac. Ribs and soup it is," Kriner said.

"Hey, Joe, a rib and soup for the gentleman!" the counterman shouted to the baldy in the kitchen. A muffled curse issued through the opening. Kriner

**Kriner watched shadowy figures with glowing tools gently, delicately slice his Mercedes into small pieces, which were then carried off, still glowing with heat.**

lifted an eyebrow.

"Ah . . . Joe's a little cranky. Been here a long time, can't go nowhere else, if you know what I mean," the counterman said, pouring himself a cup of coffee and leaning over on his elbows to peer speculatively at Kriner.

"My name's Jake. Named the place after myself. I don't think that's too arrogant, do you, bud?"

"No," said Kriner, feeling decidedly uncomfortable as the slack face of Jake loomed closer, the wet gurgle of his breathing becoming noticeable.

"Yeah. Nice little place. Not much business, but every so often, things perk up." Jake smiled. "Know what I mean?"

"Sure. Like tonight, Jake. Busy around here." Kriner motioned to the quietly munching, slurping crowd at the counter and windows.

"Tonight? Oh yeah, yeah, a good night. Busy enough, I guess. When you arrived, it got better." Jake grinned again.

Kriner suddenly felt bad. The diners in the booths and those on the stools along the counter all looked at him. It was very quiet. Kriner felt himself sweating again. It was hot here inside JAKE'S EATS.

"Yeah? I don't know what the hell you mean by that, friend. Forget that crap I ordered. Here's for the coffee." Kriner stood and tossed a dollar onto the counter, where it seemed to stick, flatten out, and suck down onto the counter.

"Hey bud, no need to get excited. I just meant that around here, we don't get too many strangers. And when we do, it's a special occasion, you know?" Counterman Jake spread his pale meaty arms in a shrug.

**S**uddenly a thought pierced Kriner's brain; he looked from the booths toward the windows, outside into the fog, outside where the parking lot was empty, except for his Mercedes. He turned and took a step toward the door, one hand reaching for his gun, the other for the doorknob.

"How'd all these kindly folks get here without cars? Is that what you're thinking, Kriner? Is that it?" Jake said quietly, a chuckle in his moist voice. The fog swirled outside the windows.

"How do you know my name?" Kriner shouted, finding that it was difficult to move, there in the heat inside JAKE'S EATS, with old Jake himself

chuckling behind the counter.

"Oh, we *always* know the names, Kriner. You're like all of them." He motioned with a pale, fat, wavering arm toward the crying, moaning figures in the window booths. "They know your name. Always have; we've been waiting for you."

An orange glow erupted in the parking lot. Kriner struggled to extract his gun from the slippery holster; he ran sweat into his natty three-piece suit as he watched shadowy figures with glowing tools gently, delicately slice his Mercedes into small pieces, which were then carried off, still glowing with heat. It took only moments, and they worked like fingers on the same hand, economical and efficient, those shapes with their white, shiny eyes and gray faces.

"Jesus Holy Keerist! What are you doing? My car for God's sake! What . . ." Kriner sobbed, fumbling at his gun, his formerly impeccable wingtip shoes seeming to sink into a slimy, pale, sucking floor.

"Hey, what did I ever do to you, mac? What're you going to do—hey! Let me out of here!" Kriner struggled and then watched with wide, staring eyes as Jake flowed out from behind the counter, his shirt blending perfectly with his moist, wormlike lower body that sucked across the pale, undulating floor.

Jake smiled a loose smile, his features melting and coming and going with excitement, anticipation. "It's not what you've done to *us*, Kriner, but what you've done to so many others. . . . We wait for the likes of you, Kriner. You'll fit right in with the rest of the diners here." He laid a flowing spaghetti-fingered hand on Kriner's arm, and the fingers burrowed through the pinstripes and needled into Kriner's flesh.

"Or . . . or maybe you can be the cook!" Jake shrieked uproariously, and all the others joined in, their slack, toothless mouths opened like suckers on some giant tentacle, a single wet, gurgling, giant laugh that drowned out Kriner's scream. Or maybe it was the slithering slippery strands of a thousand wormlike threads that filled his mouth that stopped his scream. He was pulled into the wet, coldly pulsing embrace of Jake, and his scream stuttered to a whimpering halt. His last rational thought before he slipped into an eternity of madness was that old Jake, good old Jake, certainly seemed to enjoy his work.

Outside the fog swirled and the condensed water ran in rivulets down the windows of the diner, obscuring the ecstatic welcome Philip Kriner was receiving inside JAKE'S EATS.

The neon sign out there near the road flickered, sizzled, flashed on and off once or twice, the FOOD-GAS-LODGING pulsing through the fog like a white, blinking eye.

Then, with a final wink and flicker, it went out. 17



# TV's Twilight Zone: Part Sixteen

CONTINUING MARC SCOTT ZICREE'S  
SHOW-BY-SHOW GUIDE TO THE ENTIRE  
TWILIGHT ZONE TELEVISION SERIES,  
COMPLETE WITH ROD SERLING'S OPENING  
AND CLOSING NARRATIONS

*"You unlock this door with the key of imagination. Beyond it is another dimension—a dimension of sound, a dimension of sight, a dimension of mind. You're moving into a land of both shadow and substance, of things and ideas. You've just crossed over into the Twilight Zone."*



## 118. ON THURSDAY WE LEAVE FOR HOME

Written by Rod Serling  
Producer: Bert Granet  
Director: Buzz Kulik  
Dir. of Photography: George T. Clemens  
Music: Stock

### Cast

William Benteen: James Whitmore  
Col. Sloane: Tim O'Conner  
Al: James Broderick  
George: Paul Langton  
Julie: Jo Helton  
Joan: Mercedes Shirley  
Jo-Jo: Daniel Kulick  
Lt. Engle: Lew Gallo  
Hank: Russ Bender  
Colonist #1: Madge Kennedy  
Colonist #2: John Ward  
Colonist #3: Shirley O'Hara  
Colonist #4: Anthony Benson

*"This is William Benteen, who officiates on a disintegrating outpost in space. The people are a remnant society who left the Earth looking for a*

*Millennium, a place without war, without jeopardy, without fear—and what they found was a lonely, barren place whose only industry was survival. And this is what they've done for three decades: survive; until the memory of the Earth they came from has become an indistinct and shadowed recollection of another time and another place. One month ago, a signal from Earth announced that a ship would be coming to pick them up and take them home. In just a moment we'll hear more of that ship, more of that home, and what it takes out of mind and body to reach it. This is the Twilight Zone."*

The planet is a nightmare place of two suns, unceasing daylight, and terrible meteor storms. Despair prevails among the 187 survivors of the original colony and suicide is not uncommon. Their thirty-year survival is attributable to one source: the iron leadership of Benteen, their self-appointed captain. He has maintained order, told them tales of the wonders and beauties of Earth, and convinced them that rescue is imminent. Problems arise, however, when a rescue ship finally *does* arrive; Benteen has become so accustomed to absolute power over "his" people that he cannot relinquish command. When the survivors disobey his orders by pressing the crew of the rescue ship for stories of the Earth and then playing a baseball game with them, he begins to feel his power slipping. He is determined

that they all stay together on Earth—with him as their leader—but when he tells them of this they rebel. He becomes desperate; he tells them that Earth is *not* the paradise he'd told of—it is a hell—and they will all die if they go there. They *must* stay here on the planet with him. Col. Sloane, commander of the rescue ship, tells Benteen to let his people put it to a vote. Unanimously, they vote against Benteen. Raging, Benteen attacks the ship with a length of pipe. When he is pulled away, he angrily states that *he* intends to remain—the rest of them can go or stay. As the ship prepares to depart, the crewmen search for Benteen but he hides from them, ignoring them when they say that if he doesn't leave *now* he will be stranded permanently. Deep in a cave, Benteen pretends that he is still surrounded by his people and recites again the litany of the glories of Earth. Suddenly, the meaning comes clear to him; for the first time, he actually remembers his home world. Frantically, he rushes outside, pleading not to be left behind. But it is too late: the ship is gone. Condemned by his own rigidity, Benteen is alone.

*"William Benteen, who had prerogatives: he could lead, he could direct, dictate, judge, legislate. It became a habit, then a pattern, and, finally, a necessity. William Benteen, once a god—now a population of one."*

119. PASSAGE ON THE LADY ANNE

Written by Charles Beaumont  
Based on his short story  
"Song for a Lady"  
Producer: Bert Granet  
Director: Lamont Johnson  
Music: composed by Rene Garriguenc;  
conducted by Lud Gluskin  
Cast  
Allan Ransome: Lee Philips  
Eileen Ransome: Joyce Van Patten  
McKenzie: Wilfrid Hyde-White  
Burgess: Cecil Kellaway  
Millie McKenzie: Gladys Cooper  
Capt. Protheroe: Alan Napier  
Mr. Spiereto: Don Keefer  
Officer: Cyril Delevanti

*"Portrait of a honeymoon couple getting ready for a journey—with a difference. These newlyweds have been married for six years, and they're not taking this honeymoon to start their life but rather to save it, or so Eileen Ransome thinks. She doesn't know why she insisted on a ship for this voyage, except that it would give them some time and she'd never been on one before—certainly never one like the Lady Anne. The tickets read 'New York to Southampton,' but this old liner is going somewhere else. Its destination ... the Twilight Zone."*

Driven by his ambition, Allan Ransome now seems to care only about business. When he has to travel to England, his wife Eileen—seizing this as a last-ditch opportunity to save their marriage—demands she be taken along and be allowed to choose the mode of transportation. Mr. Spiereto, a travel agent, reluctantly tells her of the *Lady Anne*, supposedly the slowest boat in the water. Much to Allan's dismay, Eileen books two passages on the *Lady Anne*. But when they arrive at the ship, McKenzie and Burgess, two elderly passengers, attempt to dissuade them from sailing—and then offer them \$10,000 in exchange for their tickets. Angrily, the Ransomes refuse. Initially, however, the cruise does not turn out to be the salvation Eileen hoped for. Although the ship's decor is both opulent and beautiful, Allan remains cold and short-tempered. This only intensifies when they discover that everyone else on the ship—both passengers and crew—is over seventy-five years of age! The



Ransomes get into an argument which culminates in their agreeing to get a divorce as soon as they reach England—a decision that causes Eileen considerable heartache. To while away the time, they become friendly with McKenzie and Burgess, as well as McKenzie's wife Millie. From them, they learn that long ago the *Lady Anne* was a boat reserved specifically for lovers. This is her last voyage, and those who fell under her spell years before have reunited for this final trip. McKenzie and Burgess explain that initially, they viewed the Ransomes as interlopers, but now (because they're unaware of the truth) they see them as a symbol of young love—the perfect symbol for the *Lady Anne*. But when Eileen begins to cry, the old people begin to suspect all is not well with her marriage. Burgess suggests the Ransomes step outside for a breath of fresh air. Leaning on the railing, Allan notices that the sun is behind them: they're heading north rather than east! Suddenly, Eileen is gone. Fearing that she's fallen overboard, Allan begins a frantic search; Eileen appears to be nowhere on the ship. Burgess and the McKenzies aren't terribly concerned; they seem to know something Allan doesn't. At his wits' end, Allan goes to his room—and finds Eileen there, dressed in a lovely nightgown that Mrs. McKenzie wore on her honeymoon. Eileen claims to have been in the room all the time, even though Allan searched the room

earlier and found it empty. But that doesn't matter; the experience has rekindled Allan's love for her—and he won't forget the lesson. The next evening, the Ransomes are enjoying a shipboard party when the captain of the *Lady Anne* appears—and demands that they leave the ship! At gunpoint, he forces the couple into a lifeboat stocked with provisions as the rest of the passengers look on ... it appears with great affection. The captain tells them that their position has been radioed, and then they are set adrift.

*"The Lady Anne never reached port. After they were picked up by a cutter a few hours later, as Captain Protheroe had promised, the Ransomes searched the newspapers for news—but there wasn't any news. The Lady Anne with all her crew and all her passengers vanished without a trace. But the Ransomes knew what had happened, they knew that the ship had sailed off to a better port—a place called the Twilight Zone."*

## 120. THE BARD

Written by Rod Serling  
 Producer: Herbert Hirschman  
 Director: David Butler  
 Dir. of Photography: George T. Clemens  
 Music: Fred Steiner

### Cast

Julius Moomer: Jack Weston  
 William Shakespeare: John Williams  
 Rocky Rhodes: Burt Reynolds  
 Mr. Shannon: John McGiver  
 Gerald Hugo: Henry Lascoe  
 Cora: Judy Strangis  
 Bramhoff: Howard McNear  
 Sadie: Doro Merande  
 Secretary: Marge Redmond  
 Bus Driver: Clegg Hoyt  
 Dolan: William Lanteau

*"You've just witnessed opportunity, if not knocking, at least scratching plaintively on a closed door. Mr. Julius Moomer, a would-be writer who, if talent came twenty-five cents a pound, would be worth less than car fare. But in a moment, Mr. Moomer, through the offices of some black magic, is about to embark on a brand-new career. And although he may never get a writing credit on 'The Twilight Zone,' he's to become an integral character in it."*

So eager is agent Gerald Hugo to get sincere and talkative Julius out of his office that he promises to submit a script for Julius as a pilot for a black magic series—if Julius can get the script to him by Monday. Eager to research the subject, Julius immediately enters a used bookstore. Suddenly, an ancient book of black magic removes itself from the shelf and falls to the floor. Taking it home, he tries to invoke one of its spells, using materials at hand in place of those dictated by the book. His attempts produce no result at all. Dejectedly, he sits down. "Who do they think I am?" he says. "William Shakespeare?" Immediately, there is an explosion. When the smoke clears, Julius is astounded to see that he has inadvertently summoned up William Shakespeare! Seizing on a golden opportunity, he enlists Shakespeare as a ghost writer. Shakespeare quickly turns out a



teleplay entitled "The Tragic Cycle," which Shannon Foods buys for airing on the tv show it sponsors. The script is of such brilliance that, even before the show is aired, Moomer is a celebrity. Shakespeare is enraged that Julius has taken sole credit for the script. He decides to attend one of his play's rehearsals and see if it is being performed faithfully. When Shakespeare arrives at the studio, Julius explains to the sponsor and advertising executives that he is actually Julius's mad cousin—who believes he's William Shakespeare this week. Shakespeare is appalled by the changes the sponsor has made in his script: The lead has been rewritten to suit Rocky Rhodes, a method actor acclaimed for his performance in *A Streetcar Named Desire*; a love scene takes place in a subway station instead of on a balcony; and a female character, instead of committing suicide, runs off with one of Artie Shaw's musicians! When Shakespeare protests, Rhodes sidles up to him and asks what he's got against Stanislavsky. "You," Shakespeare

replies, and decks him. Then he storms out—for good. Moomer's next assignment is a two-and-a-half hour American history spectacular; but without Shakespeare he figures his career is at an end—until he remembers the book of black magic. Proudly, Julius troops into Gerald Hugo's office with his new writing staff: Robert E. Lee, Ulysses S. Grant, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Pocahontas, Daniel Boone, Theodore Roosevelt, and Benjamin Franklin!

*"Mr. Julius Moomer, a streetcar conductor with delusions of authorship. And if the tale just told seems a little tall, remember a thing called poetic license—and another thing called the Twilight Zone."* 17



# A Hundred Yards Over the Rim

By Rod Serling

THE ORIGINAL  
TELEVISION SCRIPT  
FIRST AIRED ON CBS-TV  
APRIL 7, 1981

## CAST

Christian Horn....Cliff Robertson  
Martha Horn.....Miranda Jones  
Charlie.....John Astin  
Joe.....John Crawford  
Mary Lou.....Evans Evans  
Doctor.....Ed Platt  
Sheriff.....Robert L. McCord III

### 1. STANDARD ROAD OPENING

With vehicle smashing into letters, propulsion into starry night; then PAN DOWN TO OPENING SHOT OF PLAY.

### 2. EXT. ARIZONA TRAIL MIDDLE 1800s LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON FOUR COVERED WAGONS

As they creak, groan, and struggle through the heat, the bony horses sweat-flecked and straining. The people sitting on the wagon seats looking straight ahead, numb, glassy-eyed, exhausted. The men and their families—all the same—have become one and the same with the wagons, the animals and the landscape. They are dust-covered blobs of movement whose lives have been reduced to a single function—movement west. The driver of the lead wagon, a tall, taciturn, grim-looking

man named Horn half rises in his driver's seat and holds up his hand. The wagons slowly grind to a halt. He looks over his shoulder and calls out to the others.

HORN  
(calling)

We'll stop here for a few minutes.

We hear the other drivers call out their halt to the animals.

### 3. DIFFERENT CLOSER ANGLE HORN

As he turns toward his wife in the rear of the wagon.

### 4. ANGLE SHOT OVER HIS SHOULDER LOOKING THROUGH TO THE REAR OF THE WAGON

At a woman who at one time must have been beautiful, but has now been victimized by eleven months of traveling west. She leans alongside a makeshift bed and a small eight-year-old boy, fever-racked and only semi-conscious.

HORN

How is he, Martha?

The woman just shakes her head.

### 5. MOVING SHOT HORN

As he gets down from the

seat, moves around to the rear of the wagon.

HORN

Still fever?

MARTHA  
(nods)

Poor little thing is burning up. If I could just use a damp cloth—

She stops and lets it hang there, looking at her husband with an unspoken supplication. Horn's eyes travel over to a sheepskin water holder that hangs on the rear end of the wagon.

### 6. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As he looks at it. He wets his lips then looks irresolutely back to the woman. He takes a rag from his pocket, removes the water bag and sparingly pours a couple drops on it. He hands the rag to the woman.

HORN

Try this.

### 7. CLOSE SHOT MARTHA

As she takes the rag and administers to the little boy's forehead, wiping gently, crooning softly, then looking up at her husband.

MARTHA

This is the eleventh day,



# A Hundred Yards Over the Rim

Christian. Eleventh day of fever. He can't take much more.

HORN

You said that on the third day, Martha. And then on the fourth.

(he nods grimly)

He'll take more. Just as we all will. This is Arizona country. We've got six hundred more miles and we've already traveled two thousand.

Another lean, dust-covered man approaches Horn from the second wagon. He nods toward Martha.

CHARLIE

How's the boy, Mrs. Horn?

MARTHA

About the same, thank you, Charlie.

CHARLIE

You figure the Apache Trail is just due north. That's what you said we were lookin' for, isn't it?

HORN

That's what we've been lookin' for. We travel that due west, close together and buttoned up tight at night. No fires if we can help it.

CHARLIE

(looks down at his feet, scuffs his shoe in the dust)

Bad Indians up there, Chris - that's what we heard. And they travel in big parties, don't they?

(a pause, he looks up almost apologetically)

And we got five rifles. Five rifles, Chris. And a sick child. And seven dead-tired men and women.

HORN

We was all dead-tired a week ago. And a month ago and the month before that. And there was war parties back in Montana and we near froze to death in Wyoming. And we was out

of our minds with thirst in the Dakotas. But we've kept on goin'. We've always kept on goin'. We've always -

He stops abruptly. THE CAMERA PANS OVER for a shot of the two other men and their wives who appear silently behind Charlie, averting his look, shamefaced, sheepish, and yet strangely resolved.

## 8. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As he looks from face to face.

## 9. CLOSE SHOT CHARLIE

As he too looks at the others and then faces Horn again.

CHARLIE

It's this way, Chris. We've been doin' a lot of talkin'. A lot of thinkin'.

A long pause.

HORN

And?

CHARLIE

(looks up, very softly)

We figure we ought to turn back.

## 10. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As his eyes narrow.

HORN

Turn back?

(he looks beyond Charlie to the others)

That what you want? Turn back?

MAN ONE

(behind Charlie)

Chris - we're about at the end of our rope. We're hungry and we're sick. We figure we'd better do it now . . . or we're gonna die out here.

HORN

(takes a step toward them, his big hand shaking at his side)

You turn back and I guarantee it! You turn back and try to go over that two thousand miles again and you'll leave your bones

bleached in one of the deserts . . . or have your scalps taken off . . . or you'll freeze to death in a mountain pass.

(he looks from one to the other)

Listen . . . those two thousand miles are behind us. They're all gone. The heat and the cold and the misery of them - you can look back on them now as things that have happened . . . not agonies you're gonna have to live with. I figure there's only six to eight hundred more miles to go. Six to eight hundred more miles, friends, and then we've made it. We can't stop now.

## 11. DIFFERENT ANGLE OF HIM

As he walks closer to the others.

HORN

We can't stop now.

(a pause)

If we stop - we're dead.

That's gospel. That's true. We're dead.

## 12. GROUP SHOT THE MEN AND WOMEN

As they look at him then again avert their eyes, as if there was some kind of shame attached to their standing there in front of him, saying the things they've been saying.

HORN

(sensing an advantage)

Give me one more week.

(a pause as he looks from face to face)

One more week. I'll get us through. I promise you. I'll get us through.

CHARLIE

What about water? We're almost out of water.

HORN

(hurriedly jumping on it)

I'll get you water. I'll find us water.

CHARLIE

How, Chris? With a divining rod?

HORN

(illogically, but with force)  
I don't know how—but  
I will!

WOMAN ONE

(alongside her husband)  
And food, Chris? And  
medicine for your  
own child?

HORN

(desperate)

We'll have those things.  
We'll have food and  
medicine and everything  
else. If you can just keep  
goin'. Just keep goin' and  
don't look back. Look out  
there. Look west.

The CAMERA PANS OVER FOR  
A LONG PANORAMIC,  
SWEEPING SHOT of the vast  
plain, the distant mountains,  
the endless stretch of nothing  
that remains to be covered.  
CAMERA PANS BACK OVER  
FOR A GROUP SHOT of all  
of them.

HORN

Don't make any decisions.  
We can't stay here anyway.  
And once past the trail—  
we'll be able to rest a couple  
of days.

CHARLIE

I'm almost out of water  
now, Chris.

HORN

I'll go up ahead—over that  
hill there. I'll do some  
checking around. Stay here  
now, all of you.

#### 12A. DIFFERENT ANGLE HORN

As he turns. He's about to  
move past the wagon, taking a  
rifle from it as he moves.  
Martha leans out to touch his  
arm. He looks up at her.



#### 12B. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP INTO MARTHA'S FACE

MARTHA

Chris . . . you might . . .  
you might look for a shady  
spot . . . a pretty spot . . .  
where we might—  
She looks down at the boy  
then shuts her eyes tightly.

#### 13. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As he clenches his teeth  
together.

HORN

I won't talk about burying  
our son!  
(he shakes his head)  
Not now. Not while there's  
life in him.  
(he takes a few steps from the  
wagon, turns to the others)  
Stay close to the wagons  
and keep them bunched up.

CHARLIE

Where you goin'?

HORN

(nods over the horizon)  
Just over the rim there, a  
hundred yards or so. Might  
find a stream or something.  
Maybe some game, a rabbit  
or two. Never can tell.

CHARLIE

(very softly)  
Never can tell, Chris.

#### 14. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As he tries to smile.

HORN

Hold on Charlie, and all of  
you. Hold on. I'll be right  
back.

He takes the gun and starts a  
slow, painful walk through the  
dust and up toward the rim of  
a small hill beyond. Over this  
walk we hear Serling's voice  
in narration.

SERLING'S VOICE

The year is 1847—the place  
is Arizona Territory  
—the people are a tiny  
handful of men and women  
with a dream. Eleven  
months ago they started out  
from Ohio and headed west.

WHIP PAN OVER TO SERLING  
standing a few yards away on  
the side of the hill.

SERLING

Someone told them about a  
place called California.  
—About a warm sun and a  
blue sky. About rich land  
and fresh air. And at this  
moment . . . almost a year  
later . . . they have seen  
nothing but cold, heat,  
exhaustion, hunger and  
sickness.

# A Hundred Yards Over the Rim

## 15. DIFFERENT CLOSER ANGLE HORN AS SEEN FROM TOP OF RIM

Looking down on him as he scrambles up.

### SERLING'S VOICE

This man's name is Christian Horn. He has a dying eight-year-old son and a heartsick wife. And he's the only one remaining who has even a fragment of the dream left. Mr. Chris Horn . . . who's going over the top of a rim to look for water and sustenance . . . and in a moment will move into . . .

At this moment Horn reaches the rim of the hill and stops dead, staring. The CAMERA PANS VERY SLOWLY OVER to what he's seeing. A long stretch of concrete highway with telephone poles.

### SERLING'S VOICE

The Twilight Zone!

FADE TO BLACK:

OPENING BILLBOARD  
FIRST COMMERCIAL

FADE ON:

## 16. EXT. HILL DAY ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP AT HORN

On the other side of the hill as his eyes traverse the scene in wonderment and disbelief. This gradually changes and becomes a mystified delight. He whirls around, his mouth open as if to call.

## 17. WHIP PAN OVER TO WHERE WAGONS WERE

It is just barren desert.  
Nothing is there.

## 18. MOVING SHOT HORN

As he races down the hill toward where he came from, shouting.

### HORN

Martha? Charlie? Hey . . .  
hey, where'd you go?

## 19. DIFFERENT ANGLE

As he runs toward camera and stops; sweat, fear and the agony of not knowing showing on his features.

## 20. CLOSER SHOT OF HIM

As he turns to look back up toward the hill.

### HORN

(softly)

What's going on here? What  
in God's name is going  
on here?

## 21. SLOW TRACK SHOT WITH HORN

As he walks, retracing his steps back over to the hill, ascends it, stands on the top of the rim and looks down at the highway. He very slowly moves toward it.

## 22. MED. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As he reaches the shoulder of the road. He kneels down and feels the concrete.

## 23. CLOSE SHOT CONCRETE

## 24. BACK TO SCENE

As he looks up toward the telephone poles.

## 25. CLOSE SHOT TOP OF THE TELEPHONE POLES PAN DOWN FOR A LONG SHOT

Down the highway at a truck that barrels toward him.

## 26. REVERSE ANGLE TRUCK'S P.O.V. HORN

As his eyes go wide. He screams, scrambles out of the way, flinging himself head first into a ditch. The gun goes off in the process.

## 27. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As the truck roars by. He's lying on his face, then slowly turns himself over and looks down at his bloody arm where a bullet has grazed his arm, deeply cutting into the flesh. He rips off a part of his sleeve and binds it around his forearm. Then holding the rifle with his good arm, he rises and starts to walk along the side of the highway, looking left and right in wonderment.

## 28. MOVING SHOT WITH HIM

As he suddenly stops, turning with the road.

## 29. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As he reacts.

## 30. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING AT A ROAD SIGN

The sign reads: "JOE'S EATS,  
GAS STATION, 200 YARDS  
AHEAD."

## 31. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As he moves to the sign, staring at it from only inches away, his mouth forming the words soundlessly. He moves past the sign and continues to walk.

DISSOLVE TO:



### 31. GAS STATION DAY

This is Joe's Diner, a small, clapboard building with two gas pumps in front, a kind of catch-all restaurant and general store behind. Joe Scarney, a man in his thirties, sits on a wicker chair near the gas pump, feet propped up, cowboy hat tilted over his eyes, hands behind his head. He hears the sound of footsteps, opens one eye, squints out, pushes the hat up and stares at the apparition that approaches him. Joe is not a sophisticated man, but he's a solid, thoughtful one. His eyes take in quickly Horn's whole look including the damaged arm. He tilts the chair forward, nods.

JOE

Howdy.

Horn nods in return, looking at the gas pumps, at the restaurant behind, then at Joe.

### 32. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As he wets his lips.

HORN

Did you see it? Did you see that thing?

JOE

(his eyes narrowing)

What thing?

HORN

That monster. That big animal-like monster that roared by. Almost hit me.

Joe slowly rises from the chair, studying the other man.

JOE

Monster? Animal? (he shakes his head slowly from side to side)

I didn't see anything, mister. If there was anything, it never got to here.

HORN

It must have. It went by me just a couple of hundred yards back.

### 33. CLOSE SHOT JOE

As his eyes narrow again.

JOE

You mean . . . you mean the truck?

### 34. TWO SHOT THE TWO MEN

HORN

Truck? What's a truck?

JOE

(studies the other man intently, then taking a step toward him)

You all right? I mean . . . how long you been out on the desert?

HORN

How long? Almost a year. At least, almost a year of traveling. Started from Ohio. I had six wagons to start with. One of them was burned by Indians. Two of them turned back.

### 35. CLOSE SHOT JOE

As he stares openmouthed now.

JOE

Indians? Wagons?

(then very softly)

Hey, mister . . . why don't you . . . why don't you come inside and lay down a bit.

(his eyes look down at the bandaged arm)

Let me take a look at that arm too.

HORN

(suddenly remembering the arm, holds it up)

Did that to myself. When that monster come at me—I landed on my face. Gun went off. Just a flesh wound though. Not too deep.

JOE

(reaches out with a hand)

Come inside. I'll have Mary Lou look at it. Used to be a nurse's aide.

(then smiling and trying to reassure at the same time)

Mary Lou's my wife.

### 36. MOVING SHOT THE TWO MEN

As they head toward the door.

HORN

How long you been out here?

JOE

Couple of years. We lived in Phoenix.

HORN

(stopping at the door)  
Phoenix?



# A Hundred Yards Over the Rim

JOE

Yeah, Phoenix. Mary Lou's folks are from there. I worked for her old man when we were first married. Then I bought this place here. Restaurant isn't doing so well, but trucks are starting to stop now.

## 37. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As he stares at him.

## 38. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD JOE HORN'S P.O.V.

JOE

(very softly)

You don't understand a thing I'm talking about, do you? You've never heard of Phoenix or nurse's aides or trucks.

(then in a different tone, but still soft)

Hey, mister - where you from? I mean really. Where you from?

## 39. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD HORN

HORN

From . . . from Ohio. I left the wagons back there and I . . . I walked up the rim to the hill. I thought maybe I might find some water or something. Or some game. And then I saw this . . .

(he turns to stare toward the road)

I saw that stretch of road. Paved road. And those . . . those things.

## 40. LONG SHOT LOOKING TOWARD ROAD

A telephone pole in the foreground.

## 41. TWO SHOT THE TWO MEN

JOE

(takes his arm, gently)

Come on in, friend. You can rest and we'll talk about it later.

## 42. INT. THE DINER

As Mary Lou comes out from the kitchen behind the counter. She smiles and then the smile fades as she studies Horn and then looks questioningly at her husband. JOE

Fellah shot himself in the arm by accident. Want to take a look at it, Mary Lou?

MARY LOU

(with quick compassion because she's this kind of young woman)

Why sure. Sit right over there, mister. I'll get some bandage out.

Horn goes over to sit on a stool, the gun heavy and awkward in his hand. He leans this against the counter. Joe studies it for a moment.

JOE

That's a real old-timer. Antique piece, isn't it?

HORN

Bought it new before we started out. But she's been used a lot. We've run out of bullets for 'em. I don't suppose you've got any ammunition here?

MARY LOU

(as she rolls up Horn's sleeve, looks briefly at her husband then at the man)

No, we don't carry anything like that. This isn't hunting area here.

HORN

What about Indians? Up north of here's the Apache Trail, isn't it?

MARY LOU

(with a quick look at her husband)

Why sure . . . sure . . . but there aren't any Indians. I mean - not . . . not hostile Indians.

She's aware of the bizarre nature of the conversation, and looks at her husband narrowly as if waiting for an explanation.

HORN

We heard tell that was a dangerous route past that trail, but it's the most direct.

## 43. CLOSE SHOT MARY LOU

As she works on the arm, pours a basin of water, puts it on the counter, takes a clean towel and starts to wash it, then examines the wound, takes out a bottle from a medicine chest underneath the counter and pours a glass of water.

MARY LOU

Take two of these. Drink some water with them.

HORN

What?

MARY LOU

They're penicillin tablets. They ought to keep away the infection.

HORN

(very slowly picks up the small bottle of tablets)

Where'd you get this?

MARY LOU

At the drugstore.

(another look at her husband)

How . . . how do you feel?

HORN

(looking at her and holding the bottle up)

Could I . . . could I buy this off you? I got a real sick boy back in the wagon.

(then looking down at the countertop and musing)

If I can ever find those wagons. But you say this will take fever down -

MARY LOU

Sometimes. Depending on the cause. You mean you've got a . . . a family?

HORN

There was three wagons of us, but when I turned around to look - They'd gone.

(then looking from one to the other)

CUT TO:

Where am I?  
(then looking around the room)

What is this place?

Mary Lou finishes bandaging the arm. Horn looks down at it.

HORN

I'm obliged.

Then he rises, and in almost trance-like fashion, walks the length of the counter, staring at everything, the coffee urn, the fluorescent lights, the napkin holders, and finally the big ornate neon juke box that's in the corner of the room. He looks down at this, studies it, then his eyes travel up to the wall over it.

#### 44. CLOSE SHOT CALENDAR

On the wall. It's been donated by the "Pioneer Insurance Company" and has an old lithograph of a covered wagon and a group of pioneers.

#### 45. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As for the first time he feels a link with something. He looks at the picture, taps at it, then whirls around toward them.

HORN

Where'd you get that?  
Where'd you get that picture? It looks just like—

He stops abruptly, his eyes wide open. He whirls around back toward the picture and then his eyes move downward to the calendar.

#### 46. CLOSE SHOT CALENDAR

It reads: "September, 1961."

#### 47. CLOSE SHOT HORN

His eyes go wide as he stares.

#### 48. ZOOMAR INTO THE FIGURES "1961"

They are obliterated by Horn as he leans against the wall. His eyes close.



HORN

Oh my dear God . . . how could that be?  
(then slowly turning from the wall to stare at the young couple who gape at him)  
How could it be 1961?  
It's 1847.

#### 49. CLOSE SHOT THE FLOOR

By the counter as the glass of water slips from Mary Lou's frightened fingers to break on the floor. She turns and looks frightened toward her husband.

#### 50. LONG SHOT ACROSS THE DINER TOWARD HORN

Who starts to inch toward the front door, his eyes darting back and forth from coffee urn to calendar to juke box to fluorescent lights then back over all of them.

HORN

What's going on here?  
Where are we? And who are you people?  
(and then screaming as fear overrides him)  
Where am I?

He grabs for the door, flings it open, runs out.

#### 51. LONG SHOT FROM THE ROAD OF HORN

As he leaves the diner, bangs blindly up against one of the gas pumps, recoils, then starts toward the road.

#### 52. CLOSER SHOT OF HIM

As a sports car screams by him almost knocking him aside. He stumbles backwards and then faces the diner where Joe and Mary Lou have come outside and look at him in wonderment and in pity.

#### 53. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD HORN

As he slowly sinks to his knees, tears rolling down his face.

HORN

Please . . . please . . .  
somebody . . . tell me where I am!

FADE TO BLACK:  
END ACT ONE

# A Hundred Yards Over the Rim

ACT TWO

FADE ON:

## 54. INT. LUNCH COUNTER DAY

A truck driver stands at the end of the counter near the cash register and is collecting his change from Mary Lou. He mumbles a goodbye and goes out. Mary Lou turns expectantly toward the door at the other end of the room. Joe sits in a booth close by staring at it expectantly. It opens and a doctor comes out carrying a black bag. He nods at Joe and goes up to the counter and sits down. Mary Lou hurriedly moves down toward him.

MARY LOU  
Doc?

DOCTOR

I believe I'd like a cup of coffee, Mary Lou. If you had some bourbon, I'd prefer that at the moment - but coffee'll do for second bests.

Joe leaves the booth and walks over to them. He nods toward the door.

JOE

You look him over, Doc?

DOCTOR

I did indeed. Malnutrition - that's his major problem. Though he's not a bad specimen of a man, I'll say that.

Mary Lou brings the coffee. The doctor sips at it.

## 55. CLOSER SHOT THE DOCTOR

As he stares at the mug thoughtfully.

DOCTOR

You were right, Joe. He's an interesting customer.

JOE

(nervously not wanting to say it precisely, but the implication very much in his tone)

Heat did it or something, didn't it? I mean he's . . . he's not rational.

DOCTOR

(stares at Joe for a long moment then looks away, very softly)

I'm not a psychiatrist, Joe. I'm an ancient GP. Not much past the castor oil and sassafras tea school.

(then he looks at Joe then at Mary Lou)

But Freud himself would have something to gnaw on here.

(a pause and then very meaningfully)

He happens to be rational. Extremely rational. He can trace his life a whole lot clearer than any of us can. His recall is amazing.

(another pause as he taps at the coffee mug)

And one other thing - a little parenthetic aside, let's call it. The fillings in his mouth - there are two of them -

(he shakes his head)

No modern day dentist ever drilled them. Did you look closely at his clothing? They didn't come out of an army-navy store. They're the goods. They're the real thing - circa 1847. And you saw his gun, Joe.

JOE

(shaking his head as if denying it)

Sure, but it's an antique -

MARY LOU

(interrupting)

An antique that wasn't more than a year old. A hundred-year-old gun, Joe - but it was manufactured less than a year ago. You said that yourself this morning.

JOE

(rubs his cheek pensively)  
But what's it mean? Look, Doc, if you're trying to tell me -

DOCTOR

(overlapping him)

I'm not trying to tell you anything, Joe. That is to say - I'm not trying to make a point. All I'm giving you is the benefit of some observations. He says he's a pioneer and when he climbed up to the top of that hill out there he was living in 1847. Well, we're three rational, normal human beings and we know that sort of thing doesn't happen. He's suffering some kind of delusions, but it's a delusion of the purest form.

(then thoughtfully)

The way he describes the wagons, his wife, the other people, his son -

MARY LOU  
(hurriedly)

He said his boy was sick -

DOCTOR

He told me his boy was dying. And from the way he described the symptoms I'd call it pneumonia.

MARY LOU

(thoughtfully)

That's why he took the penicillin tablets.

(then turning away from them she shakes her head)

I don't understand it.

JOE

I don't either. Which leads me to the next question.

(then pointedly to the doctor)

What do we do with him, Doc?

The doctor has moved over to the phone.

DOCTOR

I want the sheriff's office, please.

(he cups the receiver)  
Precisely what I'm doing  
now. Getting the authorities  
in here to take care of him.  
(then back into the phone)  
Hello? Is the sheriff there?  
Well, that's even better. Can  
you radio to him to get over  
to Joe's Diner as fast as he  
can? We've got a man here  
who needs looking after. No,  
not violent—but he'd better  
get here pretty soon  
anyway. Thank you.

(he puts the receiver down)  
At least he's calm now ...  
or as calm as any man  
would be if he suddenly  
thought that he'd woken up  
a hundred years past his  
time ...

He stops abruptly, following  
Mary Lou's stare at something  
over his shoulder. He turns as  
does Joe to look toward the  
door leading to the living  
quarters. Horn stands there,  
his arm in a sling, his shirt  
open. He carries a big  
encyclopedia book under his  
free arm. This he takes into  
the room, lays it down open  
on a stool. He points to the  
open encyclopedia.

HORN

This book ... it was in the  
bedroom—

MARY LOU

(surprised)

It's the encyclopedia.

HORN

I was looking through them.  
I found this here.

(he points again to the open  
book and reads from it)

"Horn, Christian Jr. M.D.,  
famous for his early work  
in childhood diseases.

Pioneer in—

(then he stumbles on this  
word)

Vac-cine research.

(then in a different tone)

Born 1839 ... died 1914.

(he looks up from face to face)

That's my son. That's Chris.



#### 56. CLOSE SHOT THE DOCTOR

As he wets his lips and looks  
away.

#### 57. CLOSE SHOT JOE AND MARY LOU

Who look at one another.

#### 58. DIFFERENT ANGLE HORN

HORN

I guess I'm ... I'm either  
crazy or the world has  
turned upside down. But I  
... but I think I got put  
here for a reason.

(he looks down at the floor,  
nods slowly)

For a reason.

(then he looks up)

But I gotta go now. You've  
been gracious and kind and  
I appreciate it ... but I've  
got to get back.

He looks down the length of  
the counter and sees the rifle  
leaning against one of the  
stools. He walks over to it,  
picks it up. The doctor  
hurriedly rises.

DOCTOR

Horn ... we want to help  
you—but help means rest  
and medical attention. Come  
on, son. Come over here and  
sit down. I've called for  
the authorities—

HORN

The authorities?

(he grins)

I don't know who they  
might be. But I've got no  
time to wait and find out.

He takes a step toward the  
door. Joe hurriedly tries to  
intercept him.

JOE

Horn, please—

Horn, getting a little desperate,  
flings Joe aside and starts  
toward the door. At this  
moment there's the sound of a  
siren as a car can be heard  
approaching, then screeching  
to a stop. A door opens. We  
can see through the glass of  
the front door the sheriff's car  
just as the sheriff comes out  
of it and runs toward the  
lunch counter. Horn struggles  
with the front door to open it  
and once again Joe tries to  
grab him. This time in the  
scuffle, the gun goes off with  
a loud, detonating roar. Mary  
Lou screams. Horn takes his  
foot and presses it against Joe,  
forcing him backwards, then  
he runs out the front door.

#### 59. LONG ANGLE SHOT

Looking down on the scene as  
Horn, holding the rifle, races  
across the road and back  
toward the hill. Joe follows



# A Hundred Yards Over the Rim

him at a dead run, and after a moment the sheriff's car swings around and starts down the highway after him. It pauses for a moment alongside Joe who enters the car.

## 60.-64. SERIES OF SHOTS

Of Horn running and Joe and the sheriff in pursuit.

CUT TO:

## 65. CLOSE SHOT HORN

He reaches the rim of the hill and as he does so, trips, sprawls forward on his face, dropping the rifle.

## 66. CLOSE SHOT PIECE OF GROUND

Alongside of him. The bottle of penicillin drops out to roll part of the way down the hill.

## 67. DIFFERENT ANGLE HORN

As he clambers to his feet, starts to run again and then stops, suddenly realizing that he's lost his rifle. He whirls around and stares down the hill at it.

## 68. CLOSE SHOT THE RIFLE

And a few feet from it, the bottle of penicillin, and twenty yards beyond, Joe and the sheriff racing up the hill toward him. Horn, with a deep, heaving sob, races down the hill again, scrambles for the rifle and loses it. His two pursuers are almost on him. He grabs the bottle of penicillin and runs up the hill again.

## 69. MOVING SHOT WITH HIM

As he runs.

## 70. CLOSE SHOT THE RIM

As he reaches it.

## 71. SWIFT PAN DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL

To where the four wagons are.

## 72. SWIFT PAN BACK UP OVER THE RIM

And behind Horn to where the highway was, but isn't any longer. There is no sheriff's car, no Joe, no nothing, just endless stretches of untraveled horizon.

## 73. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As he suddenly looks down at his arm and there is no sling on it. He gazes off thoughtfully for a moment. Then he slowly starts down the hill toward the wagons. The men have built a campfire and sit around it. Charlie nods desultorily at him as he passes.

## 74. SHOT OF HORN

As he reaches his own wagon. His wife looks out from the back.

MARTHA

Forget something, Christian?

HORN

What? Martha . . . Martha, what's happened? Where did you go?

MARTHA

Where did we go? What do you mean, Chris? Where could we have gone?

HORN

I mean all this time -

MARTHA

(interrupts)

All what time? Chris, honey . . . you just left a second ago. What did you forget? (then seeing the bottle in his hand)

What's that?

Horn looks down at the bottle.

## 75. CLOSER SHOT PENICILLIN

In his hand.

## 76. BACK TO SCENE

As he slowly unscrews the top.

HORN

Get some water. Give him

two of these. I think . . . I think it may save his life, Martha.

## 77. CLOSE SHOT MARTHA

She slowly nods, reaches for the water bag, not understanding, but not questioning either. She takes the pills from Horn and then moves back into the wagon to lift the boy's head up and administer to him.

## 78. CLOSE SHOT HORN

As he turns from the wagon and walks toward the campfire.

CHARLIE

(rises)

Short trip, Chris.

(he nods toward the rim)

Nothing much on the other side, was there?

HORN

You'd be surprised, Charlie. You'd be mighty surprised. There was a whole lot to be seen on that rim. A whole new land. And you know something else, Charlie? Us . . . people like us . . . we're the ones responsible.

(he turns slowly and walks a few feet toward the hill)

That's the truth. People like us. There'll be a highway and machines and a whole new land. And we're the ones who began it!

## 79. PAN UP THE HILL UNTIL WE'RE SHOOTING DOWN

At what is once again highway and two cars that pass one another. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN and then DISSOLVES TO the front of Joe's gas station. The sheriff's car pulls up and Joe gets out, carrying the rifle. The sheriff leans over in his seat.

SHERIFF

I wouldn't worry none, Joe. He can't get very far. We'll be finding him soon.



JOE  
Thanks, Sheriff.

He carries the rifle toward the lunch counter then suddenly looks down at it and recoils in sharp wonder. He whirls around to shout.

JOE  
Sheriff!

**80. LONG SHOT  
THE SHERIFF'S CAR**  
As it disappears down the highway.

**81. PAN SHOT OVER  
TO MARY LOU**  
Who comes out the front door.  
MARY LOU

What happened, Joe?  
Joe looks down at the rifle in his hand. The CAMERA PANS DOWN for a TIGHT CLOSE SHOT OF IT. It is now rusty, dented and falling apart. PAN BACK UP TO CLOSE SHOT JOE'S FACE.

JOE  
(In a strained voice, full of disquiet)

It's Horn's rifle. I picked it up where he dropped it. But it's changed, Mary Lou. Look at it. See?  
(he holds it out)  
It's just as if . . . as if it had been lying in the desert for a hundred years.

**82. CLOSE SHOT  
MARY LOU**

Her eyes go wide and she looks up at Joe.

MARY LOU  
(in a whisper)  
What's it mean? Who was he? Where did he come from?

Joe puts the gun aside where it topples in two pieces to the ground. Then he looks off toward the highway.

JOE  
I think . . . I think he went back to wherever it was he did come from. Because when we got to the top of the hill - he'd disappeared.

MARY LOU  
To where, Joe?

Joe takes her arm and they start toward the lunch counter.

CUT TO:

**83. INT. LUNCH COUNTER**  
As they enter.

JOE  
Back where he came from.  
(he looks over toward the open encyclopedia)  
Back to where he can make certain . . .  
(he taps on the book)

That this happens.  
(then he looks up at her)  
Back to a wagon train heading west to California on an autumn day . . . in 1847.

The two of them turn to stare toward the calendar on the wall. The CAMERA ZOOMS into it and then

LAP DISSOLVE TO

**84. EXT. PLAINS  
LONG ANGLE SHOT**

Looking down at four wagons moving slowly across the desert. CAMERA PANS DOWN for a MED. CLOSE SHOT of Horn in the driver's seat. He smiles and then looks over his shoulder to the interior of the wagon. The CAMERA PANS UP for a shot of Martha and Horn's son who is sitting up alongside of his mother. He smiles and winks. Horn grins and winks back, then turns, flicks the reins.

HORN  
Giddap boys! We're going to California!  
(then he turns and looks at his son again)  
And my son's got a whole lot to accomplish out there!  
(he grins again)  
A whole lot!

**85. ANGLE SHOT  
LOOKING DOWN**  
As the wagons disappear. Over this we hear Serling's voice.

SERLING'S VOICE  
Mr. Christian Horn, a farmer from the state of Ohio. One of the hearty breed of men who headed west during a time when there were no concrete highways or telephone poles or the solace of civilization. Mr. Christian Horn and family and party heading west after a brief detour . . . through The Twilight Zone.

FADE TO BLACK:  
THE END 17

# There are two ways to conserve wildlife.

Zoos are one—but they're mainly for the enjoyment and education of people. The other way: natural habitat that provides what all animals need to survive—food, water, cover and a place to raise their young.

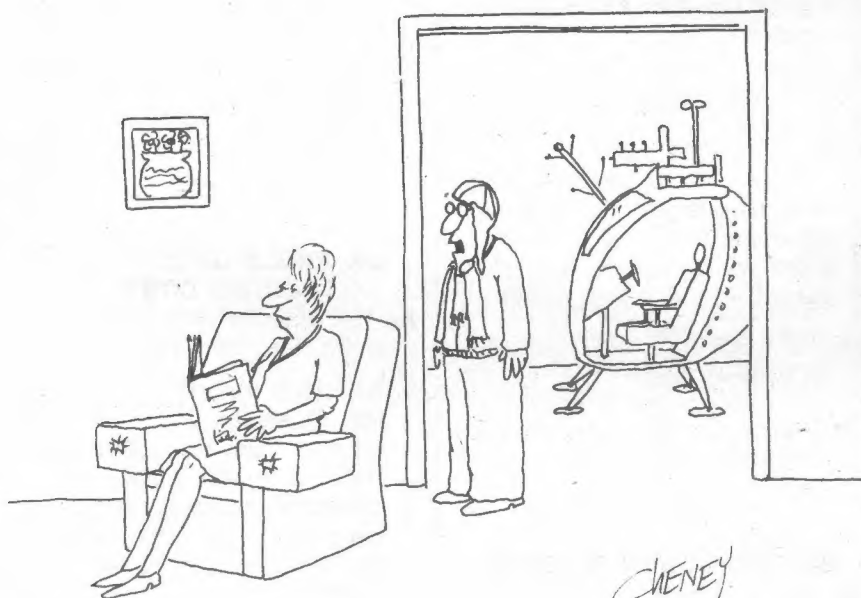
But does it have to be either/or?

In too many places the chance for a fair balance between human needs and wildlife habitat is being recklessly destroyed by chainsaws and bulldozers.

As part of its drive to protect habitats without stifling necessary development, the National Wildlife Federation recently acquired a 2,765-acre tract in northern California's Shasta Valley. The new Lava Lakes Wildlife Area and Nature Center provides habitat for a wide range of species—mammals, birds, waterfowl, fish, reptiles, amphibians. *That's* the way to conserve wildlife.

To help, write Department 403, National Wildlife Federation, 1412 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

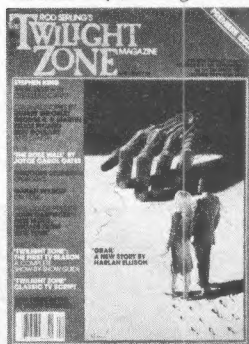
## Save A Place For Wildlife.



CHENEY

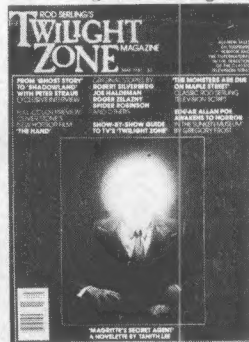
"I'm going back to 1700 B.C. Can I get you anything?"

APRIL: Stephen King interview . . . *Grail* by Harlan Ellison . . . *The Rose Wall* by Joyce Carol Oates . . . Part One of TZ's *Show-by-Show Guide to 'The Twilight Zone'* . . .



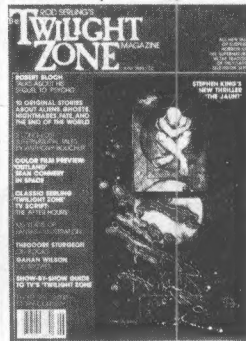
New stories by Robert Sheckley, George R. R. Martin, Felice Picano, and Ron Goulart . . . *Walking Distance*, classic tv script . . . *Escape from New York* preview . . . Rod Serling biography.

MAY: Original fiction by Robert Silverberg, Joe Haldeman, Roger Zelazny, Spider Robinson, and others . . . Peter Straub interview . . .



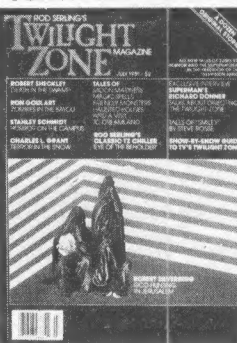
*Magritte's Secret Agent* by Tanith Lee . . . TZ script, *The Monsters Are Due on Maple Street* . . . *Show-by-Show Guide*, part two . . . preview of *The Hand*.

JUNE: Stephen King's new thriller, *The Jaunt* . . .



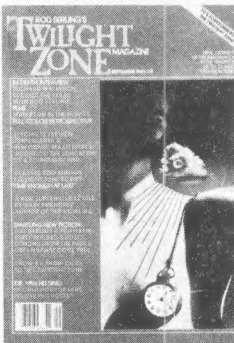
interview with Robert Bloch . . . two long-lost tales by Anthony Boucher . . . classic Serling to script, *The After Hours* . . . *100 Years of Fantasy Illustration* . . . *Outland* color preview . . . *Show-by-Show Guide*, part three.

JULY: A dozen new stories by Robert Silverberg, Robert Sheckley, Ron Goulart, Charles L. Grant, Stanley Schmidt, and others . . . Superman's Richard Donner on directing *The Twilight Zone* . . . Rod Serling's chiller, *The Eye of the Beholder* . . .



*Show-by-Show Guide*, part four.

SEPTEMBER: Richard Matheson interview . . . New fiction by John Sladek, Gary Brandner, and Parke Godwin . . . TV history: *Forerunners of 'The Twilight Zone'* . . . Rod Serling's TZ classic, *Time Enough at Last* . . . Dr. Van Helsing on fear of ghosts . . .



*Show-by-Show Guide*, part six.



# Dreaming of the past?



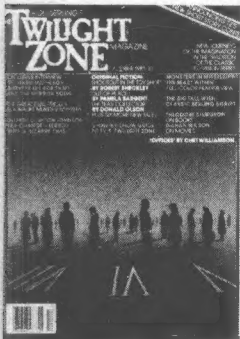
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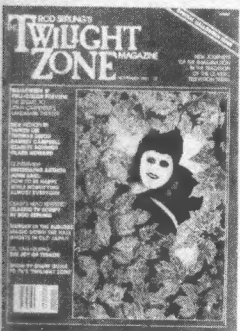
OCTOBER: New stories by

Robert Sheckley, Pamela Sargent, George Clayton Johnson, and Donald Olson... Matheson interview, part two... Behind the scenes of *The Beast Within*... Complete TZ Script: *The Big, Tall Wish*... *Show-by-Show Guide*, part seven.



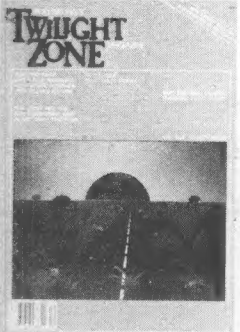
NOVEMBER: Tales by Tanith Lee, Thomas Disch,

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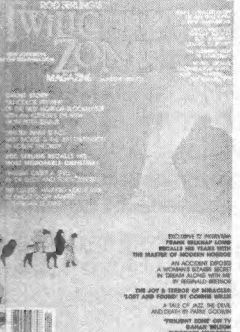
DECEMBER: An outspoken interview with Harlan

Ellison... *Serling* to script, *The Midnight Sun*... M.R. James profile, and his classic tale, *The Ash-Tree*... preview of *The Quest for Fire*... eight new tales of humor and horror... *Show-by-Show Guide*, part nine.



JANUARY: Rod Serling recalls *My Most*

Memorable Christmas... Frank Belknap Long on H.P. Lovecraft... *Ghost Story* color preview... fiction by Robert Sheckley, Reginald Bretnor, Parke Godwin, Connie Willis, and John Morressy... *The Night of the Meek*... LeFanu profile and classic tale... *Show-by-Show Guide*, part ten.

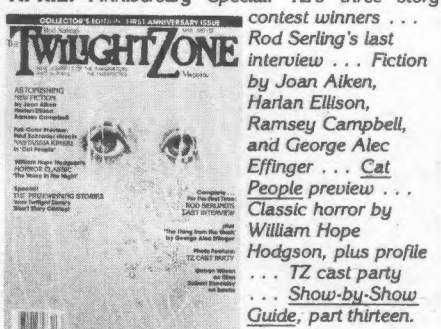


FEBRUARY: Photo-tour of gargoyles... Rod



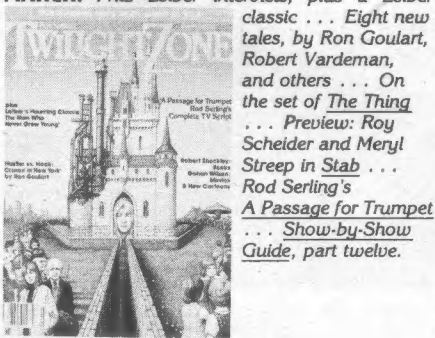
*Serling's* script *A Stop at Willoughby*... *Swamp Thing* preview, plus interview with director Wes Craven... Eight new stories by Gardner Dozois & Jack Dann, George Alec Effinger, Charles L. Grant, Richard Christian Matheson, and others... *Spectral Music*... *Show-by-Show Guide*, part eleven.

APRIL: Anniversary Special: TZ's three story



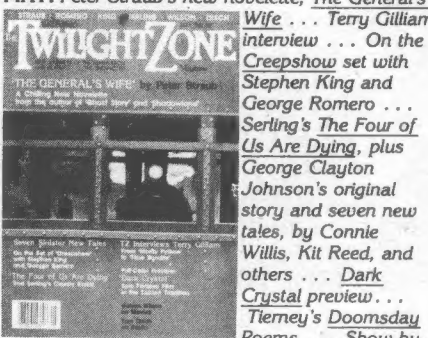
contest winners... Rod Serling's last interview... Fiction by Joan Aiken, Harlan Ellison, Ramsey Campbell, and George Alec Effinger... *Cat People* preview... Classic horror by William Hope Hodgson, plus profile... TZ cast party... *Show-by-Show Guide*, part thirteen.

MARCH: Fritz Leiber interview, plus a Leiber



classic... Eight new tales, by Ron Goulart, Robert Vardeman, and others... On the set of *The Thing*... Preview: Roy Scheider and Meryl Streep in *Stab*... Rod Serling's *A Passage for Trumpet*... *Show-by-Show Guide*, part twelve.

MAY: Peter Straub's new novelette, *The General's*



*Wife*... Terry Gilliam interview... On the *Creepshow* set with Stephen King and George Romero... *Serling's The Four of Us Are Dying*, plus George Clayton Johnson's original story and seven new tales, by Connie Willis, Kit Reed, and others... *Dark Crystal* preview... *Tierney's Doomsday Poems*... *Show-by-Show Guide*, part fourteen.

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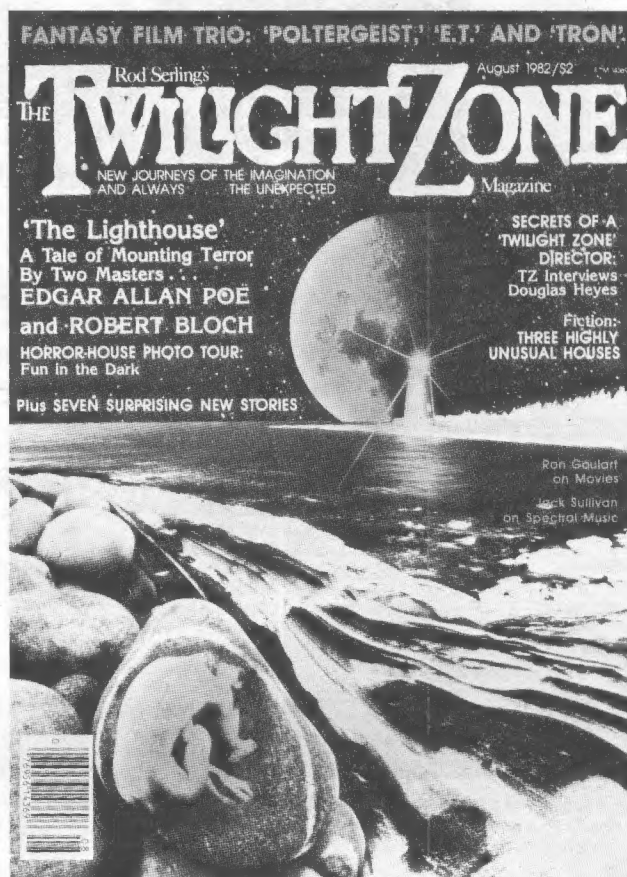
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# In the August TZ . . .



**Robert Bloch** and **Edgar Allan Poe** make a winning combination in next month's *Twilight Zone*. The modern master of horror, author of *Psycho* and the forthcoming *Psycho II*, has completed Poe's **THE LIGHTHOUSE**, a story left unfinished at the time of Poe's death—and he's carried it off so brilliantly you'll never know where Poe leaves off and Bloch begins! Their unique collaboration has produced a spellbinding story of maritime madness—one that neither author's fans will want to miss . . . Remember those six-inch spacemen that spooked Agnes Moorehead in **THE INVADERS**? You'll meet the man who designed them—and who made them walk—in August's TZ Interview with *Twilight Zone* director **Douglas Heyes**, the creative talent behind such other celebrated episodes as **THE HOWLING MAN** and **THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER**. Peek behind the scenes in next month's TZ . . . This way to the carnival! In **FUN IN THE DARK**, you'll take a guided tour of horror-houses, inside and out, with revealing photographs by **Deborah Wian** . . . 'Tis the season of kiddy horror! Tots befriend an alien in **Steven Spielberg's E.T.**, careen off walls in **Tobe Hooper's POLTERGEIST** (produced by Spielberg),

and cheer as **Jeff Bridges** and **David Warner** fight a video-game war to the death in **Steven Lisberger's TRON**, TZ's **Ed Naha** hunkers down and covers the action—with full-color shots of all three films. . . . In Rod Serling's classic teleplay **THE TRADE-INS**, an aging couple seeks eternal youth—and finds it! The script comes to you complete with photos from the original tv show . . . Strangers beware! As a public service, August's TZ presents **THREE HIGHLY UNUSUAL HOUSES**: a trio of bizarre tales about homes you wouldn't want to own—or even set foot in! . . . And there's more great fiction: In **MIDTOWN BODIES**, **John Bensink** shows you a new way to leap from tall buildings . . . **Michael Kube-McDowell** brings you a man whose own past keeps changing in **SLIPPAGE** . . . **Joseph Cromarty** updates Edgar Allan Poe—with a new twist—in his own version of **MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE** . . . In **THE CHILI CONNECTION**, **Hal Hill** gives you a front-row seat in the Intergalactic Chili-Eating Championship . . . Plus a special wrap-up of Fantasy Books, film reviews from the ever-energetic **Ron Goulart**, and some final thoughts on Spectral Music from **Jack Sullivan** . . . Perfect hot-weather reading in August's *Twilight Zone*.